

THE
Cabinet Open'd,
OR THE
Secret History
OF THE
AMOURS
OF
Madam *de Maintenon*,
With the
French KING.

Translated from the French Copy.

London, Printed for Richard Baldwin, in the
Old-Baily, 1690.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THe Memoires of Monsieur Deageant : Containing the most secret Transactions and Affairs of France, from the Death of Henry IV. till the beginning of the Ministry of the Cardinal de Richelieu. To which is added, a Particular Relation of the Arch-Bishop of Embrun's Voyage into England, and of his Negcciation for the advancement of the Roman Catholick Religion here ; together with the Duke of Buckingham's Letters to the said Arch-Bishop about the Progress of that Affair : Which happen'd the last Years of King James I. his Reign. Faithfully Translated out of the French Original. Printed for Richard Baldwin in the Old-Baily. 1690.

r
e
s
y
i-
l.
r
a-
d
e-
i-
e
e
s
e
is
ut
d
l.



THE
Author's Preface
TO THE
READER.

Love and Fortune
produce effects so
fantastick and surprizing,
that a man that accustoms
himself to make reflections

A 3 on.

THE AUTHOR'S Preface

on all Occurrences, cannot consider 'em without astonishment. One sees not only the vilest and most abject creatures rais'd by this means to the highest elevation of Glory and Grandeur; but one also sees the most agreeable and haughty of all the Sex, thrown down from their greatness, by the Caprices of these brutal passions, and the Chimerique effects of the imagination,

TO the READER.

gination, to which stupid men offer incense as to a Deity. Nature never wrought half the diversities in her productions, as Love and Fortune have done in their Vassals and Adorers. Madam de Maintenon, the person whom we shall choose to be our Heroine, does abundantly confirm the truth of these evident assertions; one that the fol-

The AUTHOR's Preface

following relation may make to be reputed for a happy person, if you place the happiness of this World in prosperity, in which 'tis confess'd she abounds.

As for the rest, I am to advertise the Reader, that altho' several persons, having wrote upon the like subjects, have deliver'd nothing but pure Romance, nevertheless what I have Wrote is an unquestionable

TO the READER.

ble truth ; for the better part of the Memoires, from whence this Little History is drawn, came out of the Cabinet of Madam de Maintenon, and were partly written with her own Hand. These we recovered of a certain Gentlewoman, who lived a considerable time with her, and who had not served her this trick, but only to avoid a greater mischief which
which

THE AUTHOR'S Preface

which was designed her,
and she avoided by her
flight. Therefore, what
we received of her, we are
now going to expose to the
publick; and this it is,
which has given occasion
to the Title of this Book.
I hope the World will re-
ceive some satisfaction by
it, since I have given my
self the trouble to put to-
gether these Memoires, and
digest 'em into a method.
If

TO the READER.

*If you meet with any thing
that is ridiculous, you are
only to accuse the Original,
and not the Copy.*

Farewel.

THE

TO THE READER

I have been thinking much lately

of the many things that we do

every day without thinking of them

and how much we are influenced

by the habits and customs of our

country and of the world

in which we live

and how much we are influenced

by the opinions and feelings of our

friends and acquaintances

and how much we are influenced

by the state of the mind and

of the body

and how much we are influenced

by the state of the world

and of the human race

and how much we are influenced

THE
SECRET
AMOURS
OF

Madam *de Maintenon*,

With the

French KING.

Amongst all those Effects
that Love has produced,
one sees nothing that
surprizes him more, than
when it joyns the Scepter to the
Crook, and by its influences
B makes

makes those Conditions of Life that stand at the greatest distance from one another, so united and reconciled, that the two Parties forget not only what they have been, but also what they owe to themselves : Several Examples have acquainted us with the truth of this Assertion, but we have not any Instance that has demonstrated it with that clearness, or is more universally known in our Age, than This which we are going to relate.

Madam *de Maintenon* owes her Nativity to *America* : Her Father who had been formerly one of those righteous Persons, that we use to transport for their Civil Behaviour, after he had made Satisfaction for the Slavery, to which he was Condemned, took a little piece of Ground, and planted it with Tobacco. With
the

the Revenue of this small Territory, he made an hard shift to keep Body and Soul together; when Providence, to let him see, that he had fallen into a Terrestrial Paradise, furnished him with a comfortable Importance, and suffered a certain Vessel that was plentifully laden with all sorts of Females, to arrive at the Island *de la Martinique*. These virtuous Ladies considering the Corruption of the Age, and the Fruitfulness of the new World, after having sacrificed their Bodies for some time to the Goddess of Pleasure, and performed all Acts of Charity to those who begg'd it at their hands, departed from their respective Habitations in *Low-Poitou*, and out of a Spirit of Submission, to which they were obliged by the Orders of Justice, surrendered themselves at *Rochel*.

Here the report of their Actions gathered a vast Company of People together, who ran from all parts to behold them with Admiration. The respect they met with, was so extremely great, that the Magistrates of the place, not thinking any ordinary House worthy to entertain Persons of their high Character, lodged them in the most Magnificent Building of the whole City, as well in regard of its Height, as of its Scituation, and Structure. Their Quarters were assigned them in the *Tower de la Lanterne*, where they passed some time without any manner of Diversion for want of Needles. After a short stay, like true multiplying Daughters of *Eve*, they embarked for *America*, where they arrived, as we told you before: Presently after their Landing, they

they were joyned to the Tune of *for better for worse*, according to the laudable Custom of the Country, which, as we are credibly informed, was taking one anothers Words without any tedious Preface or Ceremony; and amongst the rest, Madam de *Maintenon's* Father and Mother were coupled together, and so by this means our Illustrious *Heroine* came to be begotten. All those Persons who have been at *America*, are able to inform you, that whether it happens through the peculiar Nature of the Climate, or the Temperature of the Country, their Children don't stay so long a time before they are able to help themselves, as here in *Europe*; and Experience has made it evident, that their Infants do commonly make a shift to walk, when they are but one year Old.

which would pass for an extraordinary Miracle, with us on this side the Globe. To reassume our Discourse, our little *Heroine* was employed at the Age of Three years, to look after some Turkies belonging to the Illustrious Madam de . . . her Godmother, who out of a Principle of Charity took her from her Pious Parents, and kept her with her at her own Mansion. In this honourable important Occupation, she passed Three years more, after which time was expired, her above-mentioned Godmother, having some occasions to make a Voyage into *Europe*, carried the pretty Damosel along with her, with a design to cultivate and refine her Person as she advanced in Age.

Their Voyage, as it happened, was somewhat of the longest, which

which they, poor Souls, never expected, by reason of the ill Weather with which they were frequently distressed. Nevertheless they arrived happily at *Rochel*, where after they had refreshed themselves for some time, they took their way towards *Low-Poitou*, and there they tarried a considerable space, without any reverse of Fortune. The first Calamity which befel our *Heroine* was the unexpected Death of her Godmother. At that time, she was about Fifteen years Old; the decease of her careful Fellow-Traveller touched her very sensibly; and, without question, she wished her self an hundred times in *America* again. We may imagine, that in this Melancholy Condition, she had remain'd without any Comfort; if a Brawny Rustick of the Village where she

B 4 sojourn'd,

sojourn'd, had not prevail'd upon her by Virtue of his Complements to believe, that whatsoever Loss she had sustained by the Translation of her Godmother, might be fully made up in him. This amorous Villager had Riches enough for a Man of his Quality, he had one Leg shorter than the other, and an Eye less than other Men, but to make him amends, Nature provided him with a tolerable good Addition upon his Back, for he always carried a Mountain about him. After all, I say, one could not find in all the Village, a Man that could surpass him; he had likewise a little share of Understanding, which was but very necessary, considering the business he went through, and yet a Man may say without flattery to his Person, that it was not much for his

his advantage. A long time before the Death of our *Heroine's* Godmother, he had a certain inclination towards her, that cannot be well expressed; for he perceived in himself a small *Je ne sçay quoy*, a beginning of a Passion, which he durst not discover. Without doubt, the Veneration he bore to Madam *de . . .* the Godmother of our Madam *de Maintenon*, hindred him from making a Formal Declaration of his affection; but as soon as she was dead, he searched all the means in the World to accost her, he never sung at high Mass when he was there, nor in any famous Assembly of the Village, when he made his appearance amongst them; If he went to any Fair of note, he laid out his Money very profusely, on Ribands of all Sorts and Colours, to present
 B 5 them.

them to his fair Mistrefs, hoping by that Liberality to insinuate himself into her good Graces. But all this while he made but small insensible advances in his Affair by his dumb Language, and we may honestly conclude, that all these Assiduities had been to no purpose, if he had not found occasion to accost her one day with his Rural Rhetorick, as she was drawing water out of a Well. *Will you let me help you,* says he, *Alas,* replies the Damosel, *You'l mightily oblige me;* so he put himself in a Posture to execute the Business, and through an excess of Civility, carried her Buckets for her even to her Cottage, where being arrived, and finding himself alone with her, *Is it not true,* says he, *That you suffer a great deal of Sorrow for the loss of your Godmother;*
She

She was a very good Woman, and had a mighty Concern for you, and if she had lived any time longer, had not failed to give you some little Fortune, that might have made you an agreeable Match for some honest Labourer in the Village: But, crys he, pursuing his Discourse, *although She has left you nothing at all, yet I have Love enough for you, to give you a Moiety of what I possess, if you'l be pleas'd to be my Wife; you shall always continue to command me upon all occasions, and nothing shall be wanting for you. Do but allow me,* answers she, *a small time to consider of this matter, and I'll return you my Answer to morrow behind our Cottage. Our amorous Esop was exceeding satisfied with this Answer, and after having entertained her a while with his Gallantry upon this Subject, retired and withdrew;*

drew, impatiently expecting the following day, to know her final Resolution, so he failed not to appear upon the place, at the hour of Assignment. When he saw her a pretty way off, *Alas!* says he, *and will you be my Wife then?* I don't know, says she, *I find not any great reluctancy in my self, to enter into those Ecclesiastical Indentures with you, but to confess the Truth, I have no very great Affection for your person at present, however, I am in good hopes that a little time will bring all these Matters about.* Ah! My dear Guillemette, says he, *how passionately do I love you, I'll make you such Presents, and give you such undeniable Testimonies of the Sincerity of my heart, that you shall be in a manner forced to have a Love for me.*

In effect, he went to none of the Neighbouring Markets, but he courteously brought her either a Cake-offering, or Buns, or Needles, or Pins, or Penny-knives, and a great quantity of other things of that Nature. She that saw with what Zeal and Affection he bestir'd himself in her Service, began at last to have some kindness for him. She consider'd, she was without Father, and Mother, Relations, or Friends, to support her, destitute of all manner of Conveniencies, and as it were a Stranger in the Country: On the other hand, she saw a strong, lusty, two-handed Labourer, that courted and ador'd her. These prudent reflections had almost prevailed with her to make this ill Choice, but it may be alledged for her excuse, that it had not been the first Marriage by
 ten

ten thousand, that necessity has occasioned ; for when one suffers himself to tumble down a Precipice, 'tis twenty to one, unless the Devil's in him, but that he'll lay hold of the next thing he meets to save his Bacon. Therefore she testified a vast deal of kindness, and more indeed than was usual, for her trusty Swain, and there's no question to be made, but the Marriage had succeeded, if a certain Lady that lived in a Neighbouring Castle, had not taken Compassion of her Youth, and the Embarras, she had unavoidably thrown her self into, by matching with this Villager : and having observed in our *Heroine*, a Spirit and Wit that was capable of attaining to any thing, she took her home along with her, where she lived at first under the Character of a Servant,

and

and afterwards under That of a Chamber-maid. There she forgot her poor Rustick to all Intents and Purposes, and began to shew by little and little the greatness of her Soul, *à la mode de la Noblesse*. Her disconsolate Lover was in Despair for loss of her; he was almost come up to the Castle to see her, but he wisely bethought himself, that he could not make his approaches any further, if he designed to carry back with him a bundle of Fagots, which he had got upon his Shoulders. This threw him into one of the severest Fits of Melancholy in the World, nevertheless to relieve him in this Affliction, he had hopes some time or other to speak with her, and knowing that she would be obliged shortly to pay her Devotions all alone at the Parish Church, he was resolved
to

to renew his correspondence with her there. In order to put this intrigue into execution, he came thither very early in the morning, being afraid, as you may imagine of coming too late, and when she was just entred the Church he advanced towards her, that he might have the opportunity to converse with her; but she that found her heart rais'd above the ordinary pitch, by the fine cloaths she wore, a vanity with which she had never been acquainted before, scornfully rejected him, and would not hear him speak one syllable.

He had like to have lost, for good and all, the respect that was due to so sacred a place, and was upon the point of reproaching her, for her base ingratitude; but his Reason proving too powerful for his Passion, he waited patiently

ently till the Service was over ; and then, as he followed her, he pursu'd her all along with the bitterest reproaches imaginable, he refresh'd her memory a thousand times over, even with the least inconsiderable trifle he had given her ; not forgetting the expences he had been at, upon her score, at the Farthing-Custard-House, and the never to be forgotten present of a Needle-Case. Sometimes he swore at her like any Dragon, at other times he made his supplications to her in the most submissive manner, humbly desiring her Lady-ship not to forget the ardent Love he had for her. In fine, he put himself into an hundred several postures, but all this signified nothing ; for all the while she marched on carelessly, without regarding his complaints, or shewing the least concern for him. This
severe

severe usage made so deep an impression upon the afflicted Labourer, that the very same day he fell into a violent Feavor, which in a short time carried him out of the World. She could not forbear the having *un peu de chagrin*, a little interval of sorrow, upon so doleful an occasion, and the Lord knows it was but very little, for two hours put it out of her head, and made her forget the memory of him for ever. She continued a good time in this middle station of Life, and without doing her any affront, we may safely conclude, she had passed her whole Life in this humble Figure, if the Marquis *de Chevreuse* had not found some charms in her. The first time he saw her was in this Ladies family, and having informed himself of her extraction, he employ'd all his thoughts to make

a conquest of her. To bring this about, he attack'd her with all the ways and arguments, that he believed would be most agreeable to his design, and cou'd soonest help to vanquish her, but to no purpose: She lived with a reserv'd Virtuous Person that had an Eye continually over her; and besides, had sufficiently instructed her in the principles of Honour, if she wou'd be content to practise 'em. Monsieur *de Chevreuse* who had seen the Court, and consequently knew that some feeble denials at first were things of course, was not overmuch mortify'd or astonish'd at her refusal; he daily continued in his pursuit, and did not at all despair to accomplish his ends, and carry off the Game. One day when her Lady was wholly taken up in receiving a Visit, and she her self, contrary
to

to her usual custom, was alone in her Chamber, he accosted her with great civilities. *Ah ! Dear Madam,* says he to her, and have you then sworn to be always cruel to me, and will you not reciprocally correspond with the most violent and faithful passion in the World ? I love you, Madam, and I have acquainted you with my flame several times, and my Eyes have declar'd it to you, every moment when I had the happiness of seeing you ; yet you, cruel fair one, will not suffer it to meet with the least encouragement, but seem fully resolv'd to make me endure a thousand Martyrdomes, by the contempt with which you entertain my love, and the indifference with which you receive my protestations. *Monsieur,* answers she, very coldly to him, *I have neither any rigour or softness in me, in regard to your self ;*

I know my own inclinations pretty well, and it suffices me to have a respect for you, which is due to persons of your Rank and Quality, without troubling my self with any other matters. Having ended her discourse, she went hastily out of her Chamber, and disposed of herself amongst her companions, the poor Marquis not being able to oblige her to tarry one moment longer with him, for all his importunity and solicitation. Nevertheless he did not suffer any favourable occasion to pass by, without discoursing to her about his love, and he imagined, that he observed some prosperous advance in his affairs; when he was obliged to go and take possession of an Estate a great way off, which a certain pious Aunt of his had left him at her decease. Being just about to depart out of this

Pro-

Province, he desired to take his leave of her, but he was not able to find her alone, because she was always busied before her Lady, who found her self somewhat indisposed. Therefore he resolved to write to her, which he immediately did, as soon as he arrived to the place, where he was obliged to be ; and that his Mistress might receive it with security, he dispatched one of his Servants to visit, as from him, the Lady with whom she lived ; with order likewise to slip the Letter into her hands when he saw an opportunity, which he accordingly did. When she had received it, she cou'd not tell, whether it was best to deliver it to her Mistress, or read it by herself. Her mind continued some time in this suspense, at last her curiosity prevailed, so she opened it, and read as follows. Ma-

Madam,

AFTER having oftentimes assur'd you in conversation, that I love you more than my self, I take the liberty to write to you; that I may give you fuller evidences of my sincerity, and at the same time to make this protestation before you, that notwithstanding all your indifference, I shall ever persevere to adore you. I am sensibly afflicted that I had not the honour to take my leave of you before my departure; I have sought every occasion with the utmost diligence, but you, my cruel fair one, think, that I am not sufficiently punished for my transgressions either by your rigour, or my own despair. You have hitherto industriously avoided my company, because you very well foresaw that one moment of your charming conversation wou'd sweeten and lenify all that chagrin which your
absence

absence had created. Let me persuade you, Madam, to quit all those cruelties that are so disagreeable and contrary to the fairest Sex, consider the violence of my passion, and by an act of generosity, which is so peculiar to your nature, return one heart for another. Mine is altogether yours, it will suffer no other image to be imprest upon it, but that of your charming person, nor will it be ever separated from you. Give me therefore some small room in yours; 'tis the only thing in the World which I beg of you, and for the attaining of it, I would willingly abandon my fortune, and my dignity. Let me then conjure you, Madam, to comply with my passion, and make yourself absolute Mistress, not only of my Heart, but also of every thing that I possess. The Bearer hereof will bring me your answer; I beseech you, that you'll no more deny me this favour.

your, than any thing else that I have requested of you; without which you'l reduce to the extremity of despair the person, that preserves his Life upon no other score than to love, nor his Fortunes, than to serve you.

De Chevreuse.

She continued for some space altogether astonished at reading this Letter, and cou'd not tell whether she had best return any answer or no; at last she resolved with her self not to write to him, and to avoid meeting with the Messenger she pass'd the time amongst her Female companions till he was gone. After this, she took a walk all alone by her self to a pretty Grove of Trees that was joyning to the House; where she had not been long, but she was possessed with an itching desire

C

to

to review the Letter; she endeavour'd with some little violence to her self to master this inclination, but the curiosity, which is so natural to her Sex, at last carried it. Immediately she imagined, that it would prove a very agreeable diversion, and that an hundred Letters of that nature cou'd not fail to get the ascendent over her heart. Having therefore pleased her self with the perusal of it, she began to discover some graces in the Style, which attracted her Eyes as it were by force. In fine, she read it again with abundance of attention, and after she had made some few reflections, found it very entertaining. *How! (says she,) a Marquis fal'n in love with me, and not only so, but passionately in love, that offers me his Heart, and his fortunes, and shall I refuse him? No, I begin*

begin to see my fault, I will love him, he'll make me a great Lady, and instead of being a Servant to others, as I am at present, I shall then have others to wait upon me; I shall by this means raise and advance the obscurity of my Birth. But then, says she, reprehending her self, You know who you are, and if he love thee, 'tis only to ravish from thee the dearest thing thou hast in the World. When thy is gone, he'll regard thee no more; then thou'lt be abandon'd, and without a support: No, love him not, but preserve thy reputation and honour.

Thus divided between two different passions, she let her Letter drop without perceiving it. She pursu'd her walk and meditations, when an old venerable Servant-Maid of the house, with whom she was intimately acquainted, came thither: She

walked so softly, that *Guillemette* was not aware of her till she came up to the place, and had taken up the Letter, which she did very carefully, not at all questioning, but that it contain'd some important piece of secrecy. She accosted her then, and endeavour'd to drive her out of her pensiveness. I have never found you, says she to her, in such a fullen reserved humour before, it must certainly be some extraordinary matter that has occasion'd it; Come, don't conceal any of your affairs from me, and if I am able to bring you any consolation, you may rest satisfy'd, that I shall leave nothing unattempted. She spoke abundance of such things to her, without being able to extort any positive answer; but seeing that, she did not any more importune her upon this occasion,

not

not at all questioning but she should discover something or other in the Letter. In short, they were no sooner arrived to their respective apartments, but the old Woman shutting the door upon her self, began to read it; and there was fully satisfy'd with the true reason of the change which she observed in *Guillemette*. She was extremely concern'd to know, what advances the Marquis had made in her affections, and what effect this Letter had produced. She judg'd very well, that *Guillemette* wou'd not make her any discoveries of this Secret, so she resolv'd to attend, and wait till the return of the Marquis, hoping to get an account of the whole intrigue out of him; and as she knew by experience, that lovers are generally free and liberal, so she promis'd her self no inconfi-

derable advantage, if she cou'd but be serviceable to him in this Amorous commerce.

All this while, the pensive *Guillemette* had her mind seized with a thousand several thoughts, and agitations : She had a desire once more to read the Letter that gave her all these inquietudes, and for that purpose, she searched her Pockets. Nothing certainly is able to describe her astonishment and confusion, when she cou'd not find it there : She immediately ran to the place where she read it the Second time, but did not meet with it ; then she did not at all question but that she was entirely ruin'd in the good opinion of her Lady ; a thousand mortifying reflections disturbed her Soul, and she found a visible alteration in her self within a few days. Her Mistress
that

that loved her very well, desired to be made acquainted with the reason; but she pretended an ordinary indisposition of body, and confess'd not one Syllable of the true occasion. There was no body in the whole Family that knew the cause, but only our old *Agnes*, who, being willing to apply a remedy to this malady, came immediately to her Chamber, and thus began. Ah, my dear *Guille-*
mette, says she to her, you wou'd not tell me t'other day in the Grove, what it was that possess'd you with this melancholy, and I believe I had never known the reason, if my good Stars had not thrown me upon your Letter, which has discover'd the whole business. 'Tis nothing but the loss of That, continues she, which has caused all your pain; but it has been lodged in very good
 C 4 hands,

hands, behold here I return it you, no body has read it but my self. I have always had a kindness for you, and shall ever preserve it; but then to correspond with my friendship, you must make me your confident, and for the future conceal none of your Intrigues from me. *Guillemette* took the Letter with a great deal of joy, which did not a little contribute towards her recovery, since her indisposition chiefly proceeded from an apprehension she had, that her Lady had read the Letter. In fine, she gave *Agnes* abundance of thanks, and reposed an entire confidence in her Fidelity. The Old Woman contradicted her in nothing, on the contrary she agreed with her exactly in all her Sentiments, in order to make some advantages hereafter by this compliance, which was the only thing

thing that she propos'd to herself by it.

In the mean time, the Marquis de Chevreuse was in despair, for having received no answer to his Letter, he resolved to write to her the Second time, and if that fail'd to crown his expectation, to make no more efforts of that nature, but go himself in Person, and endeavour a conquest: Therefore he took Pen in Hand, and Composed a Sonnet, which he closed up in the following Billet.

TIs I find decreed, Madam,
and you have resolved my
death; If that is your design, you'll
have your satisfaction upon me in
a few days, for since I have been
absent from you, I have not been
able to procure one moments release
from my torments. However, if
you'll be pleased to alleviate my pains:

with one Word from your adorable hand, I shall have the consolation to be remembred by you. Do it then, I beseech you, and if you disdain to answer my prose, at least, answer the Verses, which are sent you by the most *Passionate* and sincere of Lovers,

De Chevreuse.

SONNET

To my Adorable *Gaillomette*.

I.

Fair Goddess, whose victorious Charms
Have made a Conquest o're my heart,
When will you fill my long-expecting arms,
And bid my cruel fears depart.

II.

Since envious fate your absence has procur'd,
No peaceful rest has crown'd the Night.
The day has seen no kind delight,
Ten thousand Martyrdoms I have endur'd.
Come,

III.

*Come, make a Victim of your pride,
Cure my despair, and ease my pain,
Lay unbecoming Cruelty aside,
And to mild pity sacrifice disdain.*

IV.

*Or, if my fate you have decreed,
And poor unhappy I must bleed,
In a pathetic tone pronounce my death.
And I with freedom will resign my breath.*

This he sent by another Valet, hoping that he'd acquit himself better in his commission than the last, who in a few days arrived at the Castle; and after he had visited the Lady in his Master's name, as he was ordered, he waited for an opportunity to find *Gaillomette* alone. At last, he had the good fortune to meet with her in the Parterres, and
having

having saluted her with the appearance of a most profound respect ; he told her, that he had orders to deliver a Pacquet into her own hands, and attend her answer. She knew the Livery full well, so it cost her a moment or two's consideration to conclude whether she should receive the Letter or no. But the Bearer was so very adroit in his persuasions, and acquitted himself so handsomely, that he oblig'd her to receive it. However all the answer he was able to get out of her, was only this, that he was not to expect any ; he was weary of making a long stay, since it was not likely to turn to account, therefore he withdrew, and went back to his Master ; who was no sooner informed of the success of his Second Letter, but he sent orders with all the haste imaginable to dispatch his Affairs, and prepared to

to be going very early next Morning, as indeed he did, and soon arrived at the Ladies house.

Immediately he waited upon her, to pay his Devoirs, but staid not any long time in the Room, out of an impatience he had to talk with his dearly beloved *Guillemette*, who took as much Pains to avoid him, as he did to find her out. She came off well enough for that time, for she took care to be constantly in her Ladies Company. The Marquis began to despair of the Success of his undertaking, nevertheless to conceal his impatience as much, as was possible for him, he visited all the Ladies Maids, amongst the rest as he was passing by the Chamber of the reverend *Old Agnes*, he made her some Complements, and as they had known one another for a long time, she
desired

desired him to come in, and ha-
 ving made him to sit, thus began
 her Discourse, I know, Sir, some
 Melancholy Consideration or other,
 has of late oppress'd your Spirits;
 I don't see you in that pleasant Mer-
 ry Humour, you were always accu-
 stomed to carry about you; on the
 contrary you do nothing in the
 World but think, and sigh, and
 cast your eyes everlastingly upon the
 Ground. For Heavens sake, whence
 proceeds this sudden Alteration?
 Come, Sir, deal fairly, and lay aside
 your Disguise, Guillemotte has oc-
 casioned all this Chagrin, don't con-
 ceal any thing from me, and be per-
 swaded, that I have Compassion
 enough for your Condition, and
 Friendship enough for you, to un-
 dertake anything in the World that
 may prove Serviceable to your De-
 signs, only tell me what Progress
 you have made in her Affections,
 and

and how your Circumstances stand. Since I must acquaint you with every thing, my dear Agnes, answers he, You are to know, that hitherto she has scorned and disdained me, and shuns my Company with as much concern, as if I carried the Pestilence about me. Endeavour to set me right in her good Opinion, and besides a suitable recompence which I shall give thee hereafter, behold here are ten Lewis d'ors, which I desire thee to accept. She made some Ceremony at first of taking the damn'd Yellow pieces, but in fine she suffered him to overcome her Modesty, and promised to manage her self upon this occasion, that he should have no Reason to discommend her Conduct.

Guillemette in the mean time, who knew nothing of this Conspiracy against her, had no sooner read the Letter, but out she goes
to

to find her vertuous Confident *Agnes*, according to her Promise, which, as you were informed before, obliged her to conceal nothing from the venerable Old Gentlewoman; she found her as she came from conducting the Marquis to his Lodgings, and immediately shewed her the Letter, and demanded her Opinion of it. Upon my word, dear Child of mine, replied the charitable Matron, I could almost find in my heart to quarrel with my Stars, and so forth, for not being young, and in a condition to oblige. A Lover so sincere as yours is, should never be able to disengage himself from my Chains, and heaven knows, how advantageously I'd manage so favourable an opportunity. I give thee, my dear, the same Advice which I would follow my self, were I in thy Circumstances.

cumstances, make your Profit of this Affair, and don't neglect it, 'twill turn to a fine Account, I warrant you. Not to overwhelm you with an hundred and fifty Proverbes, strike the Iron, I say, while it is hot; for that Person, that has had the Grace to take the first occasion by the Forelock, will be able to command the other fortunate Moments, as they happen. In a word, she alledged so many convincing Reasons for what she said, and so well employed her little Talent of Rhetorick, that *Guillemette* promised her for the time to come to comply with the Marquisses Inclinations. Our Old Matron was never better pleas'd in all her Life than now, she immediately sent the Marquis word in how hopeful a way things were like to go with him, which he was no sooner informed of; but he
pre-

prepared himself to give a Visit to the Lady. After that piece of Formality was over, he walked out to breathe a little fresh Air in the Garden, where it was his Fortune to meet with the Good-natur'd *Agnes*, who gave him an ample Account of what had passed, and told him withal, that he might, if he pleased, see his Mistress *Guillemette*, because she was at that very time all alone in her Chamber. He ran thither with all the haste imaginable, and found her very busie about her Linen. At last, *Madam*, says he, *I may count my self the happiest Man in the Universe, since I have one favourable moment to acquaint you with the true Sentiments of my Heart; they are pure, and sincere. Madam, I love you, I adore you, comply with my Passion. How!* continued he, *will you then return*
me

*me no Answer, will you reduce me
 to the extremity of Despair? To
 all this she made no Answer but
 by her sighs, which gave the Mar-
 quis to understand, that the
 Pains of the venerable Agnes were
 not bestowed in vain, but had
 operated wonderfully. Never-
 theless he could not content him-
 self with this dumb Language,
 but conjur'd her by all manner of
 Reasons to quit this Silence, he
 beseeched her to make some E-
 claircissement of her Love, and in
 fine prevailed so far, that he
 drew this Confession from her
 Mouth, that she had no Aversion
 to him. He would needs be as-
 sured of the Truth of it by a Kiss,
 but she was not willing to grant
 him such a Favour so soon; in re-
 fusing him, she did not however
 take away all hopes from him to
 obtain it for the time to come,
 but*

but he that was the most passionate Lover breathing, seeing he could not have so small a refreshment to his Flame, began to faint away, and had unquestionably done so, if he had not sustained himself by an Elbow-Chair that stood near him. As soon as he was recovered out of the Fit, looking upon her with languishing Eyes, he thus Addressed himself to her in the following Sonnet.

SONNET.

I.

WELL now, imperious Fair, I find,
 You have your Lovers Death design'd:
 Since you that could have eas'd my wretched state,
 Have added to my Cares, and urg'd my coming
 fate.

II

II

*Go, take a Kiss, Love whispers in my Ear,
But Love, alas! gives place to Fear;
Awful respect disarms my hands.
And to my growing Passion gives Commands.*

III

*Ah! must your wounded Lover dye,
And see his Balm, and see his cure so nigh.
Or shall he boldly seize a Kiss,
A prelude to a greater Bliss.*

IV.

*No, He'l a thousand Deaths endure,
And all reverses of his fate attend,
E're He'l by Sacrilege attempt his cure,
And his dear Guillemette offend.*

This Agitation, and respectful Behaviour of the Marquis failed not to make a large breach in the heart of the poor *Guillemette*, yet she had the care enough to conceal it from her Conqueror, and after all his reiterated importunities

tunities made no other Declaration of her Affections, than what she had done before ; Namely, that he was not displeasing or disagreeable to her.

Our Marquis immediately gave the discreet *Agnes*, a full Account of the issue of his Negotiation, and visited *Guillemette* with the greatest Assiduity as was possible, he prevailed so far upon her at last, that she confessed she loved him ; he was not satisfied with this Confession, but conjur'd her by all the tenderest things in the World, to answer his Love. *Agnes* on the other hand perswaded her not to shew her self too Complaisant on the sudden to the Marquis, but to have a regard to the making of her Fortune : In a word, they were so well pleased one with the other that she promised him a rendez-
vous

vouz the next Night at her Chamber, where they might discourse of these Affairs, with greater Liberty and Freedom. But their cruel Destinies so ordered the Matter, that a certain Lady of Quality in the Neighbour-hood, having lost two of her Maids by an unlucky Distemper, and being informed, that in the House where *Guillemette* lived, they had more than they had occasion for, she dispatched a Messenger to her Lady, to entreat her, that she would be pleased to send her one or two. This Lady, who had some Suspicion of the Intrigue that was a driving on betwixt the Marquis and *Guillemette*, was extremely glad, that she had an opportunity to break off the Correspondence; and so much the more was she satisfied, because she knew the Marquis durst not appear

appear there, by reason of an inveterate hatred between him and that Family. Therefore she ordered our unfortunate Lover, and another of her Maids to prepare themselves to depart the next Morning, and commanded *Guillemette* to come that Night, and lye in her Chamber, because she had some important Advice to give her for the future management of her Life. Never did any mortal blow occasion, a greater Astonishment ; these words struck her like a Thunder-bolt, or like *Medusa's* head, for she imagined her self to be changed into stone. Her Lady, perceiving the disorder she was in, was very inquisitive to know the Reason, but she, who had a very good faculty that way, found it it no difficult matter to invent a sham Excuse ; the present Conjunction afforded her

a plausible Pretence, and to give the better Colour to her Hypocrisie, she shed a few Tears, and thus began her Discourse. *Without question, Madam, you are sufficiently acquainted with the cause of my Grief, but since you are pleased to learn it from my own Mouth ; I dare not assume the Confidence to contradict you. I believe, Madam, it will not appear strange in the least to you, that after having received such abundance of Favours and Kindnesses from your liberal hands, I find a sensible regret to part with you, especially having determined to pass the remaining part of my Life in your Service, and by my diligence to make you some tolerable amends for all your Bounty. This only Sorrow, to see my self so miserably disappointed in my Expectations, has so far possessed me, that I can think of nothing else ;*

D

and

and altho' your Injunctions have ever passed with me for so many Laws, yet I shall obey this particular Command, with the greatest reluctance in the World; if my Prayers and Supplications could prevail with you to revoke this cruel Order. I have parted with you for your own good, replies her Lady very bluntly, but it will not continue always; as I find you behave your self, so I shall Act accordingly; go in the mean time, and prepare to obey me.

She departed, and run immediately to inform Agnes of this fatal Command, and enjoyn'd her to tell the Marquis, she would ever preserve the same Affection and Tendernefs for him; only she desired him to attempt nothing upon the Road, for that, says she, will raise a great Clamour and Noise, and discover the whole Affair,

Affair, which I would have kept as secret, as is possible. *Agnes* was mightily concerned at this *Contre-coup*, this mortifying disappointment, for she grounded no small Expectations upon the Sacrificing of this Virginity. Nevertheless she promised to perform whatever she had requested of her, and presently posted away to acquaint the Marquis with the News, who by this time had tasted a thousand Fantastick Pleasures in his Imagination: He fell into the greatest Consternation in the World, but had no other Remedy to apply to his Sores, except Patience; and endeavoured to comfort himself, as well as he could. As the Night approached, he judged it not *à Propos* to depart, but stay till next Morning, that he might give no Umbrage or Suspicion in

the Case, and also, that he might find some opportunity or other, to speak with his Mistress before his Departure.

Guillemette having put all her things in her Trunk, received Orders to appear forthwith at her Ladies Chamber. This virtuous Person, who had passed above Threescore years in the World; had gathered a great deal of Experience, and considering that a good Tree is easily spoiled, if it is not cultivated when 'tis young, was desirous to furnish her with some useful Solid Instructions, before she went away, and to that end she thus began the Discourse.

Since it has pleased Heaven to take away my dear Husband and Children from me, I have been effectually dead to all these impertinent

nent gilded Vanities of Life, and
 only paid my regard to those Duties,
 that cannot but render those Per-
 sons eternally happy that follow
 them. Now because you are going
 to be separated from me for at me,
 I have some Reason to be fearful of
 your Conduct, when I consider
 what Age you are of. One runs a
 great deal of Hazard and Danger
 at your years, but withal one ac-
 quires a vast Reputation and Glory
 in surmounting them: Therefore I
 think it not amiss, to give you
 part of that Experience which I
 have, and to lend you some Insti-
 tutions for your future Depart-
 ment: And I am able to assure
 you, that you cannot prove other-
 wise than Happy, if you'll permit
 your self to be influenced and dire-
 cted by them.

In the first Place be devout without Affectation, and have a Care you don't fall into Hypocrisie, for by that one does immediately Affront and Assault the Divinity.

2. Don't set your Heart upon the Pleasures of the Flesh, for he that prefers the Pleasures of the Body, before the Health of his Soul is Guilty of the same sottish Stupidity, with him that let's his Friend drown, and runs to secure his Cloaths.

3. Don't propose to your self any great Pleasure in worldly Vanity, rather abhor it, and let your Garb be Modest and Civil; ever while you live take more care to adorn your Soul than your Body, without doing which you offer incense to an Idol, and abandon the Deity.

Don't

4. Don't begin any thing, without having consider'd seriously of it before, and let your judgment be mature and well fix'd : for he that undertakes any business of moment, without this necessary provision, ought not to be surprized, if it never succeeds.

5. Never attempt any thing which is above your strength, for all efforts of this nature use to produce effects that are infinitely below the expectation one conceived of 'em.

6. Don't look with Envy at the good of your Neighbour, for by that means you render your self unworthy to possess your own.

7. Carefully avoid that which they call Love here in the World. Above all, never give any attention to the discourses of Flatterers. This sort of People deify you in

their warm harangues, tho' at the same time they endeavour to make you the most miserable of all Creatures. Therefore in imitation of the Adder, shut your Ears to the Charms of these Enchanters, and be strongly persuaded, that there is nothing so prejudicial to your reputation, as the vanity of hearing your self flatter'd. Of all the passions, that are capable of misleading, and corrupting the judgment, Love is the strongest and most imperceptible: for he kindles his Fire only with a design to make us blind and giddy; to make you entertain a horror of him, he's Painted blind, not only to represent his *Effronterie* and immodesty, but also to teach us, that commonly he reduces those Persons to Nakedness and Poverty, that follow him.

8. If

8. If you submit your judgment to your pleasures, you'll burn your self at last with the Torch, that was given you to light and conduct you.

9. Avoid Gaming as much as is possible, for he that loves play to excess, takes a great deal of pains to die poor.

10. Consider one moment at least, of what you are going to speak, and take two more to think of what you are going to promise; fearing lest you may come to feel a great deal of sorrow, for that which you promised with precipitation.

11. Obey with all alacrity and reverence, the person whom you serve, and employ your utmost endeavours to set your self in her good opinion. Never stay for a Command to do that, which you see is necessary to be done, and

consider that the principal cause of the liberality of Masters towards their Servants, proceeds from their having acquitted themselves well in their respective duties; for to apply an old but a Proverb upon this occasion. *A good Valet makes a good Master.*

12. Be content with your own condition, for he that is not content with an honest condition, gives himself the trouble oftentimes to render that less, which he endeavour'd to encrease.

13. Don't be urgent or pressing to know the Secrets of another; be likewise very reserv'd, in communicating your own. You are no longer Mistress of 'em when you have parted with 'em to a Confident, and your own example will justify the infidelity which one ought to observe in communicating his Secrets to another.

14. Once

14. Once more, renounce and defy all cajolers and flatterers, both the one and t'other design by the sound of their empty discourses, to the Money out of your Pocket, and to ravish you of your Honour. In fine, the infection of the Plague is not half so contagious and fatal for the body, as the Poison of Vicious Profligate company; and they that make use of Elaborate harangues for no other purpose than to enveigle us into a criminal *rencontre* with 'em, employ a perfum'd Poniard to pierce us in the heart.

Behold Guillemette, this is it which I had to say to you, and which I always desire you to retain in your Memory, and fearing lest you might forget it one time or other, I have succinctly digested it into particulars, and committed it to Writing. Be sure you keep it carefully, and read it often.

Guille-

Guillemette made very solemn promises to observe all this, and then they compos'd themselves to rest till the Morning. The Lady never parted with her out of her company, till she saw her in the Coach, so that our Lovers cou'd not take their farewell of each other, but only in general terms. Our Marquis having tarried some short time after her, took his leave, and retired to one of his houses, situated about two Leagues distance from the new Habitation of his Mistress, who along with her Companion was very kindly received at her first arrival. But the entertainment that followed did not answer accordingly, for she lived with a Lady whom we shall call *Olimpia*, a haughty, imperious, ill-natur'd Woman; that treated all her Servants after a rude barbarous manner,

ner, notwithstanding they used the greatest diligence imaginable in the discharge of their duties. This kind of usage seem'd extremely unpalatable to the poor *Guillemette*; she was just parted from a person that had always regarded her as her own Child, whereas she saw her self now in a condition very little different from that of a Slave, which infinitely disgusted her, and served to establish the Marquis more then ever in her good inclinations. He was now just upon the point of despair, never a day pass'd over his head, but he rode that way on Horseback; yet was never so fortunate as to see her. At last he bethought himself of a Stratagem, which accomplish'd his designs. By the vertue of Almighty Money, he gain'd over to his party a certain Peasant of the Village, that us'd
to

to furnish that Castle with Fish; and made him promise to deliver a Letter into the hands of his beloved *Guillemette*; To prevent all mistakes, he acquainted him with her Shape and Features, so the other promised to perform his part, which he effectually did, for he gave her the Letter. She was somewhat discompos'd at the manner of receiving it, till the fellow cured her of her fears and apprehensions, by assuring her that he was altogether at the Marquises devotion. She promised to send an answer by him the day following, so the Peasant made what haste he could to bring this news to the Marquis, who had all this while impatiently attended his return. In the mean time, *Guillemette* open'd the Letter, and read as followeth.

Madam,

Madam,

I Am persuaded, that if I did not live entirely for you, I had not been able by this time so much as to lift up my Eyes to see you without dying. If I cou'd have had the honour to take my leave of you, and know your sentiments, I had received sufficient consolation. Do me then the favour that I may enjoy one minute's conversation with you, in some place or other: Alas! who cou'd have believed that we should be so cruelly separated, when we were just upon the point of meeting? However it does not signify much, and I have that favourable opinion of your Charity, that it will repair the loss we have mutually sustain'd. Adieu, my Dear, let me know how matters go with you. You may confide entirely in the bearer, for he's trusty and faithful.

She

She took no long time in considering of an answer. The Letter found her when she was in a suffering condition, and desirous to be set at Liberty, so she writ the following answer, and dropt it slyly into the Peasants Pocket.

Sir,

Altho' I have not seen you since my departure from . . . yet I have not suffered that passion to be extinguished, which you have kindled in my Heart. For a proof of this let me find you to morrow about four a clock disguis'd in a Female Habit, on the side of the Wood that joyns the High Way; there I shall have the Honour to see you.

Never was the Marquis in such a transport of joy, as when he received this Letter, he kissed it Twenty times over, and made all
the

the haste imaginable, to get his Love-Equipage in readiness. He found her waiting for him on the spot, at the hour of Assignment, where he spoke a thousand tender passionate things to her. She that was now made free and sociable by the Marquises good management, complain'd of the haughty carriage of *Olympia*, and of the unworthy usage wherewith she treated her. He offered her his assistance immediately to deliver her from this Tyranny; but she would not at first consent to such a motion; desiring nothing else, as she assured him, but only to relate to her former Mistress. But her lover managed his cause so effectually, by representing to her, that if she followed those measures, she would always continue in the same condition; whereas with him she should be
abso-

absolute Mistress of his fortunes, that she consented to resign her self into his hands the Sunday following. He return'd her his thanks with all the Eloquence he was Master of, he Embraced her, he Kissed her most ardently ; all this while she shew'd nothing of her primitiverigour ; so that we may conclude, without breach of Charity, that if they had been in a more convenient place, she had scarce carried that troublesome luggage, call'd a Maiden-head, home with her. However, let that pass, he kissed her Eyes, her Mouth, her Neck, her Bosom, and where he pleased. This complaisant entertainment of his Mistress, threw him into such an extasie, that he was not able to utter one Syllable, till she thus awaked him. *I fancy, says she, that I behold you in the very same*
con-

condition, as you were in the other day, when you were transported with a sudden Spirit of Poetry, because I would not consent to relieve you with a Kiss. If that Chagrin, that sullen fit of melancholly, which at that time possessed you, was able to inspire your Muse with so much vigour; I am of opinion, that the joy which you testify upon this occasion, ought to produce as lively effects. You are much in the right on't, replys he, and after he had a little considered upon the point, he repeated the following verses, as he walked by her side.

An

An Ode upon a KISS.

I.

Nay, now Ambitious thoughts farewell,
 I pity Kings in all their state,
 While thus in Sylvia's arms I dwell,
 And mighty love does on my triumphs wait.

II.

Thus let me languishing expire,
 Encircled in her Snowy Arms,
 Till she revives me by her Charms,
 And pours into my breast a new and nobler fire.

III.

Thus let me Kiss my Soul away,
 And revel in substantial bliss;
 Thus let me spend the fleeting day,
 And crown each beauteous moment with a Kiss.

IV.

Adonis ne're was half so blest,
 Was ne're so fortunate as I:
 Tho' Loves bright Goddess him carest,
 And in her Arms hugg'd the delicious Boy.

V. Nor

V.

Nor Jove himself such transports knew,
 When Danae the amorous God did hold:
 Tho' he, the pleasure to pursue,
 Mortgag'd his poor Almighty-ship to Gold.

VI.

Ten thousand loves in pompous state
 On those two Rosy Lips reside:
 While busy I with eager pride
 Sip all the sweets of love, and bless my happy fate.

VII.

Now on her glowing breast I range,
 Now kiss her Cheeks, and now her Eyes.
 The pleasure's heighten'd by the change,
 And fills my Senses with immortal joys.

VIII.

But Ah! my beauteous Nymph, beware,
 He you encrease my store:
 For else your pamper'd Slave may dare,
 Drink as he is with joy, to sue for something more.

IX.

For say fond Lovers, what you will,
 To deify a Kiss:
 'Tis but a pledge or prologue still,
 An earnest to secure the great succeeding bliss.
 After

After he had thus concluded, he let a sigh drop from him, and said, Well, Madam, what think you of this Poetical transport now, have you enough of it? Yes indeed, says she, and I here protest to you, that I like these Verses extremely well. If it were possible for me to have a greater esteem for you than I have already, it would be, because you have so extraordinary a Genius at Poetry: Nothing cou'd contribute to advance you higher in my good opinion than that. To confess the truth, I have a mighty passion and respect for Poets, and all persons of understanding, as I conceive, ought to preserve the same veneration for them. I am ravish'd with joy, Madam, says the Marquis, that I am Master of any good Qualities, that are capable of giving you a diversion: I assure

fure you, My dearest, that I shall
 take care to cultivate this poor
 talent of mine, since I find you
 have a kindness for it, and that
 nothing of Gallantry shall pass be-
 tween us, which I shall not endea-
 vour to give you an account of
 in Verse. Upon my word, an-
 swers she, you will infinitely ob-
 lige me by so doing. After they
 had said abundance of amorous
 things one to another, and had
 reason'd sufficiently upon this
 Subject, they parted with a pro-
 mise not to fail meeting at the
 hour of Assignation. Immediately
 when she was return'd back to her
 Chamber, she began to make some
 reflections upon this affair; and
 as she was accidentally looking
 for some thing or other in her
 Trunk, she chanced at the same
 time to lay her hands on the in-
 structions, that were formerly
 given

given her by the old Lady. She read 'em over not without some uneasiness, and qualms of conscience, because she saw her actions so apparently blamed in 'em: But to what purpose? She had had already given her promise, and the intrigue was too far advanced to think of making a retreat. But on the other side, the Instructions carried reason and weight in 'em, she was going to embarque her self in an affair, which perhaps might cost her a great deal of repentance, when it would be too late, and what should a poor perplexed Damosel do in such an intricate, mortifying case? She found out, at last, the true expedient, which was to sacrifice these troublesome instructions to the flames, that she might have nothing about her to refresh her Memory, or reproach her

her proceedings. So now, Gentle Reader, you may imagine the pious *Guillemette* committing the helpless criminal Papers to the Fire, and afterwards very devoutly taking her repose. The fatal Sunday now approached; therefore she made all the haste she could to pack up the best of her moveables in a little bundle, and at the time appointed she took 'em under her Arm, and marched out of the Castle, without being perceived by any body. Within two hundred paces of the place, she found her trusty Lover, who attended her coming in a Coach and Six Horses; they took her up, and made such speed that in less than two hours, they arrived at his House; He had prepared a magnificent Apartment for her reception; In fine, he passed away the Night with her, and ra-

E

vish'd

wish'd that flower from her, which the men search after with so much curiosity, and the Women ought so industriously to preserve and guard. In the mean time, they missed her at the Castle, and believed she was return'd back again to her old Quarters. They presently dispatched a Messenger thither to enquire after her, but she was not to be found; the old Lady was exceedingly afflicted at the news, and as for her part *Olympia* left nothing unattempted to discover whether she was Assassinated or no. All this while, they could not imagine what was become of her, and we have reason to suppose, that it had been a long time before they had received any intelligence, where she resided, if one of the old Ladies Servants, that was sent to the Marquis upon an Errand, had not by mere acci-

accident spy'd her looking out of
 a Window. He did not seem to
 discover any manner of astonish-
 ment at the sight, but she no soon-
 er perceived him, but she im-
 mediately retired to the other end
 of her Chamber; as soon as he
 came home, he declared the whole
 matter to the good Lady, who
 from the beginning testify'd a
 great deal of sorrow upon this oc-
 casion, but now comforted her-
 self to hear that *Guillemette* was
 alive. Nevertheless, she banished
 the poor Marquis for ever from
 her House, and would not per-
 mit him to see her any more. For
 all that, he did not in the least for-
 bear to pass his time as agreeably
 as he could with his beloved Mi-
 stress; and because he remembered
 himself, that she loved Poetry, he
 failed not to divert her even that
 way, as often as their gallantry

furnish'd him with an occasion.

She found all his compositions very agreeable and natural, and took a great deal of pleasure in reading 'em over. She pay'd the Marquis for his Poetry in the same Coyn, as she pay'd him in for all the other civilities she received at his hands. Thus according to appearances, they passed their time contentedly enough, their mutual affection continued very warm and violent for a considerable space, and all the while this happy couple never troubled their heads with any other matters. The Marquis made a journey to the Court, after which he returned home, fuller of Love and Vigour than before; much about this time the Judge of one of the principal Villages belonging to the Marquis, became a Widdower, and he immediately thought of
sup-

supplying that place for him, with his *Guillemette*; he was a very honest plain man, very rich, and very young; but the difficulty was to know whether the Judge would sit down contented with another man's leavings, and submit the long Robe to the lubricity and levity of a Woman. However, he was in good hopes to gain him, so for this purpose he communicated the design to *Guillemette*, and represented to her, that it would prove a very advantageous match, that it would repair her honour, and not in the least destroy or interrupt their correspondence. For in fine, my dearest, says he to her, 'tis only for thy Interest that I attempt this affair; and don't believe that I have a mind to abandon thee. No, I'll sooner abandon my whole Estate, and I should be happy enough

enough in the sole possession of thee, to make the greatest Monarchs envy my condition, tho' I was divested of all my other fortunes. 'Tis therefore for thy good only that I undertake this enterprize, and that we may continue our intrigues with the greater privacy and security. If you are of opinion that it will be for your advantage, we'l joyn'tly employ our efforts to wheedle him into the oval of Matrimony. She was convinced with the force of his arguments, and return'd him a-bundance of thanks for all his care, and civilities ; promising to make use of all her Charms to draw this Pigeon to her Pigeon-house, but they were well match'd, he was the Devil of a Rat, and she was the Devil of a Cat.

The

The Marquis frequently invited the Judge to dine with him, he frequently complained before him of the loss of his Lady, he often regal'd him at his Table; and gave him all the marks of friendship imaginable, and all this while the poor Judge knew not one Syllable of the true occasion. *Guillemette* also frequently entertain'd him in particular, when the Marquis was call'd away by other company. Never did Vestal Virgin shew more Prudence and Piety than she made appear in all her conversation and behaviour; they that were not acquainted with her Character, would have infallibly taken her for a Second *Lucretia*. In the mean time, the Marquis sounded by little and little the Judges Sentiments, about a Second Marriage, he discoursed *en passant* of this affair daily to

E 4

him,

him ; but to all this he return'd no clear positive answers, but talked all the while ambiguously. But one day, our Marquis was resolv'd to sound his inclinations for good and all ; to this end, after dinner was over, he took him out to walk with him in one of the Parters of his Garden, and thus open'd himself : You know, Sir, the estimation I have always made of your Person, I have distinguish'd you from all the Justiciaries of my Precincts, to place you in these circumstances ; the more I find I have for you a certain honest, well-meaning, complaisant tenderness, that obliges me to have a great respect and concern for your welfare. This is the reason why I passionately desire to see you advantageously placed in a Second Marriage, and upon this score I have a great de-
sire

fire to marry you from my own hands. The Judge thanked him very submissively for all the favours he had received of him; and particularly for the honour he did him daily at his House. But, Sir, says he, you have talked to me concerning a certain thing, of which I have not entertain'd the least thoughts since the death of my Wife; I don't question but that coming from your hands, she must be a person that has abundance of merit, and honour: but may a man be so happy as to know who this Lady is? 'Tis that young Gentlewoman, replies the Marquis, that you have so often seen at my house; she was given me for the Governant of my Family, and I must freely own to you, that I have a great esteem for her virtues. She's a person of Wit and good understanding; and besides.

her other qualifications, she'll have four thousand Livres by way of Portion, which I intend to bestow upon her; besides, the first vacant place that falls in the Court of Judicature, at *Poitiers*, which I offer you to accept of, as you find convenient.

The Judge was not at all ignorant of the train that was laid for him; and as soon as he heard the name of *Guillemette* mention'd, he smelt the design, and immediately formed a resolution in himself not to comply with his Patron's inclinations. But as it was his interest to manage *Monsieur le Marquis* as dexterously as he cou'd, he was not willing on the sudden to give him a total refusal, not at all questicning, but that the other, who carefully observed all his actions, would conclude from his rejecting the offer, that he had
some

some intelligence of their designs upon him. Therefore he took the middle way ; and after he had complemented the Marquis upon the score of all his favours and civilities, he humbly represented to him, that an affair of that importance, as Marriage, ought to be nicely consider'd, before one throws himself into it ; that within five days at farthest he should receive his answer in writing, where he would take the liberty to express his Sentiments sincerely, in case he should not be able to accept the party. The Marquis pressed him to explain himself more clearly upon this point, but without any effect ; He only reiterated his former promise, so that the Marquis was obliged to content himself with it, and went immediately to carry the news to *Guillemette*, who no sooner heard it,

it; but she presaged ill success to her self in the matter. Nevertheless they expected the answer, and accordingly it came to their hands at the prefixed time, they had the curiosity to know what Mysteries the Paper contain'd within; so they broke it open, and read as follows.

Sir,

After having made abundance of reflections upon the inconveniences and misfortunes, that Marriage generally carries along with it, I have taken up a resolution not to venture my self the second time on that outrageous Sea, but to pass the remainder of my Life in security in the Harbour. The most convincing arguments that served to determine my opinion in this case, were sent me in a Letter by a Poet, a Friend of mine: I have transcrib'd

a copy of 'em for you, that you may see the advice which he gives me, and with what an invincible aversion he declaims against Matrimony. In the mean time, I shall never cease to make you all the acknowledgments in the World for your infinite favours, and I am heartily displeas'd with myself, that I cannot force my inclination so far, as to offer my Vows to that charming person you design'd for me. You may reasonably believe, that Providence never design'd me for so great a blessing, however I shall always reserve that honour of Writing my self,

Your, &c.

Advice

Advice about MARRIAGE.

THe Husband's the Pilot, the Wife
 is the Ocean,
 He's always in Danger, she always in
 Motion.
 And he that in Wedlock twice hazards his
 Carcass,
 Twice ventures a drowning; and faith
 that's an hard Case:
 Ev'n at our Weapons the Female defeat us,
 And death, only death can sign our Quietus.
 Not to tell you sad Stories of Liberty lost
 How our Joys are all pall'd, and our Plea-
 sures all crost,
 This Pagan Confinement, this damnable
 Station,
 Suits no Order, nor Age, nor Degree in
 the Nation.
 The Levite it keeps from Parochial
 Duty,
 For who can at once mind Religion and
 Beauty?
 The rich it Alarms with Expences and
 trouble,
 And a poor Beast you know, will scarce carry
 double.

Twas

*Tw*as invented, they say, to keep us from
falling,

Oh the *Virtue* and *Grace* of a shril Catter-
wauling!

But it pales in your Game. Ay, but how
do you know, Sir,

How often your Neighbour breaks up the
Enclosure.

For this is the principal comfort of *Mariage*,
You must eat, tho' a hundred has spit in
your Porridge.

True Woman nere minds a Sermon, or
Lecture,

Her Glass is her Guide, and her Ghostly
director,

Then she Primes her gay Looks, with an
early Devotion,

There she Paints, and she Patches, and
studies each Morion.

Not to please the dull sight of her Conjugal
Satyr,

But charm and confound ev'ry gaping
Spectator.

If at Night you're unactive, and fail of
performing,

Enter Thunder, and Lightning, and Blood-
shed next Morning.

Crys the bone of your side, thanks dear
Mr. Horner. This

*This comes of your sinning with Crape in a
Corner.*

*Then to make up the breach, all your might
you must Rally,*

*And Labour, and Sweat like a Slave at
the Gally.*

*Yet still you must Charge, Oh Blessed
Condition!*

*Tho you know to your cost, you've no more
Ammunition.*

*Till at last, my dear mortified Tool of a
Man.*

*You're not able to make a poor flash in the
Pan.*

*Fire, Female, and Flood begin with
a Letter,*

*And the Worlds for them all scarce a Far-
thing the better.*

*The Flood soon is gone, and your Fire you
may humble,*

If into the Flames store of water you tumble.

*But the Fire of a Female, on the word of
a Friend,*

*Is ne'r to be quench'd, but burns World
without end.*

*You may call half the Engines, and pumps
in the Nation,*

*To extinguish the Flame, and allay Titula-
tion.*

*But may Piss out as well the last Con-
flagration.*

*Thus Sir, I have sent you my thoughts of
the Matter,*

*Judge you as you please, but I scorn to
Flatter.*

The Marquis was very sorry,
that his Project met with no bet-
ter Success; in the mean time the
two Lovers did what they could,
to comfort one another, by a Con-
tinuation of their Amours.

*But as resistance feeds the Flame,
And fans the dying Fire.
So dull Enjoyments spoils the Game,
By palling the desire.*

**In effect, our Marquis also, like
he rest of his Sex, began to for-
get**

get his Promises; for he apparently neglected her, and never looked upon her without a certain spice of Melancholy. Nevertheless she was happy enough, in having possessed him for about the space of ten years, after which time was expired, seeing that he had not that Esteem for her, as he formerly had, but on the contrary neglected her, she resolved with herself to leave him, so she begged leave of him to depart, but he pretended at first, by way of Complement, an extream unwillingness to part with her, but at last, he gave her his Consent, and to say the Truth without any great importunity. She had got together, what by her own savings, and what by the Presents the Marquis made her, a pretty Sum of Money, with which she took her way towards *Paris*.
 When

When she arrived there, she lived after a high profuse rate, not being able to disaccustom her to those fine Dainties, she used to eat at the Marquis's Table. But as every thing is dear at *Paris*, she was obliged to retrench her Expences, and consider of some Livelihood or other, whereby to support her self. For this purpose she entreated a virtuous Old Matron, who made it her business to promote a civil Correspondence between the two Sexes, and bring good People together, to put her in a way; but this prudent Gentlewoman seeing her young, and beautiful enough, proposed a Match to her, as the most probable, and advantageous Course to make her Fortune. She was not very averse to the Motion, and presently inquired after the Person, and his Vocation;
to

to this she received Answer, that, his Name was *Monsieur Scaron*, and that he was of the honourable Society of Poets. The Name of a Poet ravished her Soul with Joy, she longed to see him immediately, but the Old Woman judging it convenient to prepare before her before hand, for seeing so extraordinary a Figure, and to give her some short Description of his Person, least she should be affrighted at the sight of him, thus began her Discourse. *Like my dear Child with reverence and attention, I am very willing to oblige you with a short Portraiture of this Gentleman before you go to see him. In the first place, he's young, of an ordinary Stature, but very deformed; his Legs, his Head and his Body in the posture as they are Scituate, make the exact Representation of a Z. His Eyes are somewhat*

what of the largest, but sunk into his Head ; his Nose is true Roman, his Teeth of the same Colour with Ebory, and very irregularly placed ; his Members to outward appearance seem small and slender, I mean his visible Members, for I don't desire to be understood of the rest ; however to make amends for this want of Symmetry and Proportion, he has an infinite deal of Wit above the rest of Mankind ; to recommend him farther to you, he has something to live upon, he has a Pension from the Court, and is the Son of a Gentleman of the Long robe ; at present if you have a mind to see him, we'll go and make him a Visit. She agreed to the proposal, and so they went ; Scaron who had some information of their coming, had dressed himself up like a Bartholomew-Baby, and attended them in his Chair ; at their entring into the

the Room. *Scaron* received them with all the Civility imaginable, and for her part *Guillemette* endeavoured to answer him in like manner, but not without laughing to see so Comical, and pleasant a Figure. Their Conversation having lasted almost the space of an hour, they took their leaves of him, and the Old Woman engaged her self several times to bring *Guillemette* along with her again: They made him a Second Visit, when he entertained them with a small regale of a Collation, and and the venerable Matron being gone out to look after something which she had lost, *Scaron* began to display the Charms of his Wit, and discovered his Passion to the adorable *Guillemette*. He told her, that he very well conjectured, that a Lady so beautiful and handsome as she, would
not

not willingly Embarras her self with such a demy Monster as he was. But Madam, notwithstanding all this Discouragement, says he, if I durst lay any manner of value upon my self, I would tell you, that this ill favorable Tabernacle of mine, for all it Promises so little, perhaps lodges a Spirit in it, that deserves a better Case, and that is extremely concerned to find it self in Company with those Persons, who are so advantagiously provided with all the Gifts of Nature. As for my self, I can assure you, Madam, that I shall be always obliged to treat you with the profoundest respect, in case I shall have the Happiness to be approved by you: But give me leave to tell you, Madam, that delays are not convenient upon these occasions. As she was going to answer him, one of Scaron's Sisters entred the Room, which made her reserve till

till another time, what she had to say, so that then she did not explain her self upon this subject, but at the next visit she made him, well had this old Matron acquitted her self of her commission, that she plainly promised him to be his Wife. He was immediately inspired with the greatest joy in the World; and after this happy declaration he never failed to entertain her daily with his *Billets doux*, which he composed so agreeably, that they served not a little to continue her in the same favourable sentiments.

But Oh! the Fates, this complaisant humour did not stay with her long, for there happen'd a small rupture between the Lovers. The Old Matron went into the Country to accommodate a certain affair of mighty consequence

to her, but all this while the obdurate *Guillemette* continued firm in her resolution, and swore she would never see, or think of him any more. When the door *Scaron* understood this ill news, he endured all those vexations which despair uses to inspire us with, and his grief was yet the more and more violent, when he heard that she rejected all his Letters. He and his trusty confident were just upon the point of accomplishing their designs, and now to be defeated, when they fancied they had surmounted all difficulties, was a mortification not to be expressed: But *Scaron*, that was master of a great deal of Wit, happily remembered himself, that she loved verses exceedingly, and took an unspeakable pleasure to her him repeat some of his Poetry. Therefore he resolved to attempt her

once more that way, and wrote abundance of Billets to her in this fashion. After she had read them over, she decently laid 'em aside, as she had done the rest, but would not condescend to return him any answer. Nevertheless, our indefatigable lover charged her daily with his amorous Epistles; his constancy, his respectful behaviour; to which were added the affiduities of his Confidence, fail'd not at long run to re-establish him in his Mistress's good graces. But he, that was very well acquainted with the inconstancy of the Age, did not think it *à propos* to spend much time in this affair; therefore he pressed her with all the arguments he could Summon on this occasion; and, in fine, renew'd his importunities with that success, that in a short time the Marriage was consummated between

tween 'em. But alas, poor Gentleman! he found himself mightily mistaken in his Judgment; and what he imagined would be the consolation of his Life, proved just the contrary. He found a large Breach made ready to his hands, through which the Lord knows how many combatants had mounted to make the Assault. He complained of this same business to her; but she was so far from denying the matter, that she told him in an imperious tone, that it was not for such a feeble, meagre, two-legg'd figure, as he was, to have the entire possession of such a Woman as her self; and that he ought to reckon himself happy enough in all conscience, that she was able to suffer his nauseous embraces. This unwelcome discourse, which he expected no more than a Summons to the next

World, reduced him to the extremity of despair; and forasmuch as it lay exceeding heavy upon him, he was willing to discharge it into the hands of one of his Sisters, not at all believing that he cou'd dispose of the Secret to a better Person; or that she wou'd take pains to publish the infamy of her own Family: but he found himself exceedingly mistaken, to imagine, that one of the frailer Sex was capable of concealing so nice and critical a secret; however, at last, he discovered his grievances to her, after he had mightily aggravated the consequence of this affair, and told her how tenderly it concerned his Life and Reputation to have it kept private. She failed not on her side to swear and promise every thing in the World, which he would have her do, out of an
 itching

nothing desire she had to be made acquainted with this important matter. But she no sooner understood what it was, but she found herself possess'd with a far greater inclination to disclose it. Thus she continued for some days in this Female irresolution, saying and unsaying the very same thing. One day for instance, she fell into the following transport.

*There's no body knows this secret, but I
Which I've heartily sworn to conceal par ma foy:*

(tion,

*And I've promis'd, without any reserve
Not to utter one Word to a Soul in the Nation.
Then must I conceal it? Alas! and alack!*

*I may promise as well to bear Pauls on my back.
But then if I tell it, I ruin my Brother.*

*Why I faith I can't help it, as well be as another.
This telling of Secrets is part of our Charter,
And for my part, I swear, I'll dye no body's martyr.*

Well, let us consider once more of the matter,

(latter,

*Either burn or disclose it, why troth chuse the
But then if I speak it, farewell reputation,*

*And besides I may raise his severe indignation,
But what Woman alive can conceal fornication?*

Not a female on Earth can Cuckoldom smother,
 Then don't take it all from your Sister good Brother.
 You know what the Matron said unto her Daughter,
 Ne're long keep a Secret, nor long hold your Wren.

After so many different agitations, she resolved at last to put her self out of this torment, and communicate the secret to a truly She-friend of hers; this trusty Female handed it to another, and she likewise to her next Neighbour, and so on to the end of the Chapter, till at last, the whole Town was acquainted with the Secret, and the greatest part of the conversation in the city went to this Tune. However as every thing in the World has its time, so some new accident or other, occasion'd even this discourse to vanish; but this did not afford the least comfort to the Unfortunate Scaron, but the oftner he reflected on the cruelty of his Stars, and the

the unhappiness of his condition, he found his Melancholly humour to grow upon him. In fine, he was so sensibly affected with remorse of conscience for what he had done, that it made him pass the remainder of his Life in a sad languishing condition, and at last carried him out of the World. His pious Wife, according to the laudable custom of the World, for some time appeared very desolate and afflicted, as you know good manners and civility obliged her to do. She subsisted for a while upon the small fortune that her Husband had left her, for Poets are seldom guilty of leaving great Sums behind them; but being satisfied that her poor stock would not last for ever, she resolved to pursue her first design, and look after a Service. Never was a more favourable opportunity presented

to her then now; she had the luck to meet with one of her old companions of *Poitou*, who was so happy as to be placed in a very advantageous station with *Madam de Montespan*. This honest acquaintance promised to employ her utmost interest with her Mistress, to get her fixed in some good condition; and at last succeeded in her endeavours, for she procured her a Governants place in the house of a Person of Quality; but this was in *Portugal*, and thither she was obliged to transport her self, if she complied with the Motion. She agreed to to it with all her heart; and during the time that the Persons with whom she was to live, were making preparations for their Voyage, she went frequently to *Madam de Montespan's*, to thank her the companion for the kindness she had

had done her; and likewise to endeavour if it were possible to have audience of this celebrated favourite before she departed. This favour she obtained by the means of her correspondent, and acquitted her self so agreeably in her conversation before the above-mention'd *Madam de Montespan*, that she desired to see her often. Not to be tedious, she pleas'd her so extremely with the gayety of her discourse, that this Lady imagining she might be useful to her upon several occasions, was willing to entertain her in her Service; and having obliged her to break off her design'd Voyage to *Portugal*, kept her in her Family: Where she insinuated her self so dexterously into her good opinion, that in a short time she became her only Confident. Nothing was now to be done with the King,

But by the favour of *Monsieur*,
 and nothing with her, but through
 the intercession of *Madam Scaron*:
 She managed her good fortune
 with that address and policy, that
 she has never since suffer'd any
 alteration in it; on the contrary
 the favour she found with her
 Mistress, brought her daily a vast
 quantity of presents, and particu-
 larly there happen'd an opportu-
 nity of considerable importance to
 her, which serv'd as well to make
 her carry the cause, as to inform
 the World what interest and
 power she had in the very be-
 ginning of her Elevation, which
 has encreas'd to her advantage
 ever since.

The King's Chief Physician be-
 ing dead, his Majesty resolv'd to
 accept of no body for favour or
 affection, but to chuse one him-
 self; and in order to supply that
 con-

considerable place, began to cast an Eye upon Monsieur *Vallot*. We may reasonably enough conclude that he had carried it, if death had not ravished him out of the World. Immediate upon his decease, there appeared a great number of Competitors upon the Stage; who durst never have made any pretensions to the place, if *Vallot* had been living. Every one employ'd the intercession and prayers of his Friends to succeed in his design; but all these entreaties were to no purpose; a request of this nature, without a good handsom gift to recommend it, carries but little efficacy along with it. The truth of this assertion was soon understood by those pretenders, who were not over and above furnish'd in the Pocket; and they saw clearly that it was but time and labour lost to make
any

any further bustle. Monsieur *Daguin* was the man that found the easiest access, for he thought it a piece of imprudence to starve a good cause, and only to depend on a few feeble simple Petitions; so he went a surer way to work, and promised Madam *Scaron* to make her a purse of twenty thousand Crowns, in case she helped him to the place. This was too tempting and advantageous an offer to be refused; therefore she used all the ways she could think of, to bring *Montespan* to her party; she employ'd her utmost efforts to accomplish the design, and did not conceal from her, the advantage she was to make, if this affair succeeded. *Montespan* who loved her exceedingly, was not sorry to find an occasion to gain her such a considerable Sum as this; to this effect, she made use

use of all her Interest with the King : In short, her Petition met with success, and she obtained this pretty round Sum of Money for our Heroine, who to testify her acknowledgments for so transcendent a favour, redoubled her diligence about her, in such a manner, that it was almost impossible for *Montespan* to suffer any one else about her. It was she that kept all her Secrets, and into her hands she made no scruple or difficulty to commit those Letters which the King wrote to her; nay sometimes she made use of her assistance to answer 'em. One day she composed so charming, so accurate, and tender a *Billet*, that the King, who has a delicate apprehension and penetration in these matters, soon perceived that it was infinitely above the Genius of his Mistress; he presently

presently resolved to enform himself from what hand it came, and began at the same time, to entertain some suspicious thoughts, some little motions of Jealousie, that something had happen'd which would prove fatal to his Amour. Being come to Madam de Montspan's apartment, he told her, he was desirous to know what persons had dictated that Letter; for as for you your self, Madam, says he, I have known you long enough to be sufficiently acquainted with your Style, and way of Writing. Therefore tell me without any reserve or disguise, who it is. Since you must needs oblige me to tell you, answers she, I will do it, tho' I am confident you'l find it a difficult matter to believe it. But not to keep your mind any longer in suspense, 'twas Madam Scaron that dictated the Letter, and I tran-

transcrib'd it from hers; and that
 your Majesty may not in the least
 doubt of the verity of what I have
 said, I'll go fetch the Original un-
 der her own hand. In short, she
 brought it, and presented it to
 him. The King was very well satis-
 fy'd with it, and demanded to see
 Mademoiselle *Searon*, who at that
 juncture of time was not to be
 found. But shortly after, as she
 happen'd to be with Madam *de*
Montespan, the King enter'd the
 room; she was going to with-
 draw out of respect to his Majesty,
 but he would not permit her to
 quit the place; and gave her
 a thousand commendations for
 the happy talent she had in wri-
 ting of Letters. She answered e-
 very thing he said to her with so
 much flame and Gallantry, that
 he admired her more and more,
 and began to distinguish her from
 his

his other Domesticks. At parting he recommended her to Madam de Montefpan's care, to whom he wrote oftner then his custom usually was, that he might have the pleasure & diversion to see the answers which *Scaron* dictated. He found 'em all so agreeable and charming, the language so beautiful, the thoughts so natural and tender, that he redoubled his Visits, and never failed when he was there, to enter into some pleasant facetious conversation with her. All this, you may imagine, was not very grateful to her Mistress, who began now to be sensible, that after the example of Madam, she had made a person known to the King, who was in a capacity to supplant her. *Scaron*, who likewise perceived the alteration which those unexpected favours from his Majesty, had created in *Montefpan*, endeavour'd

voured all she could to possess her with far different Sentiments, and attended her with greater diligence every day than other, which in some sort served to cure her disgust.

The King took such Pleasure in her Conversation, that he seemed to be somewhat in Love. In effect, he perceived himself to be touched with a certain Passion in her favour: He gave himself no great trouble to resist and combat these growing Inclinations, supposing that they would vanish of themselves as soon as they were born, but herein he was mightily mistaken: For his Affections increased so violently, that he resolved to Discourse her about them the very next opportunity. To be short, one day when *Montespan* was indisposed with a Fever, and had composed her self
to

to rest, the King entered *Scaron's* Apartment; as soon as ever he was entered, the rest of the Maids withdrew out of a respect to the King, so that finding himself all alone with her, he thus accosted her. It is some days ago Madam, says he, since I have felt a certain *Je ne say quoi* for you, which obliges me to regard you with a greater Tenderness, than meer Good-will uses to inspire People with. I have often sought an occasion to make this Declaration to you, and at the same time to request you to bring me some Remedy for my Pain: but having never as yet found so favourable an opportunity as this at present, I conjure you to comply with my Demands, and to receive the offer I tender you, of being the absolute Mistress of my Heart and Kingdom. Alas! Sir, answered she,

[115]

See how ready is your Majesty to
rally your poor undeserving Ser-
vants. How! was it enough to
divert your self upon the Score
of my Writing, but you must
find out a new Subject for your
Laughter? However, I ought to
esteem my self sufficiently happy,
in that I am able to contribute a-
ny thing to the Pleasure of the
greatest Monarch in the World,
tho' it is all at my own Ex-
pence. *No, no, Madam, replys die,*
somewhat hastily, these are not
proper Subjects for Raillery,
what I have said to you, is no-
thing but the truth, I am sincere,
believe me upon my word, and
comply with my Passion. Is it
possible then, say's she, perusing her
Discourse, that a mighty Prince
should cast his Eyes so low? Sir,
I am not worthy of such an Ho-
nour,

nour, and besides, the innumera-
 ble Company of Beauties, the
 most exquisite in the World, of
 which your Court is so full, are
 fitter by far to engage the Heart
 of so great a Man. The World
 would be apt to conclude that
 your Majesty is blind as to these
 Matters, and as for my self, they
 would give me a Name, which
 does not at all belong to me. In fine
 Sir, besides that I am somewhat
 advanced in Age, & want Charms
 enough to pretend to so glorious a
 Conquest, your Majesty must not
 be ignorant that I am a Widow,
 and that you cannot possibly make
 choice of a Person that lyes un-
 der so many disadvantages as my
 self, without making her draw
 down upon her Head the con-
 tempt and indignation of all the
 beautiful Sex. Alas Madam, re-
 plies the King, 'Tis to no purpose

to seek for such a little Subterfuges as these to colour your refusal. Are you resolved to make me languish away a miserable Life? Ought you not rather to rest satisfied, when Het you see, that altho' I am above the rest of mankind, yet nevertheless I have a Heart which is susceptible of all the pretty soft engaging things of Love? and such I esteem, that lively penetrating Wit, which one sees in you, that Grandeur of Soul which you make appear in the most inconsiderable Actions; in a word, all your charming Perfections.

He said no more to her at that time, and at parting made her a profound reverence, and bid her consider of what had passed between them. She had no time to return any Answer, for the King immediate entred Madam

de Montespian's Apartment, where his Chamberlain would not suffer him to tarry long. As soon as he was gone, Mademoiselle Staron revolved all this Conversation in her mind; she represented to her self the Passion which the King expressed for her, and did not at all question but that she was beloved by him. Nevertheless, she took up a resolution to dissemble a little upon this Score, to the end that by a pretended resistance she might inflame the King's Desires. This piece of Policy succeeded beyond Expectation, for having suffered two of his Visits, without making any Declaration in favour of him, she threw him into so violent a Passion, that being fully resolved to vanquish her, he wrote the following Letter.

The

The Letter of LOUIS XIV.

To Madam Scaron,

I Am to tell you, Madam, that your
 resistance has extremely aston-
 nished me; My I say, that have
 been hitherto accustomed to Victory,
 and was never before refused. I
 always believed that being a King,
 it was sufficient to give any sign of
 my desire, in order to accomplish it,
 but I perceive the contrary by your
 Rigours; and therefore to oblige
 you to soften them, was the occasion
 of this letter. Let me conjure
 you, my dearest, to love me, or at
 least make as if you loved me. To-
 wards Evening I shall come to see
 you, and if then I find you no more
 favou-

favourable to me, than at your other Visits, you will reduce, to the extremity of Despair the most passionate of Lovers.

Louis.

She received this Letter with an unspeakable transport of joy, and finally determined to surrender her self, that very same Evening to His Royal Pleasure, for fear she should disgust or exasperate him by a farther Affectation of resistance. Madam de Montespan, who perceived the Intrigue, was extremely afflicted, but being very well read in Court-Policies, she dissembled her Repentment, and shewed no appearances of discontent. In the meantime, the King being come to her Chamber, she endeavoured to retain him with her, by her Caresses,

resses, but he had another design in his Head; he was desirous to know, what mighty Effects his Letter had produced, so he quitted her in haste, and ran to the Apartment of his new Mistress. As soon as ever she perceived him, she put her self into a posture of weeping. The King was urgent with her, to know the occasion. Alas! Sir, says she, I bewail my weakness, which notwithstanding is powerful enough to triumph over my Duty, and my Honour: For in fine, it is impossible for me to resist you any longer, you are my King, I owe every thing to you . . . But --- No, Madam, replies he to her, I am not willing you should do any thing by Force and Compulsion. I will lay aside the Quality of a Sovereign before you; do you lay aside your Cruelty
G and

and Rigour, and with a reciprocal Passion, Love those that love you.

He said to her upon this occasion, abundance of tender, agreeable things, by the force of which she suffered her self at last to be overcome, and thus the King in that favourable moment accomplished his Design, and after several reiterated Caresses, they took their leaves of one another for a few days. The King gave Orders to have a Magnificent Apartment furnished for her, which he prayed her to accept; and being willing, that she should not appear under a meaner Character than any of his former Mistresses, he lookt out a Title for her, and at last conferred upon her, that of the *Marchioness de Maintenon*. But that Dignity being only Honorary, he purchased the

the Estate of Marquis *de Maintenon* for her, who parted with it willingly, and received as well as she a large share of his Majesties Royal Gratifications; for he had a Frigat in *America* defrayed at the Kings Expence for the space of four or five Years, to make what advantaget he could by her, and withal, a Permission to execute what Acts of Piracy he pleased upon the *Spaniards*. If he had been Master of any Courage, and had known how to manage his Fortune, when the *Fributiers* desired him to joyn with them, he had been without dispute the richest Man that *France* had in all her Dominions. But he was far from attempting any thing that was Heroic, he had always baseness enough to steal out of the Fleet, when he saw there was any occasion for Fighting, but at the time

of sharing the spoil, he never failed to pay his Attendance, and by his Good-will, would have received the greatest part of the Dividend. This scandalous Conduct sunk him very low in his Reputation, and at present he is so mortally hated by all these People, that a Party of them having taken him Prisoner in the Year 85, when he came from *Europe*, to the *Ile of St. Martin*, designed to put him and his Lady to the Sword, after they had plundered them : Nevertheless, Compassion prevailed upon them at last, so they gave him his Life, and having taken his Ship from him, they left him only a little Shallop to get a shore, of which he was then in sight. But if they ever meet him the Second time, it is likely to be his last ; and in all Probability they'l never give him

him an opportunity of meeting them the Third time. To reassume our Discourse; the King having made this purchase, spared no Charges to make the place agreeable to his Mistress: He laid a prodigious infinite Expence upon it, he brought store of Water thither, tho' before he could bring his design to Execution, he was forced of necessity to raise Mountains, and Traverse them. To this end he joyned Hills together, at the incredible Drudgery of his poor People, for it cost the Lives of above Threescore thousand Souls, and all this, to gratifie a brutal insatiable Passion, with which He was ever possessed.

Madam de *Scaron*, whom we shall for the future call by the Name of *Maintenon*, was not wanting to pay the King the Acknowledgements for all his Favours.

She constantly passed two hours in a day in private with him, he sometimes Communicated to her Affairs of the greatest Importance, and sometimes he also followed her Advice.

In the mean time, she did not behave her self disrespectfully towards Madam *de Montespan*, she treated her always with a great deal of Esteem and Moderation, & this prudent Conduct served to preserve a good intelligence between them for a long time.

The Reverend Fathers the Jesuites, no sooner perceived the Elevation of *Maintenon*, but they immediately resolved to gain her to their Party; they rendered her all manner of Homage and Submission, of which fulsome Services the Society is liberal enough, when they find their Account in doing it: They ordered the Reverend

verend Father *la Chaise* and *Bourdalon* to thank his Majesty, and to insinuate to him, that he could not have made a fitter Choice of any Person to entertain his vacant Intervals, than what he had already made; they established her so far in his good Opinion, that she was extremely glad to see them at her House. In fine, to testifie the Confidence which she had in that Order, she chose from thence a Spiritual Director of her Conscience; nay, she entered her self into the Third Order of the Society, and would by all means carry the Name of a Daughter of that sanctified Company. However, even this Condescension did not satisfy the Jesuites, but being informed by her Confessor. (For these are a sort of Ecclesiastical Pimps, you must understand, that never scruple to

discover any Secret, when it makes for the interest of their Order) that she was exceedingly given to the Pleasures of the Flesh, and that she entertained an amorous Correspondence with one of her Domesticks, they unanimously desired him in a full Assembly, which they held in the College *de Montaigne*, that he would contribute as far as in him lay, to let them make an absolute Conquest of her, to the end that they might have her entirely at their Devotion. He promised to use his utmost Efforts for the Advancement of the holy Society, and to give him his due Character, he left nothing unattempted: To bring the business about more dextrously, he took care that his Confessor in ordinary should pretend a certain indisposition for a time, so she was forced to make use

use of the Jesuit, and for his part he cou'd not have wished for a better opportunity; for by this means he discover'd the turnings and windings of her Conscience; and was so far from chastizing her for her Sins, that he assured her she was not at all accountable for 'em, but that she was obliged by all the ties of Christianity, to furnish her self with Amorous instructions, in order to render her self Serviceable to the pleasures of the Eldest Son of the Church.

Sinners usually love to be flatter'd in their Crimes, and to find out a way to damn themselves with pleasure; and this is the method that the Modern Casuists, the Jesuites prescribe to their Penitents, that make no other use of this Sacred Tribunal, which if rightly managed ought to be an instrument of saving People, but

only to chalk out to 'em the most compendious Way to Hell. It is no wonder therefore, that *Mainrenon* abandon'd her self to such blessed Counsellors, who had found out so rare an expedient; and she had no sooner tasted the softness and bounties of Father *la Chaise* in her Confession, but she rejected the rest of the Ecclesiastical herd; in effect, after that time she only made use of him. All this while, he had promised to make a conquest of her person by way of a Love Intrigue; To succeed in this attempt, by the help of a little Spiritual Opium, he lull'd asleep the Consciences of all her Domesticks, whom he found favourably inclined to the Society, and like a Politick director he employed some of his own creatures in this pious affair; and amongst others, two penitential Sisters

Sisters of the Society, who had an admirable faculty at wheedling and cajoling, and who had in a short time so strangely establish'd themselves in *Maintenon's* good opinion, that she reposed an entire confidence in 'em, and by way of requital made use of 'em to serve her in her amorous affairs. By this means Father *la Chaise* was fully inform'd of every particular, and knew how to take his measures accordingly. One day, the Domestick, who was so very serviceable to her in her nocturnal diversions, had leave of her to go into the the Country for two days, but whether it was, that he met with any of his acquaintance there, or was willing to recruit himself with fresh vigour against his return; he tarried somewhat longer than he had permission. After he had been absent for the space of

of six tedious days, Madam de Maintenon, who was never accustomed to so long a fast, wrote a Billet to him, and gave it one of her trusty confidants to see it deliver'd. The Maid immediately carried it to the Reverend Father le Chaise; they shut themselves up in their Chamber, and having opened it, read as follows.

UPon my Word, my dear, I must reproach you for the small tenderness you have for me; if you measur'd your own impatience by that of mine, you had return'd the very first day. As for myself I can assure you, that I am infinitely displeased with my easiness in giving you leave to go, and I am yet the more concerned that you come not at all: You must either not love me, or be dead to, make so unpardonable a stay. Return then, my dear,

dear, and leave me not to suffer any more from the King's Embraces, whom I don't love the tenth part so well as thee; and if you would not find me sick, or dead, come at the usual hour straight into my Chamber; I shall give orders that my door be left open to let thee in. Adieu my Dear.

Goodly, Goodly! says the Father, and what think you now? What I, says she? I can't tell, unless it be that you'll give me the Letter to deliver it to him. No, by no means child, says he, but I want your assistance to do me a certain kindness: She made no great difficulty to promise it. 'Tis this, continues he, I'll go immediately and write a sham-Letter to the Gallant, to spoil his coming and at the blessed hour of Affignation I'll not fail to expect you
in

in the Anti-chamber, from whence you must lead me to her Bed, the place of Execution. I am much of the same pitch and stature with him, and will throw upon my self all the consequences of this affair.

The business being thus resolved upon, he made all the haste he could to write the Bantering Letter, and gave it her to see it deliver'd instead of the other. It was conceived in these terms.

Sir,

I Am sensibly afflicted that I must acquaint you with ill News. Your Father is at the point of death, I have confess'd him this Morning, and given him the Holy Viaticum. He desired me two or three times to write to you, because he has something of moment to communicate to you before he dies: Fail not therefore to take Horse immediately upon the
the

the receipt of this, for as yet he is in his senses; and if you lose no time, according to what we are able to judge by all outward appearances, you may come soon enough to speak with him.

Cochonet,

Curate de Lafine.

He had no sooner received this Letter, but he effectually believed, that the Matter was so. He had an extraordinary Tenderness for his Father, and therefore made all the dispatch he could, to see him; but to his great surprize he found him in very good Health, which did not a little rejoyce him. They were not able to understand the Mystery of this Letter, but our young Gallant had not the least Jealousie

sic of the real occasion, which
 made him to continue for some
 time with his Parents. In the mean
 time, the Reverend Father *la*
Chaise came exactly at the hour
 appointed to the Anti-Chamber,
 when he found the Maid expect-
 ing him. He undressed himself,
 and put on a Night-gown and
 Cap, which was the Equipage
 the other Gentleman used in his
 amorous Expeditions; after this
 he was introduced to her Bed,
 where he entred softly, and with-
 out any farther Ceremony pre-
 pared for the Assault. Altho'
 she was fast asleep, she perceived
 him well enough, notwithstan-
 ding the Pretensions of some cer-
 tain Females who are of another
 Opinion, and supposing it to be
 her own Game-Bull in ordinary,
 she embraced him with such vio-
 lent

lent and eager Caresses, that the poor Father thought he should expire in this charming Exercise. The Sport was too entertaining to leave any Room for dull insipid Conversation; thus they renewed the Combat several times without uttering one Syllable, and in all Probability they had passed the Night after this manner, if Father *la Chaise* had not broke the silence by reason of a dam'd unlucky Cold, which set him a Coughing and Wheezing like a decrepit Alderman, that every Morning Vomits ropes of Phlegm by whole-Sale, as juglers do inkle at a Country Fair. Madam *de Maintenon* gave a shriek immediately, and would have thrown her self out of Bed; but our Ecclesiastical Stallion held her fast, and all the while made her the

the most plausible Excuses, that either his Fear or his Love could suggest to him : After he had somewhat appeased the Storm, and calmed her, he represented to her, that the thing was without Remedy ; that she ought to consider it was the violence of his Passion, which obliged him to do it, but still he was so prudent, as not to make the least discovery of the true Motive of this Intrigue. How they came to be reconciled, I am not able to say ; but in fine, my Memoirs tell me, that reconciled they were, and the business fairly accommodated between them. When the Tempest was happily blown over, they passed the remainder of the Night in these laudable Recreations, and if we may give any Credit to exterior appearances, they have pursued

fued the same Sport ever since;
 and I have the Charity to believe
 they'l continue the Game as long
 as either of them are able. For
 certain it is, that if She's the
 King's Mule, She's likewise the
 Mare of the pious *la Chaise*, and
 her *Valet's* Hackney into the Bar-
 gain, who poor Fellow was no
 sooner returned to his Mistress,
 but he excused his long absence
 upon the Account of the Sham-
 Letter he had received. But she
 who was advertised of the whole
 Affair, by Father *la Chaise*, was not
 desirous to search any farther in-
 to these Matters, and received
 him into her Favour; since which
 time she employs him in her Pri-
 mitive Drudgery to her vast Sa-
 tisfaction, if we may take a cer-
 tain Talkative, busie Gentlewo-
 mans word for it, whom the vul-
 gar.

gar People call Fame. All these liberal Contributions by the bye, did not hinder her from receiving the Kings ordinary Benevolence, when he was in Health, and in a Capacity of performing; but when his Distemper came upon him, which proceeded from no other cause than his over-exhausting his Royal Loyns, *Madam de Maintenon* was infinitely afflicted, and in publick gave all the Demonstrations of Grief imaginable. In fine, the Malady growing daily worse and worse, the Physicians resolved to apply Plaisters to the part affected: This holy Daughter of the Society, being very well satisfied in her Conscience, that she was partly the occasion of his Majesties indisposition, generously offered to lay the first Plaister on this distressed Son

Son of *Priapus*. She laid it on accordingly, and continued to do it several times, even until the entire recovery of the King: When she saw him restored to his Health, she was willing to divert him, and having nothing at all of that nice delicate Love in her which won't admit of a Competitor, she found out for him one of the most celebrated Beauties in *France*. 'Twas Madam *Fontange*, which she presented to him; the King redoubled his Esteem for her, seeing she made as it were a Sacrifice of her self, and likewise cherished *Fontange* with a very particular Affection; But their Amours having been already written, we think it not worth the while, to make any impertinent Repetitions of them in this place; only this I will add,

add, that the King did not enjoy her long, for she was Poison'd. Madam de *Maintenon* has entirely possessed the King's inclinations ever since; and whatever Charms he might find to attract him elsewhere; yet they were never so powerful as hers since the Death of *Fontange*. He likewise received another Present from her hands, and that was *la' Martenon*; but she died in Child-Bed, so that when she came to offer him another Lady for his Royal diversion, he would not accept the Gift, but applied himself altogether to her; who for her part is not overmuch afflicted, altho' the King has not been for a considerable time, capable to oblige any of the fair Sex; but has so much Discretion, as to relieve her Necessities elsewhere,

His

His Majesties favour is more acceptable and grateful to her then his Love, since she has so many servile Vassals, to gratifie her infamous Passions, and above the rest, the Reverend Father *la Chaise*.

FINIS.

6 AU 55

THE
Amorous Conquests
Of the Great

Alcander,
OR, THE
AMOURS
Of the French
KING,
And Madam
Montespan.

L O N D O N,
Printed for R. Bentley, and S.
Magne, in Russel-street, in Co-
vent-Garden, 1685.



THE PREFACE.

Although these Memoirs seem to have very much of the Air of a Romance, yet there are very few that are more true. I Originally know the greater part of the Affairs, which I relate, and the rest comes from so good Hands, that I should be too blame to doubt the Truth of them. However

A2

if

The Preface.

if some certain Circumstances, which ought to have been very secret, make it be believed, that I have added a great deal of my own, as those often do, that take upon them to Write, I desire the Reader to suspend his Judgment, until he can enquire after them from some body, who shall not be suspected by him. For example, if that which I relate of the Lyings in of Madam de Montefpan, is any way surprising,

The Prcface.

sing, since there were in the Chamber only the Grand Alcander, and two other Women, I pray him to consider, that one of those two Women, may have told me of them, and that I would not mention them as I do, if I did not very well know, what it was I say. If I am accused of indiscretion, for Revealing that which hath been told me, I will answer to that, that I am not at all engaged to keep the Secret, neither

The Preface.

ther was it required at my Hands, that I should keep it. As for the other Matters, there are few Men, who have been abroad in the World, that have not had some knowledge of them, and if I have had a more particular notice, it must be believed, that it is, because I probably may have been my self engaged in the Intrigue. 6 A 55

Some

THE
Amorous Conquests

Of the Great

Alexander,

With the

INTRIGUES

OF HIS

COURT.

THE Affairs of the Great
Alexander, who was become
the Terror of all his E-
nemies, and the Wonder of all
Princes, did not hinder him some-

B

times

times from making Love. And whereas it was impossible for any to make their Fortune, at least, without having the Honour of his good Graces, the Ladies as well as the Cavaliers, made it their business to please him, and those who succeeded best therein, thought the better of themselves, although at bottom all People of Honour did the less esteem them.

Madam de Montespan was one of those, and though she might pass for one of the fairest Creatures in the World, yet there was something more agreeable in her Wit, than in her Countenance; but all these fine Qualities were obscured by the faults of her Soul, which was accustomed to the most notorious Deceits, so That Vice cost her nothing: She was one of the most Antient Families of the Realm, and her Alliance, as well as Beauty had been the Cause, that Monsieur de Montespan had

had Courted her in Marriage, and had preferred her before several others, who would have better fitted his occasions.

Madam *de Montespan*, who desired to be Married, only that she might take the more liberty, no sooner came to Court, but she had great designs upon the Grand *Alcander's* Heart; but whereas it was at that time taken up, and that Madam *de la Valliere*, a Person of a mean Beauty, but who had in recompence a thousand other good Qualities, wholly possess'd it; she made many unprofitable advances, and was obliged at last to seek a Party elsewhere. She then despising every thing, that was not near the Crown, cast her Eyes upon the Heart of Monsieur, Brother to the Grand *Alcander*, who shew'd her a good Will, rather to make it be believed, that he was capable of being Amorous of Ladies, than because he resented any thing for

her, like love. *Monsieur* surprized thereby a great number of People, who did not think that he was sensible in regard of the fair Sex ; but the *Chevalier de Lorrain*, jealous of this new Correspondence, soon made this young Prince return to his former inclinations, and having an Ascendent over him, *Madam de Montespan* enjoyed only some appearances, whilst he alone stood posselt of his whole Favour.

Madam de Montespan, who covered a place in *Monsieur's* Heart, only because she had failed to gain the *Kings*, was yet more disgusted, when she saw that he was to share it with the *Chevalier de Lorrain*, and not being able to comprehend, why so fine a Woman as she was, should be slighted for the sake of that *Chevalier*, who had nothing recommendable besides his Birth, she resolved to scorn him, who slighted her, and mightily reproached *Monsieur*, who comforted himself

self with the *Chevalier de For-*
rain.

In the mean time Madam de Montesperan's Beauty was the object of the whole Court's desires, and particularly of Monsieur de Lau-
san's, the Great Alcanders Favourite, a Man of no advantageous Stature, and of a very mean Meen; but who made up these two Faults, with two great Qualities. That is to say, with much Wit, and a—
certain I know not what, which occasioned, that when a Lady once knew him, she did not easily quit him for another. Besides his Favour with the King, rendred him recommendable, so that Madam de Montesperan, who had heard these fair Qualities discoursed of, and desired to know by Experience, whether they did not attribute to him, more than he effectually had, did not disdain the proffers of service that he made her. However there being a great deal of cunning

ning mixt with her Curiosity, she made him languish five or six Weeks, before she would grant him the least Favour, and while she made him wait for it, there hapned to this Favourite, a business that might have ruined him with his Master, if he had not been born more happy than wise.

The Great *Alexander*, as much advanced as he was above all others, was not of any other humour, or temper, than Ordinary Men; although he passionately loved *Madam de la Valliere*, yet he sometimes felt himself smitten with some other Ladies Beauty; and was glad to satisfy his desire. He had then such Sentiments as these for the Princess of *Monaco*, whose Favour Monsieur de *Lausun* was possesst of, and Monsieur de *Lausun*, because he did believe himself capable, by reason of his great Qualities, which I have before mentioned, to preserve the Princess of *Monaco's*.

Monaco's Amity, and to gain *Madam de Montespan's* Heart, did forbid the Princess, who had discovered to him *Alexander's* Passion, to favour it at all, and threatned her, that if he perceived she did, he would ruin her Reputation in the World.

These threatnings, instead of pleasing the Princess of *Monaco*, made her think of casting off the Tyranny, which he would exercise over her, and at the same time taking such measures with the Great *Alexander*, as she never did before, she made him resolve to send *Monsieur de Lausun* to the Wars, where he had a considerable Command. Having told *Monsieur de Lausun*, that he should prepare himself to depart within two or three days, *Monsieur de Lausun* remained altogether surprized at these so unexpected News, and immediately guessing at the cause, he told *Alexander* the Great, that he would

not go to the Army, at least unless he would give him the Command of it; however, that he saw well enough, why he sent him thither; that it was to enjoy his Mistress the more peaceably, during his absence; but that it should not be said, that they had so grossly deceived him, at least without his shewing, that he was sensible of their deceit; that this was the Action rather of a perfidious Man, than of a great Prince, such as he had always esteemed him, and that he was glad it had served to disabuse him.

Although the Great *Alexander* had been always accustomed to speak like a Master, and that no Man had until that time dared to make him any reproaches; yet he failed not to give Monsieur de *Laus* *san* a hearing untill the end; but seeing that his folly still encreased more and more, he coldly asked him, if he was mad, and if he well remembered

remembered that he spoke to his Master, and to him, who could cast him down, in as little time as he had raised him. Monsieur de Lausun answered him, That he knew that as well as he, that he very well knew, that it was to him alone he was indebted for his Fortune, having never made his Court to any Minister, like the other Great men of the Realm; but all that should not hinder him to tell the Truth, and continuing in the same tone that he had begun, he was yet about to say several ridiculous and extravagant things, when Alexander prevented him, by telling him, that he gave him only four and twenty hours to resolve upon his departing; and that if he did not obey him, he would consider what he had to do.

Having left him after these few words, Monsieur de Lausun began to be in an unconceivable despaire, and attributing all this accident

to the Correspondence, which the Princess of *Monaco* began to have with *Alexander* the Great, he went to her Lodgings, where not finding her, he broke a large Looking-Glass, as though he had revenged himself sufficiently by that. The Princess of *Monaco* complained of him to *Alexander*, who replied, That he was a Fool, on whom she was likely to have revenge enough by his absence, that he himself had suffered surprizing things; but that he pardoned him all, considering that he might well be in despaire, for losing a Ladies Favour, whose merit was so great as hers.

When the four and twenty hours were expired, he demanded of Monsieur de *Lausun*, what he was resolved to do, who answering, that he was resolved not to depart, unless he gave him the Command of the Army, the Great *Alexander* was moved with anger against him, and

and again threatned to reduce him into such a condition, as he should have cause to repent of having provoked him so far ; but *Monsieur de Lausun*, not becoming more discreet for all these Menaces, replied, *That all the mischief he could do him, was to take from him the Office of General of the Dragoons, which he had given him, and that he having foreseen that, had brought his Commission with him in his Pocket ; and at the same time taking it out, he threw it upon a Table, near which the King was seated, which did so exasperate the Great Alcan-*der, *that he sent him that very hour, to the Bastile.* This did very much amaze all the World, no Man yet knowing what could have drawn the disgrace upon this Favourite.

Madam de Montespan, having heard of his Misfortune, was overjoyed at the delay she had used in her Intrigue, and was with no great difficulty comforted, believing, that
after

after his indiscretion, which began to be the publick discourse of the World, there was no more returning for him into *Alcanders* favours. However his disgrace did not continue so long as was imagined; for the Great *Alcander*, having not found in the Princess of *Monaco*, Charms powerful enough to retain him, had no sooner satisfied his Fancy, but he pardoned *Monsieur de Lausun*, who returned to Court with more Credit than ever: Yet every body was sufficiently astonished at it, because it was not thought, that *Alcander* was of an humour ever to forget that want of respect, which *Monsieur de Lausun* did shew him.

Monsieur de Lausun's returne to Court, having made all the World conceive, that he must needs have a great Ascendent over *Alcanders* Spirit, all men were very industrious to give him some markes of their inclination to his Service, and among others, *Madam de Montes-*
pan,

pan, who no longer could deny him the last Favours. This new Intrigue, that ought to have comforted *Monsieur de Lausun* for the Princess of *Monaco's* Infidelity, did not hinder him from meditating on some revenge, whereof he in a few days after found an opportunity. This Lady with many others was sitting upon a green turfe, and laying her Hand upon the Grass, he trod upon it as it were unwittingly, and having made a kind of turne on purpose to wring it the harder, he addressed himself to her to demand Pardon.

The pain, which the Princess of *Monaco* felt, made her squeak out, but she was less sensible of that, than of a mocking Laughter, which *Monsieur de Lausun* affected in excusing himself, she gave him a thousand injurious Terms, and made all those who were present comprehend, that she could not be so passionate against him, without ha-

ving

ving some other reason for it. Monsieur *de Lausun*, who was concerned to preserve his Reputation among the Ladies, suffered the Princess of *Monaco's* resentment to evaporate in reproaches, without desiring to answer them otherwise, than by submissions and excuses. And the Ladies who were present, having taken upon themselves to reconcile them, she was obliged to be quiet; for fear of discovering to them, that her vexation proceeded from another cause.

The Princess of *Monaco* having thus lost her Lover, and having but tasted, if I may so say, of the Great *Alexander*, sought to comfort herself for it, by the Conquest of some other, but her Temper being not severe, nor her Appetite contented with one Man alone, she tryed so many Chances, that at length she fell under them. She having liked a Page who was a proper handsome Fellow, but one that run over all
Paris,

Paris, after the manner of Pages, she had a mind to know, whether she should find him a better Man, than those Persons of Quality, of whom only she had until that time made tryal: But he having a Distemper upon him, infected the Princess of *Monaco* with it, who did not put her self under Cure for it, as soon as she ought, perhaps because she did not at first know what it was, or else out of shame and trouble to discover it. Therefore when she entered into a course of Physick, she died under it, giving by her Death strange apprehensions to thole, who had imitated her in her Pleasures.

The Princess of *Monaco's* Relations did very carefully conceal the nature of her Distemper; but *Monsieur*, the Great *Alcanders* Brother, who had had some familiarity with her, tho' of no long continuance, and who in recompence of some Services rendred him, and the Chevalier de *Lorraine*, had given her
the

the charge of Houskeeper to his Wife, was afraid of being involved in her Misfortune, and could not be at rest, until he had assembled four Persons, who were the most skilful in that kind of Distemper, to know whether he was not in danger of it; they assured him, that he was not, which did wholly restore him to his Spirits, and made him soon forget the Princess of Monaco.

The Great Alexander suspected the Intrigue of Madam de Montespan, and of Monsieur de Lauzun, and whereas Love enters by several ways into the Hearts of Men, the reflection which he made upon his Favorites good Fortune, made him consider more narrowly, than he had done till that time, the Merit and Beauty of Madam de Montespan. Besides, the Possession of Madam de la Valliere, began to breed in him some distaste, the inseparable mischief of long enjoyment.

Now

Now whereas Madam *de Montespan* had a very particular attention upon *Alexander's* Person, she soon perceived by his Words and Actions, that he was not unsensible of her Charms, and whereas she knew, that presence was the most necessary thing in the World, to foment Amorous Sentiments, she endeavoured all she could to establish her self at Court, which she believed might be easily done, if she once entered into a confidence with Madam *de la Valliere*, who for her part sought to discharge her self upon some good Friend, of the displeasure, which she conceived for the lukewarmness of the Great *Alexander's* Flames. Madam *de Valliere* did very well approve of the Advances which Madam *de Montespan* made her, and there immediately was a kind of friendship knit between these two Ladies, or at least some appearance of a friendship; for I very well know, that

Madam

Madam *de Montespan*, who had her end, was far from loving Madam *de la Valliere*, who was the only obstacle of her designs. The Great *Alcander* who did already resent some tenderness for the other, was overjoyed to see her every day with Madam *de la Valliere*, whom Madam *de Montespan* did likewise Charm, because she industriously embraced all her Interests, and had an admirable Complaisance for her, blaming the Great *Alcander* for his indifference, and furnishing her with means to make him return.

In the mean time, the Great *Alcander* went oftner to Madam *de la Valliere's* Lodgings than he was accustomed to do, that he might have the pleasure of seeing Madam *de Montespan*, and Madam *de la Valliere* applying to her self these new Affiduities, loved Madam *de Montespan* the better, believing that it was by her Cares she enjoyed his sight the oftener. But
at

at last, she having once had a part in the true Affections of his Heart, soon perceived that every thing which the Great *Alcander* did then say unto her, was counterfeit, and her Passion for him serving her instead of Wit, whereof she had no great share by Nature, she apprehended, that *Madam de Montespan* deceived her, and that *Alcander* was more intimate with her than she had hitherto imagined.

As soon as this suspicion had seized her mind, she observed them so narrowly, that she no longer doubted that they deceived her, and her Passion not permitting her to keep the secret any longer, she tenderly complained of it to Great *Alcander*, who told her, that he was too generous to abuse her any farther, that it was true, he did love *Madam de Montespan*, but yet that it should not hinder him from loving her, as he ought, that she must be contented with what he should

should do for her, without desiring more, because he did not love to be constrained.

This answer more like a Masters than a Lovers, was far from satisfying so nice a Mistress, as *Madam de la Valliere*, she wept, she lamented, but all that did not soften the Great *Alexander*; he once again told her, that if she desired a continuance of his Love, she should exact nothing from him beyond his will; he prayed her to live with *Madam de Montespan*, as she had done before, and assured her, that if she shew'd the least unkindness to that Lady, she would oblige him to take other measures.

The Great *Alexanders* Will was a Law to *Madam de la Valliere*: She lived with *Madam de Montespan* in an Union, that could not be reasonably expected from a Rival, and she surprized all the World by her Conduct; because all the World began to be persuaded that
the

the Great *Alexander* did by little and little forsake her, and gave himself up entirely to *Madam de Montespan*.

In the mean time, the Great *Alexander* being a nice Lover, and not able to endure that a Husband should share with him in the Favours of *Madam de Montespan*, he resolved to remove him out of the way, upon pretence of giving him some great Employments, but *Monsieur de Montespan* was of no Complaisant humour, he refused all that they offered him, doubting indeed, that his Wives Merit did contribute more to his advancement, than any thing he could have recommended in himself.

Madam de Montespan, who had taken delight in the Kings Embraces, could no longer endure those of her Husbands, neither would she grant him any more, which put *Monsieur de Montespan* into such a despaire, that although he tenderly

derly loved her, he did not refrain from giving her a good box on the Ear. *Madam de Montespan*, who well knew where to find a support, gave him extream ill Language, and having complained of his proceeding to the Great *Alcander*; he banished *Monsieur de Montespan* the Court, who with his Children departed into his own Country, bordering upon the *Pireneans*: There went into close Mourning, as if he had lost his Wife indeed. And he being much indebted, the Great *Alcander* sent him two hundred thousand Livres, to comfort him for the loss which he had been the occasion of.

However, some time after *Monsieur de Montespan's* departure, *Madam de Montespan* became with Child, and although she might well imagine that all the World knew what past between the Great *Alcander* and her self; yet she being ashamed to be seen in that condition,

tion, invented a new Mode, which was very advantageous for Women who would hide their great Bellies; it was a short Waistcoat like a Mans, reaching only to the Waste, where pulling out some part of the Shift, they made it fit in as large Puffs as they could upon the Petticoat, and so hid the Belly.

All this did not hinder the Great *Alcander's* Court, from perceiving clearly how matters went; but whereas the Courtiers did almost adore that Prince, their incense reached even his Mistress, whose Favour every one began to Court; and she having an infinite deal of Wit, made as many Friends as she could, which *Madam de la Valliere* had never done, who to shew the Great *Alcander*, that it was himself only that she loved, never would ask any thing for another. Therefore her Rivals Credit was no sooner perceived, but every one with pleasure left her, whereof one day

day complaining, the *Mareschall de Grammont* made her answer, that she should have taken care to have made others Rejoyce with her, while she her self had cause to Rejoyce, if when she should have cause to Mourn, she desired that others should Mourn also.

Madam de *Valliere* seeing her self thus abandoned by all the World, resolved to go into a Convent, and having chose that of the *Carmelites*, she retired thither, and in a little time after took the Habit, where she lives, as 'tis said in great Sanctity; which I easily believe, for that having tryed, as she had done, the inconstancy of worldly Affairs, she plainly saw, that it was in God alone, in whom she ought to trust.

Her retreat did equally satisfy the Great *Alexander*, and Madam de *Montespan*, the last, because she was in a continual apprehension, lest Madam de la *Valliere* might again

again return into the Great *Alcander's* Favour, whose most tender Affections she had once possessed ; and the other, because her presence still upbraided him of his Inconstancy. In the mean while, the time of Madam *de Montelpan's* lying in approaching, the Great *Alcander* retired to *Paris*, whither he went but seldom, hoping that she might be more secretly brought to bed there, than at *St. Germain's*, where he usually resided.

The time being come, a Woman of Madam *de Montelpan's* Bed-Chamber, in whom the Great *Alcander* and her self had a particular confidence, took Coach, and went into *St. Anthony's Street* to Monsieur *Clements*, the Renowned man Midwife, whom she asked if he would go along with her, to deliver a Lady, who was in Labour, but at the same time she told him, that if he would go, he

C

must

must be Hood-wink't, because it was desired, that he should not know, whither he went. Mr. *Clement*, to whom the like accidents had often arrived, seeing that she, who came to fetch him, had a gentle Aire, and that this Adventure presaged nothing, but what was good, he told the Woman, that he was ready to do all that she desired, and suffering himself to be muffled, he took Coach along with her, out of which, after several turns about the Town he alighted, and was led into a very stately Appartment, where his muffler was taken off.

However he had no time given him to consider the place where he was, and he had no sooner recovered his sight, but a Girl, who was in the Chamber, put out the Lights; after which, the Great *Alexander*, who was hid behind the Curtain of *Madam de Montespan's* Bed, spoke to him, in order to re-assure

assure him, in case he were afraid, and bid him fear nothing. Monsieur *Clement* answered him, that he was not afraid, and having approached his Patient, he felt her, and finding that the Child was not yet ready to come into the World, he asked *Alcander*, who was near him, whether the place where they were, was the House of God, where it was permitted neither to Eat, or Drink, that for his part, he was very Hungry, and that they would do him a great kindness to give him something to Eat.

The Great *Alcander*, without staying for either of the Women, who were in the Chamber, bestirred himself to serve him, he went immediately into a Closet, from whence he took a Pot of Sweat Meats, and brought it to him, then from the other side, he fetch'd some Bread, which he likewise gave him, and bid him not to spare either the one, or the o-

ther; for there was more yet in the Lodgings. After Monsieur *Clement* had eaten two or three Morfels, he asked whether they would not give him any thing to Drink, the Great *Alcander* ran himself into the Closet, to fetch him a Bottle of Wine, and filled him two or three Glasses, one after another: When Monsieur *Clement* had drank the first Glass, he asked *Alcander*, if he also would not drink, and the Great *Alcander* having answered, no, he told him, that the sick Lady would not have so happy and speedy a deliverance, unless he drank a Glass to her Health.

The Great *Alcander* did not think it proper, to reply to this discourse, and a pang, which at that time took Madam de *Montespan*, interrupted the Conversation; in the mean time, she held *Alcander* by the hand, who encouraged her to take heart, and asked *Clement* every moment, if the

the business would not be soon done. Her Labour was hard enough, though it was not very long, and Madam *de Montespan* was brought to bed of a brave Boy, at which the Great *Alexander* expressed a great deal of satisfaction; but he would not have it presently told Madam *de Montespan* for fear it might be hurtful to her Health.

Monfieur *Clement* having done every thing that belonged to his profession, the Great *Alexander* filled him himself a Glafs of Wine, after which he returned behind the Bed Curtain, because they were to light a Candle, to the end that Monfieur *Clement* might fee, if all things were well, before his departure. *Clement* having assured them, that the Lady in the Straw was out of all danger, she, who went to fetch him, gave him a Purfe wherein there were an hundred Lewidores, and being again Hood-wink't, they lead him to a

C 3 Coach,

Coach, which carried him home to his own House, after having made many more turns than it had done in coming.

In the mean time Monsieur *de Lausun* did endeavour to comfort himself in some others Arms, and being very proud that the Great *Alexander* had only his leavings; he did not at all envy his good Fortune, either because he had never had a reall Passion for Madam *de Montespan*, or for that he had found out in her some secret imperfections, which her Husband himself did attribute unto her. However he did not omit to make use of her Favour in those things, which he would not ask himself, and Madam *de Montespan*, who had given him so great advantages over her, durst deny him nothing, for fear that he should ruin her with the Great *Alexander*, with whom he had no less power than her self. In the mean time, as we seldom have
any

any great kindness for those whom we stand in awe of, so she would at any rate have rid her self of him, but she durst not yet attempt it, for fear of not being powerful enough to bring it about. While she was in these Sentiments, the place of a Lady of Honour, to the Great *Alexander's* Queen became voide, by the Dutchess of *Montanzier's* Death, and the Dutchess of *Richlieu*, and of *Crequi*, pretending both to it, each made use of her Friends for the obtaining it. Madam de *Montespan* declared herself for the Dutchess of *Richlieu*, and Monsieur de *Lausun* for the Dutchess of *Crequi*, which began to sow an open Division betwixt them. For Monsieur de *Lausun* would by all means force Madam de *Montespan* to desist from speaking, in the behalf of the Dutchess of *Richlieu*, and Madam de *Montespan*, who could not honourably give over, after having gone so far, thought

it strange that Monsieur de *Lausun*, when he knew that she had undertaken that Affair, should come in her way, to take the Interests of the Dutches of *Crequi*. It was the Great *Alexanders* part to decide in favour, either of his Mistress, or of his Favourite; but that Prince being unwilling to discontent either of them, staid a long while without disposing of that place, hoping that they would agree together, and that their reunion would give him an opportunity to resolve. But on the contrary, his delay, making as well the one as the other believe, that the Great *Alexander* had no regard to their Prayers, they bore against each other a greater grudge than they did before, and even Monsieur de *Lausun* began to talk disadvantageously of Madam de *Montespan*, which she could not hear of without desiring to be notably revenged.

Ma-

Madam de Montespan complain-
ed of it to the Great Alcander,
who gave Monsieur de Lausun a
severe reprimand. But he so much
the more enraged against her, as
he saw that her Credit prevailed
above his, for the Great Alcander
had just then, given the Dutches
of Montauziers place to the Du-
tches of Richlieu, could not for-
bear to take the liberty of railing
against her upon all occasions. The
Great Alcander being informed of
it by others, besides Madam de
Montespan, did again sharply re-
prehend Monsieur de Lausun, who
perceiving that the Great Alcan-
der understood no rallery upon
that point, promised him to be more
discreet for the future and to let
him see, that he designed to live
friendlily thereafter with Madam
de Montespan, he desired him to
reconcile them, which the Great
Alcander promised him to do.

In effect having disposed Ma-
dam

dam de Montespán's Spirit to pardon him, he made them on the morrow embrace in his Presence, obliging *Monsieur de Lausun* to ask her Pardon for what he had done, and to promise her not to do so any more.

This reconciliation being made, *Monsieur de Lausun* had more power than ever, upon the Great *Alcanders* Spirit, and whereas this Favourite's Ambition was beyond all measure, which nothing could satisfy, he gave way to some thoughts of Marrying the Princess *Mademoiselle d'Orleans Monpensier*, the Great *Alcanders* Cousin *Germaine*, which his Sister, that Princess's Confident, had long ago put into his head.

The Princess was already of an Age well advanced, but she being extraordinarily Rich, and *Monsieur de Lausun* esteeming that Quality, and the Blood from which she was descended, more than all other Ornaments of Face and Body, he desired

desired his Sister to continue her Cares for him, and in the prospect of arriving unto so great a Match, he made very close Court to *Madam de Montespan*, not doubting but that her Credit, might be very useful to him upon that occasion.

Although the Interest that *Monsieur de Lausun* had in the Great *Alcanders* Heart, made him presume very much upon his Favour, nevertheless he believing, that the King would never give his Consent willingly to that Alliance, desired to engage him to it out of interest. To this effect, he dispatched a Gentleman, in whom he had a great deal of confidence, to the Duke of *Lorrain*, who was deprived of his Country, to offer him a Settlement of five hundred thousand Livres of yearly Rent out of Lands, to him, and to his Heirs, upon Condition, that he would resigne his Rights to him. The Duke of *Lorrain*, who saw no great
appear-

appearance of being ever able to recover his own Estate, relish't that proposal, and Monsieur de *Lausun* seeing it likely to succeed, expressed something of it to the Great *Alexander*, to whom he insinuated, that it would be very advantageous for him, that the Duke of *Lorraine* gave up his Pretensions to some one, who would render him Faith and Homage for the Dukedom of *Lorraine*.

The Great *Alexander* having approved of the thing, Monsieur de *Lausun* discovered to him, that with the design of doing him this Service, he had harkened to some proposals of Marriage, which had been made to him in the part of the Princess, *Mademoiselle d'Orleans Monpensier*, by the mediation of his Sister. He asked his Pardon, for giving him no earlier notice of it; which he believed he ought not to have done, until he had first endeavoured to dispose of matters

so, as to take effect. Saying farther, that it was his part to approve of this Match, which, though it appeared to be very extraordinary, was not however without Example : That it was not the first time, that Mortals were allied to the Blood of the Gods, and that History taught him, that many Men, who were of no better Family than himself, had arrived to that Honour.

The Great *Alexander* was surprized at this proposal, which appeared very bold for a Man of Monsieur de *Lausun*'s Rank, yet considering that this was not the first time, that a Princess of the Blood Royal had Married a private Gentleman, and reflecting upon the advantages, which he himself might reap from this Alliance, he soon accustomed himself to hearken to it. Madam de *Montespan*, whom Monsieur de *Lausun* had engaged to his Interests, finding the Great *Alexander*

der already well inclined, did so dextrously represent to him, the little difference that there was in *France*, between Gentlemen, when they were once become Dukes, (which he might easily create *Monsieur de Lausun*) and strange Princes (to one of which he had not long ago given a Sister of *Mademoiselle d'Orleans Monpensier's*) that he finally resolved in favour of the Match.

When the Great *Alexander* had thus signified his approbation of it to *Madam de Montespan*, he took some measures with her and with *Monsieur de Lausun*, in order to clear himself to the World from all the blame, for his assenting to this Marriage; which he did believe could not be better done, than by seeming to have been forced, to give consent to it. To effect this he desired two things, the one, that *Mademoiselle d'Orleans Monpensier* should come herself,

self, to intreat him to give her
 Monsieur de *Lausun* in Marriage;
 the other, that the most considera-
 ble of Monsieur de *Lausun's* Rela-
 tions, should come in a Body to
 desire permission for their Kinsman
 to marry that Princess. They saw
 then these Ambassadors, and this
 Ambassadors arrive all at a time,
 and those having first obtained Au-
 dience, they told the Great *Alcan-*
der, that although the favour which
 they were to desire from him in
 behalf of their Kinsman, should
 seem above their merit, and even
 their hopes, nevertheless they in-
 treated him to consider, that it
 would be a means to induce the Gen-
 try to greater matters, each one hop-
 ing for the future, to be able to attain
 to so great an Honour, as a re-
 compence for his Services.

They also represented to the
 Great *Alcander*, what I have a-
 bove pointed at, (*viz.*) that Gen-
 tlemen have ere now obtained the
 like

like Grace, so that the Great *Alcander*, seeming to be perswaded by their Prayers, answered them, that for their sakes, as being the Chief Gentry of his Realm, he would be glad that their Kinsman should have the honour of Espousing the Princess, *Mademoiselle d'Orleans Monpensier*; but yet that he desired to know from herself, whether she was willingly enclined to this Alliance; of which he was as yet altogether ignorant.

Then the Princess entred, who without considering, that it was not very usual for Women to desire Men in Marriage, intreated the Great *Alcander* to permit her to marry *Monsieur de Lausun*, which he at first denyed, but after a manner, that let her see, it was only for fashion's sake, then the Princess renewed her Prayers, and at length obtained what she required.

The

The news of this Marriage made a great deal of noise, not only over the whole Realm, but even much farther; none could forbear admiring at the Effects of Fortune, that did so much favour so undeserving a Person; than whom, let his hidden Virtues be excepted, there were thousands more Worthy in the Kingdom.

In the mean time, though Monsieur de Lausun had a great deal of cunning, yet he committed a great Errour upon this occasion; for instead of Marrying the Princess Mademoiselle d'Orleans Monpensier, as soon as he had obtained the Great Alcander's consent, he would make great preparations for his Nuptials, and that having delayed them for some days, the Prince of Conde, and his Son, cast himself at the Kings Feet, to intreat him not to suffer the conclusion of a thing so disgraceful to the Royal Family, and while the Great Alcander knew not what

what to resolve upon, being on one side combated by their Reasons, and on the other, by the Promise, which he had made to Monsieur *de Lausun's* Kindred. Monsieur joyned in Petition with these Princesses, and made him resolve to retract his word. Madam *de Montespan*, for her part, though she openly appeared to act for Monsieur *de Lausun*, yet she endeavoured underhand to break the Match, fearing that if he were once allyed to the Royal Family, he might have yet a greater influence upon *Alexander's* Spirit, over which she desired to reign alone.

In the mean time the Great *Alexander* had so great a weakness towards Monsieur *de Lausun*, that he knew not how to declare his Pleasure to him; but there being a necessity of doing it, he caused him to come into his Cabinet, and there told him, that after having thoroughly reflected on his Marriage, he
would

would not have him proceed to the conclusion of it ; that in every thing else he would give him marks of his Affection, but that he must say nothing more to him of that, if he did design to retain his Favour.

Monfieur de *Laufun* finding by this Language, that some body had rendred him ill Offices with the Great *Alexander*, thought it would be in vain for him to endeavour to prevail with him, but going immediately to Madam de *Montefpans* Lodgings, whom he suspected, he told her every thing that rage and paffion could dictate to a transported Mad man ; he told her, I fay, that he had been to blame to confide in a Woman of her condition, fince he ought to have known, that fuch as ſhe, - having once forfeited their own Honours, might well do the ſame by their Lovers ; that he would employ all the Credit he had with the
Great

Great *Alcander*, to bring him back out of a Love, that ruined him in the world, and of which he did not know the unworthiness.

He said to her many more things with the same violence ; after which he went to *Mademoiselle d'Orleans Monpensier*, to whom he declared the Great *Alcanders* pleasure. The Princess had no sooner heard this news, but she fell into a Trance, and all the Water in the *Seine* would not have been enough to recover her out of it ; if Monsieur *de Lauzun* had not put his Face to hers, to tell her in her ear, that it was not time to be thus desperate, but rather to take such measures as might defend them both from the hatred of their Enemies, and secure their Pleasures, that to effect this, they must use extream diligence, for the loss of one only moment drew after it strange Consequences ; that as for himself, he was of opinion, that
with-

without taking any notice of the Great *Alexander's* Orders, they should be privately Married; that when the thing were once done, he would be well enough pleased with it, since he had already consented to it. But that whatever happened, nothing should hinder their constant intelligence and communication.

The Princess recovered out of her Trance, at so eloquent and so agreeable a discourse, and being both shut up together in a Closet, they called to them the Countess of *Nogent* for a third, who confirmed them, that they could not take a resolution more advantageous to their happiness, and content. However it was resolved in this Council, that she should go straight to find out the Great *Alexander*, to try if she could not make him change his Sentiment, and indeed she took Coach that very moment, for that purpose.

The Great *Alexander* being advertised, that she desired to speak with

with him in private, easily guessed at her business, and although he was resolved not to grant her request, yet since he could not handsomely dispence with himself from giving her Audience, he made her enter his Closet, having first commanded all those, that were with him there, to depart. The Princess threw her self at his Feet, and covering her Face with her Handkerchief, not so much to wipe away her Tears, as to hide her confusion: She said to him, *That she there acted a part, that ought to confound her with shame, if he himself had not given her confidence, in approving of, as he had done, Monsieur de Lausun's intentions; that it was thereupon that she had taken some engagements, which were not easie for her to break; that although it was not over decent, for a person of her Sex, to talk after that manner. Yet the Merit of Monsieur de Lausun, to whom even* he

he himself could not refuse his Affections, might well serve her for an excuse, and in fine, that whosoever would consider that her flames were once authorized, and approved of her King, would not possibly find her so much in fault, as they might indeed imagine.

The Great Alcander, who had several times commanded her to rise, without being obeyed, told her, when he saw that she had given over speaking, that unless she would put her self into another posture, he had no answer to make her, then the Princess rose up, expecting with an unconceivable fear, the Sentence either of her Life or Death. But the Great Alcander did not leave her long in uncertainty, telling her, That the remorse which he felt, for consenting to her Marriage with Monsieur de Lausan, had sufficiently punish'd him for that weakness, that it was a thing that he should repent of during his whole life,

life, and that he could not imagine, how she, who had always shown a courage above her Sex, could resolve upon an action, that would render her for ever infamous.

Mademoiselle d'Orleans Monsieur, having received this answer, returned home with rage in her Heart, against the Great Alexander, and having found Monsieur de Lausun, who waited with impatience for the news of what she had done, they agreed together, that seeing nothing was able to move him, they must be secretly Married. A Priest was soon found for that purpose, and they were Married in the Princess's Closet; but they expected from time and fortune some favourable opportunity of divulging the Marriage.

In the mean time the Wedding could not be consummated so secretly, but that the Great Alexander had notice of it from one of the Princess's

Princess's Domesticks, whom Monsieur de Louvoÿ, an Enemy to Monsieur de Lausun, had gained to advertise him of every thing that should pass in her Family. The Great Alcander expressed very much anger at it. Monsieur de Louvoÿ, and Madam de Montespan, who held intelligence together for the destruction of Monsieur de Lausun, did endeavour to enflame it yet the more. For Monsieur de Lausun had ill used Monsieur de Louvoÿ upon several occasions, and Monsieur de Louvoÿ sought to be revenged all manner of ways.

Nevertheless they counselled the Great Alcander to dissemble his Resentment, either because they did not believe that they could yet procure Monsieur de Lausun's absolute ruin, or for that they apprehended to offend the Princess, who did not willingly pardon those whom she once had reason to be angry with: The King did there-
D fore

fore continue in appearance to treat Monsieur de *Lausun*, as he did formerly, but he gave Monsieur de *Louvoy* Order to watch him so narrowly, as that he might give him an account of his Conduct.

In the mean time Monsieur de *Lausun*, being already of a Nature that was but too much addicted to Pride, did after his late Wedding grow every day prouder and prouder, so that almost all the Court were become his Enemies. However he underwent all that with an extraordinary haughtiness, but there soon fell out an accident that did occasion his disgrace, which was long ago designed.

The Count de *Guiche*, Eldest Son to the *Mareschal de Granmont*, was a Colonel of a Regiment of the Great *Alcanders* Guards, and was banished by the Great *Alcander* for some designs, much resembling Monsieur de *Lausun*'s, that is to say, for having presumed to love
Monsieur's

Monsieur's Wife. At length in
 consideration of the *Mareschal*, for
 whom *Alcander* had a great kind-
 ness, he permitted his Son to re-
 turn. Nevertheless upon condi-
 tion, that he should quit his Of-
 fice. Now the Count *de Guiche's*
 Office, being without contradiction
 one of the fairest, and most con-
 siderable in all the Great *Alcan-*
ders's Court, all those who had a-
 ny Credit with him, pretended to
 it; and amongst the rest, Mon-
 sieur *de Lausun*, whom the Great
Alcander had not long since made
 a Captain of his Guardes; yet he
 durst not demand it himself, ei-
 ther for that he perceived, that he
 did begin to decline in his favour,
 or because he would not every
 moment importune him for fresh
 Graces.

He had made his peace in appea-
 rance with Madam *de Montespan*,
 who to make him fall the more
 readily into the Net, had seemed

to pardon him. Monsieur *de Lau-*
sun believing therefore, that she
 would not deny him her media-
 tion, for the obtaining of that Of-
 fice, did pray her, that she would
 be pleased to serve him therein ;
 but desired her not to tell the
 Great *Alcander*, that he had made
 her that request. Madam *de Mon-*
tespan, did promise him to do it ;
 but going immediately to find out
 the Great *Alcander*, she told him,
 that Monsieur *de Lauzun* was now
 become altogether a Mystery, that
 he had made her promise him to
 demand the Count *de Guiche's* Of-
 fice for him ; but that at the same
 time, he had exacted from her,
 not to discover, that he had desired
 it ; that she could not imagine,
 why he practised all these flights
 with a Prince, who had heaped
 upon him so many Favours, and
 still continued to heap upon him
 more and more every day ; that,
 admit there were no reason to be-
 lieve,

lieve, that he might have ill designs in demanding that Office; yet she would not grant it him, if she were in his place, since all his goodness towards him deserved at least, in acknowledgment, a demonstration of more freedom.

Although Monsieur de Lausun's proceedings had nothing in the bottom, yet since Madam de Montespan gave it the blackest Colours that she could, the Great Alcander reflected upon it, and telling Madam de Montespan, that he could not comprehend what design Monsieur de Lausun might have, Madam de Montespan advised him to discourse himself with him about it, to see if he would still continue his flights. The Great Alcander did approve of this advice, and being shut up with Monsieur de Lausun in his Closet, after having entertained him with a discourse of several matters, he began to talk of those, who aspired to the Count

de Guiche's Office, telling him, that he had no intention to gratifie any of those People, whom he did not think sufficiently experienced to supply so considerable a charge.

Monsieur de Lausun overjoyed to find the Great *Alexander* of this opinion, endeavoured to confirm him in it, by adding to what he had said of these Persons, something to their disadvantage. But *Monsieur de Lausun* not coming of himself, to what the Great *Alexander* would have had him, that is to say, to beg that Office for himself. The Great *Alexander* asked him, if it would not fit him, and if he had no desire to have it. *Monsieur de Lausun* replied, that after having received so many Favours from his Majesty, he had no mind to pretend to any new, so that he durst assure him, that he never had the least thought of it. The Great *Alexander* told him that he had however believed it, because
Madam

Madam *de Montespan* had spoke to him about it in his behalfe, which he did not believe she would have done, unless he had desired it of her; that he could not conceive, why he made a Mystery of a thing, to which he might pretend as well as so many others, and desired him to tell him the truth of it. Monsieur *de Lausun* seeing himself prest in that manner by the Great *Alexander*, swore to him again, that he had never thought of it; Whereupon the Great *Alexander*, with a meen able to make Monsieur *de Lausun* tremble, told him, that he was extreamly amazed at the boldness which he had to lye to him so impudently, that he needed not to disguise himself any longer, since Madam *de Montespan* had told him all; and that he might assure himself, that he would never give the least credit to any thing that he might say hereafter; at the same time

the Great *Alexander* rose up, and having dismiss him without hearkning to his excuses, Monsieur de *Lausun* departed full of despaire and rage.

At his going out of the Great *Alexander's* Clolet, he met the Duke of *Crequi*, who seeing him quite altered, asked him what was the matter, to which Monsieur de *Lausun* replied, that he was a wretch, who had the Rope about his Neck, and that he, who would strangle him, should be the best of his friends.

From thence he went to Madam de *Montespan's* Lodgings, where he put upon her all manner of affronts, and even gave her so gross Language, as it was not to be believed, that a Man of Quality could have such in his mouth.

Madam de *Montespan* told him, that unless she hoped the Great *Alexander* would do her justice, she her self would that very moment, have scratched out his Eyes; but that

that she would now remit all her revenge to the King.

After he had once more given her all the foulest and basest Language, that despaire and rage could inspire him with; he went to *Mademoiselle d'Orleans Monpensier's*, whom he could not careſs as he was accustomed, so much had the dejection of his Spirit contributed to the dejection of his Body. In the mean time the Princess being thus disappointed, was very desirous to know whence that proceeded, swearing to him, that the matter should be very difficult, if she endeavoured not to bring a remedy to it. *Monsieur de Lausun* believing himself obliged to tell her what it was, imparted to her the conversation which he had had with the Great *Alexander*, and the Visit which he afterwards made to *Madam de Montespan*, not concealing a Syllable of all the disobliging things, that he had said unto her.

The Princess, to whom, Age had given more Experience, very much blamed Monsieur *de Lausun* (who had indeed naturally a great deal of Wit, but very little Judgment) for what he had done, telling him that all truths were not to be spoken at all times. She apprehended the Great *Alexander's* Resentment, and fearing, that this conjuncture might be destructive to her Pleasures, she did what she could to enjoy them still for the time, out of a fear that she should not be long permitted, to have them, as often as she would have a mind to them.

In effect the Great *Alexander*, having understood, that Monsieur *de Lausun*, notwithstanding his Orders so often repeated to the contrary, had again railed at Madam *de Montespan*, resolved to have him apprehended; Monsieur *de Louvois's* Remonstrances, who did not cease to tell him, that he could

not otherwise reduce that Spirit to reason, were of great use to confirm him in this resolution, and to overcome all the returns of kindness which he had for that undeserving Favourite. The Order for the seizing him was given to the Chevalier de *Fourbins*, Major of the Life-guard, who presently conveyed himself to Monsieur de *Lausun's* House, where having learn't, that he was gone to *Paris*, he left a Souldier to watch near the Gate, with order to come and give him notice, as soon as he should be returned. Monsieur de *Lausun* arrived about an hour or two after, and the Souldier having given the Chevalier de *Fourbins* notice of it, the Chevalier de *Fourbins* having first placed some Guards about the House, entred into it, and found him near the fire, little dreaming of his misfortune. For as soon as he saw the Chevalier come towards him, he asked him, if the

Great

Great *Alexander* had sent for him; to which the *Chevalier de Fourbins* answered, No, but that he had sent him to demand his Sword, that he was sorry to be charged with such a Commission, but whereas he was obliged to do whatever his Master commanded him, he could not dispence with himself from executing it.

It is easily to judge of Monsieur *de Lausun's* surprize, at so unexpected a Complement, for although he had given the Great *Alexander* cause to deal much more rigorously with him, yet since Men are more apt to flatter themselves, than to do themselves Justice, he believed that the kindness which the King had always shewn towards him, would prevail above his resentment. He asked the *Chevalier de Fourbins*, whether he might not speak with the King, but the *Chevalier* having told him that it was forbidden, he gave himself over

over to despaire. They kept as strict a Guard upon him all that night, as they could have done upon the greatest Criminal in the World, and the Chevalier de *Fourbins* having on the morrow delivered him into the hands of Monsieur d'*Artagnan*, Captain Lieutenant of Dragoons, Monsieur de *Lausun* look'd upon himself as a ruined Man; because Monsieur de *Artagnan* had never been his friend, and he believed, that he was chosen out on purpose, to make the Great *Alexander's* indignation the better known.

Monsieur d'*Artagnan*, having taken Orders from Monsieur de *Louvois* by the Great *Alexander's* command, conducted Monsieur de *Lausun* to *Pierre Anaise*, and from thence to *Pignerol*, where they shut him up in a Room with grated Windows, not letting him to speak with any one whomsoever, and having only some Books
for

for his Companions, together with his *Valet de Chambre*, who was not permitted to go out.

The Affliction, which he conceived to see himself fallen from so high a Fortune into so deplorable a Condition, soon reduced him to that extremity, that his life was despaired of, and he being once fallen into a Lethargy, it was so credibly believed, that he was deceased, that a Courier was dispatch'd to the Great *Alexander*, to give him notice of his Death; but in six hours afterwards, there arriv'd another, who brought the News of his return to life again, at which there was neither joy nor grief express'd, I mean in general, every one esteeming him already as a Man, who was dead at least to the World.

In the mean time, *Mademoiselle d'Orleans Monpensier*, being in despair, because the pleasures, which she had expected to enjoy with him, were

were so suddenly vanish'd, suffred so much the more torment, in that she durst not make the least appear. However the most intimate of her Friends endeavoured all they could to lessen her Affliction; but since they were not always with her, and especially by night, during which the Senses are usually the most tormented, they rather contributed to render her more wretched by thus renewing the remembrance of her misfortune, than brought her any comfort. Yet her greatest Misery was, that she durst not complain; for since her Marriage was secret, she truly judged that her Sorrows must be also secret, unless she would resolve to expose her self to the laughter, not only of her Enemies, but even of all *France*; who had their Eyes turned upon her, to see after what manner she would take her good Friends disgrace. Nevertheless that did not hinder her from
taking

taking the Man who managed Monsieur de *Lausuns* business; and making him her Steward; nor from receiving into her Service his Gentleman, and the most faithful of his Domesticks, who were overjoyed to save themselves in that Port, after their Masters Shipwrack.

In the mean time, the Great *Alexander*, just as if Monsieur de *Lausun* had never been his Favourite, heard every thing that was said of him, without being concerned at it, or even without answering to it; which was the reason that those who were still his Friends, who were but very few in number, dared no longer to speak in his behalf. Neither did hardly any presume to Petition for the Count de *Guiche*'s Employment; for all men knowing, that it had been a stumbling block to that Favourite, they feared, least it might have the same effect for others, as it had for him; yet while they were in daily expectation

pectation of the Man, to whom the Great *Alexander* would give it, they were all surprized, when one morning at his rising, he told the Duke de la *Feuillade*, that if he could procure fifty thousand Crowns, he would give him the rest to purchase the Count de *Guiche's* Employment, to whom he must pay down six hundred thousand *Livres*; before he could have his Resignation. The Duke de la *Feuillade* smilingly answered the Great *Alexander*, that he should easily procure them, if he would be his security; and after having seriously thanked him for the Favour which he did him, he took leave of him to go to *Paris*, to fetch the sum, that the Great *Alexander* demanded of him.

The News of what the Great *Alexander* had done for him, being spread amongst all the Courtiers, he met a great number of them in the *Antichamber*, and upon the Stairs,
who

who came to make him their Complements; but without half hearing them out, he returned into the Great *Alexander's* Chamber, to whom he said, that Men need no longer have recourse to Saints to see Miracles, since His Majesty did greater than all the Saints in Paradise; that when he came in the Morning he had not been regarded by any body, because none did believe that his Majesty would do that which he had done for him, but that as soon as the favour, which he had granted him, was known, all prest with emulation one of another to make him proffers of their Service; but that they were proffers of Service after the Court Mode only, that is to say, that no man had offered him his Purse, to take thence the fifty thousand Crowns which he wanted.

The Great *Alexander* laugh't at Duke of *Fenillade's* jest, and seeing him return in as much hast as he came,

came, he told him that he need not go to fast, if he had nothing to do at *Paris*, but to seek the Money; that he was willing to lend it him, but upon condition, that he should pay it again, when he were able.

Thus the Great *Alexander* having in a day ruined one Favourite, raised another almost in as little time; for it is apparent, that the morning whereon the King made the Duke *de la Feuillade* this Present, his Affairs were in so bad a condition, that one of his Coach Horses being dead, he had not money enough by him to buy another.

Although Monsieur *de Lausuns* disgrace had deprived the Court Ladies of one of their best Combatants, yet since every moment presented them with fresh Men to enter the Lists, the vigour of those did comfort them for the loss of the other; and he was no sooner out of sight, but they forgot all his

his Braveries. Among the young Men, who presented themselves to supply his place, the Duke of *Longueville* was without doubt the most considerable both for Birth and Fortune; for he was descended from Princess, who had possessed the Crown, before it fell to that Branch, from whence the Great *Alexander* was sprung, and he had an Estate of six hundred thousand Livres a year, in Land, to maintain so Illustrious a Descent. As for his Person, his Youth was accompanied with a *Je ne-sai quoy*, that rendered him very Charming, wherefore although he was neither of so good a Presence, nor of so graceful an Air, as many others were, yet he failed not to please all the Women in general; so that he no sooner appeared at Court, but they all had designs upon his Person.

The *Mareschales de la Ferte* was one of those, and thirty seven
or

or thirty eight years, which had past over her head, not permitting her to hope, that he would prefer her before so many others, who were much younger and fairer than her self, she believed that it would not be amiss for her to make him some advances, and that these advances might serve her instead of Merit. One day that the Duke of *Longueville*, with several others, was at play at her House, which was the usual Rendezvous of all the People of Quality, who had nothing to do, she intreated him to come to see her, at an hour in the morning, that she knew none else would be there, at which time, she had the pleasure of entertaining him with all freedom; but to very little purpose, for the young Prince was as yet so raw in Amorous Mysteries, that he did not understand the meaning of an hundred wanton looks, and apish tricks, which would have sufficiently advertised

vertised any other, that had been more experienced than himself.

Nevertheless, seeing that the *Mareschalefs*, old as she was, had not displeased him, he came again on the morrow to see her at the same hour, and finding her at her Toilet, he told her that he would make her a Present of an admirable Powder ; the *Mareschalefs* asked him what Powder it was, and the Duke of *Longueville* having replied, that it was *Polle-ville*, he had hardly let the word fall, when she cryed out, that she would dispence with him from sending for it, that it was an abominable Powder, and that she, who had invented it, deserved to be burnt. She immediately asked the Duke of *Longueville*, whether he did make use of it, and the Duke having answered, Yes ; She bid him not come near her, for that Powder was worse than the Plague. The Duke, who did not know what she

she meant, desired her to explain the Riddle, and the *Mareschalefs* having enquired of him, whether he had not heard the Count *de Saux's* Story, and he having replied, No ; she told him that he must be informed of it from himself, and after that she did believe that he would use no more *Polleville*.

She would not tell him any thing more untill her head was dressed, but her dressing Woman being gone, she then told him, that the Count *de Saux* having had an Affignation with *Madam de Cœuvres*, did not come off with honour, by reason of *Polleville* ; and that she verily believed, that the same thing would befall him, if he were in the like Rencounter. That reproach made the Duke of *Longueville* laugh, and whereas the force of youth made him believe, that he did not hate the *Mareschalefs* whom he had found a handsome Woman at her looking
Glas;

Glass; he told her that he had that day used *Polleville*, but that he would make it appear, that the same thing should not befall him, as did happen to the Count *de Saux*. Whereupon he began to caress her, and the *Mareschale*s seeming to be angry at his boldness, to provoke him the more, resisted him, until she was near the Bed, upon which she let herself fall, and there she tryed, that what was said of the Count *de Saux*, was an effect of his weakness, and not of *Polleville*.

The Duke of *Longueville* overjoyed at his Adventure, used it like a young Man, which did not at all displease the *Mareschale*s. She intreated him to be secret, and made him understand, that she had a severe Husband, who would take nothing for raillery, if he once had happened to discover, that they had any familiarity together. The Duke of *Longueville* promised her,
that

that he would act very discreetly, and that she should have reason to be satisfied with his Conduct, but he, for his part desired her not to commit any infidelity against him, adding that he would forsake her that very moment, wherein any thing of that nature should arrive to his knowledge.

That Law was very severe to the *Mareschalefs*, who till then had believed, that one Man was too little for one Woman, but she being much in love with the Duke, and besides, having just then experienced, that he was worth two ordinary Men, she resolved to struggle with her Nature to keep her word with him, as long as she could. Therefore from that day, she dismiss the Marquis *Deffiat*, who endeavoured to obtain her Favour, and would certainly have found speedy success, had it not been for the Duke of *Longueville's* Prohibition.

E

The

The Marquis of *Deffiat* was a little Man, wilful and brave, although he did not love the War, addicted to Pleasures, and incapable of reasoning, when some fancy had once taken him in the head. He found much severity in the *Mareschale's* command, with whom he was almost come to a bargain, and not doubting, but that there was some other Lover in the Field, he immediately suspected the Duke of *Longueville*. His suspicions being fallen upon him, although she received Visits from many others, he was vexed to have to do with a Prince, with whom he durst not fight without exposing himself to dangerous consequences.

However, his Passion being more strong than his Reason, he would, before he quarrelled with him, be certainly informed, if he were not in a mistake, and having for that purpose sent several Spies abroad, he

he was one day advised of a meeting that those Lovers had together; whereupon he wrapt himself up in a great Cloak, and stood watching before the Door, that he might be the more certain, whether it were true or no. When he had seen with his own Eyes, that he had been told nothing but truth, he resolved to quarrel with the Duke of *Longueville* upon the first opportunity, and having met him soon after, he told him in his Ear, that he desired to see him with his Sword in hand, the Duke of *Longueville* answered him without any emotion, that he ought to learn to know himself, and that he might fight with his equal, but as for him, he had been instructed never to meddle with Fellows, whose Ancestors have not long been known.

This was a sensible reproach to the Marquis de *Deffiat*, of whose extraction the World had no great

Opinion; nevertheless since there were several others in the place, where he had spoken to the Duke of *Longueville*, he went from him, without making any thing appear, and without giving any suspicion of what he had said unto him. The Duke of *Longueville* departed in a little time after, but having several Pages and Lacquaies in his train, *Deffiat* believed it proper, to wait for some more favourable opportunity to get satisfaction, both for the affront which was just then given him, and for the stealing away of his Mistress from him.

In the mean time, the Duke of *Longueville*, seeing that *Deffiat* did not follow him, took that for an effect of his Cowardise, which was only an effect of his Judgment; so that he began to speak ill of him upon that score, which being reported to *Deffiat*, put him into such an excess of anger, that he resolved to be revenged, though it should prove

prove his utter ruine. To this effect he employed two or three Spies, to bring him notice when the Duke of *Longueville* went abroad alone, which he often did, having besides his Intrigue with the *Mareschalefs*, some Amours in the Town, which gave him employment, and within two or three days after, one of his Spies having advertised him, that the Duke went out all alone in a Chair, and was gone to some appointment, he posted himself upon the way, and as the Duke returned about two hours after Midnight, he presented himself before him with a Cane in one hand, and a Sword in the other, and called to him to come out, or he would use him scurvily; the Duke of *Longueville*, having immediately caused his Chairmen to stop, would have handled his Sword, but *Desfiat* assaulting him before he had time to draw it, gave him some blows with

the Cane, which the Chair men seeing, they took the Staves out of the Chair, and would have knockt the Marquis on the head with them, if he had not judged it proper to avoid their fury, by a speedy flight.

It is easie to comprehend the Duke's despair, after so sensible an affront, and how much he desired to revenge it; he forbade the Chair men ever to speak of this accident, neither did he ever speak of it himself to any, but to one of his best Friends, who advised him to make no complaint of it, for altho' the Great *Alexander* would not fail to give the Marquis an exemplary punishment; yet he did not believe, that a Prince, who had received such an affront, ought to revenge himself by the Ministry of another; he told him, that he had nothing else to do, but to cause his Enemy to be Assassinated, which indeed was the only method he could take upon such an occasion,

for

for although it were not generous to commit actions of that nature ; yet, since to Challenge *Deffiat* would expose him again to be beaten, it was not just, and especially for a Prince, to receive two Affronts at the same time.

The Duke being resolved, whatever hapned, to follow this advice, sought after nothing more than some opportunity of accomplishing it ; but it was a very difficult matter ; because *Deffiat* after having committed such an extravagancy, never went abroad without being well attended, and always stood upon his Guard. In the mean time, it happened that the *Mareschaless de la Ferte* became big with Child, which very much alarm'd her ; for whereas she did not lye with her Husband, who had long laine bedrid with the Gout, she well imagined, that if he once came to know it, he would lock her up immediate-

ly for the rest of her life. There was therefore a necessity of using a great deal of precaution to conceal her great Belly from him; but she discovered it to the Duke of *Longueville*, who overjoyed to see himself likely to have Offspring, although he was as yet but very young himself, loved the *Mareschale's* the more tenderly for it. When she was four or five Months gone, she would no longer venture to go into the *Mareschal's* Chamber; but sitting up at play all night, she lay in Bed all day, causing her meat to be brought thither to her, and never rose, until the Gamesters returned, before whom, she never stirred from her Seat, for fear they should discover, that which she earnestly desired, should be concealed from all the World.

Although the *Mareschal* mistrusted nothing, yet he failed not to find fault with that manner of living,

living, and having sent his Wife word, that he would be glad to speak with her, she ventured into his Chamber, where he reprehended her for it to purpose ; but the *Mareschalefs*, who desired only some pretence not to return thither any more, seemed to be very much offended at his correction ; so that the discourse growing hot between them, they gave each other a great deal of ill Language, which gave the *Mareschalefs* an opportunity to tell him, that he should quarrel with her when she came next to see him, and at the same time quitting his Chamber, she never set her foot in it again, until after her lying in.

When she was within a Month or six Weeks of her time, she feigned an indisposition to rid her self of the Company, that frequented her, and her time being come, she lay in in her own House, just as if she had been with Child by her

own Husband. It was Monsieur *Clement* that delivered her, and the Duke of *Longueville* who was present at her Labour, made him promise to keep it secret, and gave him 200 Pistols.

In the mean time Monsieur *Clement* had many such windfalls, for in a little time after, Madam de *Montespan* being again with Child by the Great *Altander*, she had recourse to him, and he was brought after the same manner, and with the same Ceremony as he had been before; however there was some difference in his reward; he having had this last time two hundred *Lewidores*, whereas he had only one hundred the first time, and the same measures were always observed with him, as often as there was use for him; he having had as far as to four hundred *Lewidores*, for the fourth Child that he delivered Madam de *Montespan* of: But whether it were that

it appeared a little too extraordinary to this Lady, who was naturally very saving, or that she had some other reasons for it, she having again conceived by the Great *Alexander*, and being obliged to go into the Country, she sent to bargain with *Clement*, to send her one of his Deputies to *Maintenon*, where she had resolved to ly in. She passed there for one of the *Marchioness* of *Maintenon*'s best Friends, so that the Deputy, who delivered her, did not know, that he had brought the Great *Alexander*'s Mistress to bed.

In the mean time, to return to the Duke of *Langueville*, who finding (as I have already said) no opportunity to be revenged of *Desfiat*, he was obliged to make himself ready to follow the Great *Alexander*, who had declared War with the *Hollanders*. This Campaign was extreamly glorious to this Great Prince, but fatal to the Duke
of

of *Longueville*, for he being amused at a debauch, an hour or two before the Great *Alexander* made his Troops pass over the *Rhine*, the Wine caused him unhappily to discharge a Pistol against the Enemies, who already talked of surrendering themselves, which was the reason that they discharged again upon him, and upon the Chief of the Great *Alexander's* Army, of which several were slain, and the Duke of *Longueville* among the rest, who was the cause of this misfortune.

The News of it being carried to *Paris*, the *Mareschalls* almost died with grief, as well as many other Ladies, who had an interest in that young Prince's Person; he was also generally lamented by all Men, except *Desfaut*, who was thereby rid of a powerful Enemy. In making an Inventory of his Papers, they found his last Will and Testament, which he had made a little before.

before his departure. All men were surprized to see, that in it he did acknowledge the Son which he had by the *Mareschalefs* for his natural Son, to whom he left five hundred thousand Livres, in case he happened to dye before he were Married.

This News being soon published through the whole Town, the *Mareschalefs* was advised of it by Madam de Bertillac her good Friend, who at the same time, warned her to have a care, least it should reach her Husbands Ears. The *Mareschalefs* grew almost mad to see her business becom thus publick; but as time brings comfort to every thing, she bore it the best in the World, and could at last hear it discoursed of without blushing. The Great *Alexander*, knowing that the Duke of *Longueville*, had a Son by the *Mareschalefs*, was very glad of it. For whereas there was a great resemblance between the
Duke

Duke of *Longueville's* adventure and his own ; I would say, whereas the Son, which the Duke left behind him, was born of a Married Woman, as well as those which the Great *Alexander* had by *Madam de Montespan* ; he desired, that that should serve him for a precedent to legitimate his own Children, whenever he should have a mind to it, and he sent an Order to the Parliament of *Paris*, to legitimate the Duke of *Longueville's* Son, without any obligation to name the Mother, which was however contrary to the Laws and Customs of the Realm.

When the first noise, which these News had made, was a little over, the *Mareschale's*, who saw her Reputation lost amongst all People of Honour, resolved to cast off all the little continency she had left. She tryed all those who were glad to be contented with the Duke of *Longueville's* leavings, and with
the

the leavings of several others, and having tyed a strong Friendship with *Madam de Bertillac*, who was one of the fairest Creatures in all *Paris*, they became each others Confident, and tasted all manner of Pleasures. The *Mareschalefs* had a Foot-man, who was since broak on the Wheel, and had one of the finest heads of Hair in the World, and detraction would have it, that he had a great share of her good Affections, because it was observed, that she made some difference between him, and her other Foot-men.

Madam de Bertillac's great intimacy with the *Mareschalefs*, did not at all please *Monsieur de Bertillac* her Father in Law, who feared lest that whil'st his Son was in the Army, his Daughter in Law might be debauched; but that was a thing already done; for she had not been able to hear the *Mareschalefs* discourse of the pleasure that there
was

was in playing a Husband false, without having a desire to try what it was. However Monsieur *de Bertillac* held as strict a hand over her as she could, he had an Eye upon her, and often recommended to her to have her honour before her Eyes. But he was too much employed vvith the keeping of the Great *Alcanders* Treasure, vvhich that Prince had trusted to him, so that as it vvvas difficult for him to be able to ansvver for his Daughter in Laws conduct, so it vvvas easie for his Daughter in Lavv, to make him think vvell of it.

In the mean time, Madam *de Bertillac*, being one day gone to a play with the *Mareschalefs*, vvhere the last had seen *le Basque* the vaulter dance, she told the other, that she fancied, that a Man vvho had such a supple back, vvvas an admirable performer, and said, that she had a great desire to make a tryal.

tryal of him her self. The *Mareschalefs's* Ingenuity having obliged *Madam de Bertillac* to open also her heart, she told her, that she really believed, there would be a great deal of pleasure in doing what she said, but that for her part, if she was curious of any thing, it was of knowing whether *Baron* the *Comædian*, was as agreeable a Person in Conversation, as he was upon the Stage. This confidence was followed by the approbation of the *Mareschalefs*; she exalted *Baron's* Merit, to the end that *Madam de Bertillac* might commend *le Basque*, and each encouraging the other to prove this Adventure otherwise than in the Idea, they were no sooner gone from the Play, but they resolved to write to these two Men, to desire their Company for one moment.

Baron and *le Basque* were very much surprized at the Honour that was done them, and having not failed

failed to give them a civil answer, the interview was at *St. Clow*, from whence the Ladies returned so well contented, that they agreed between themselves, that it should not be the last time that they would see them. They afterwards imparted to each other what had happened to them, and they were both obliged to confess unanimously, that it was not always men of Quality that rendered the ablest Service. As for the men, each of them had not the same cause of contentment. If *Baron* were satisfied with his fortune, *le Basque* was unsatisfied with his; he found the *Mareschale's* insatiable; and he told *Baron*, that although he much wearied himself at the Play, yet he had rather be obliged to dance there all day, than be with her only one hour; *Baron* did comfort him with the good fortune he had in being in Favour with a Woman of great Quality, and he was fool enough

enough to feed himself with this Chimæra.

In the mean time Madam de Bertillac gave her self over to that extravagance, that she could not be a moment without *Baron*, and having understood that he had lost a very considerable sum at play, she forced him to take her Jewels, which were well worth twenty thousand Crowns. But it happened to her misfortune, that one of her Father in Laws Friends being to go to some publick Meeting, she prayed him to borrow them for her of his Daughter in Law, and Monsieur de Bertillac being very glad to oblige that Lady, bid Madam Bertillac lend them to her, which did extreamly perplex her.

She having at first appeared surprized, Madam de Bertillac did believe, seeing that she was a Gambler, she had played away or pawned some part of them, and pressing her to tell him where, to
the

the end that he might fetch them out, she confounded her self more and more, by saying, sometimes that she had lent them one of her Friends, and sometimes that they were with a Jeweller, who had them to mend. Monsieur de Bertillac, who was a man of Experience, plainly perceived that there was some Mystery in the matter, but not being able to get any thing more out of her, he was forced to declare the business in his Daughter in Laws Family, who after several Stories, did at length confess, that she had given them *Baron*; however she endeavoured to disguise it, under the name of lending them. Her Relations went immediately to the Player, who at first denied the matter, believing that they spoke to him only out of suspicion, but understanding in a moment after, that Madam de Bertillac her self had been obliged to discover him, and that they had
 already

already acquainted the Great *Alcander* with it, so that it would prove almost his ruine, he chose to restore them, and avoided thereby a great deal of trouble.

Monsieur de Bertillac believing, that his Son, who was in the Army, could not fail being advised of what had passed, bethought himself, that it was best for him, to give him notice of it himself, before any other; but *Madam de Bertillac*, who had a great power over her Husbands Spirit, having prevented him by a Letter, *Monsieur de Bertillac* was very much surprized, when instead of thanks, as he expected from his Son, he received nothing but complaints, as if his Wife were still in the right. *Madam de Bertillac* carried her cunning yet farther; she desired her Husband to suffer her to retire into a Convent, saying that she could no longer live with *Monsieur de Bertillac*, who used her after such a manner,

as

as had he not been her Father in Law, she should have believed, that he had been amorous of her, since he was become so Jealous.

These News tormented her Husband, who tenderly loved her, and was very far from believing her false, and attributing all the fault to his Father, the rest of the Campaign did seem to him to last a thousand years, he was in so much haste to go and comfort this dear Spouse. In the mean time he desired his Father to leave his Wife in repose, of whose Virtue he was sufficiently persuaded, to believe none of all those Reports, which ran abroad to her disadvantage; and as for her, he wrote to her by no means to go into a Convent, unless she desired to make him dye with Grief; to have patience until the end of the Campaign, and after that he would put every thing in order. In effect, as soon as he returned, he would not hear any thing

thing to her prejudice; he lived with her as he was accustomed, and if she had not dyed in a little time after, she had gained so great an influence over him, that she should have done whatever she had pleased, without any contradiction from him.

Madam de Bertillac's Death made the *Mareschale's* examine her self. She told some of her Friends that she would renounce all the Vanities of the World, but since she had said as much after the Duke of *Longueville's* Death, and yet had performed nothing of it, it was not believed that she would keep her word any better this time, than she did the other. In which none were deceived, for her Husbands Death having set her at liberty, to live after her own Mode, she made an infinite number of Rascals, who were yet more unworthy, succeed *le Basque*. The Chevalier *Grippefer* kept her until he

he was weary of her, to whom the Abbot of *Lignerac* succeeded, and as she gave him a part of her Bed, she obliged him to give her a share of his Purse. At last the Abbot of *Lignerac*, having quitted the Mother in Law for the Daughter in Law, she is at this day reduced to give her self up to the little *du Pré*, who not only gives her some of his Orvietan, but also teaches her all the tricks of Cards, and of Cunning, wherewith they bubble together all new comers, and those, who are fools enough to expect fair play with a Woman, who hath so long since renounced all Honour and Honesty.

The *Mareschale's* Example had moved the Dutchesse *de la Ferte* to be not more Virtuous. However she being younger, and, as she thought, fairer, she did not judge it proper to expose her self to all the World, as her Mother in Law did;

did ; but on the contrary, presuming that she had Beauty enough to touch the Great *Alcander's* Sons heart ; she began not to make Court to him, but Love, and that so openly, that the whole World could not look upon her Impudence, without blushing for her.

The *Mareschalefs de la Motte* her Mother, who had been Governant to the Great *Alcanders* Son, and who had Married another of her Daughters to the Duke of *Vantadour*, of whose Conduct she was already not too well satisfied, soon perceiving her Daughters designs, resolved to stop the course of them, to preserve what was left of Reputation in her Family. She therefore told the *Dutchess de la Ferte*, all that a Mothers Experience and Authority could dictate to her : But all her Remonstrances did no other good, than to make her Daughter conceal from her, while she exposed to the Eyes of all others,

F

thers, designs that made the least moderate murmur. For one day having found the Great *Alexanders* Son in a good humour, she said very confident things to him, and the Prince having praised the Beauty of her Hair, which was indeed very fair, and of a beauteous Colour, she told him, that if he had seen her Head undrest, he would have been much better pleased with them, that when he pleased she would give him that satisfaction, and stooping her Head at the same time, to shew him what quantity she had of them, she put her hand into a place, which decency forbids me to name, while the young Prince considered only her head, possibly without minding what she did. The Prince being then very young, the Dutchess *de la Ferte's* action made him more ashamed than it did her, and retreating back a step or two, his confusion encreased when he saw that

that his Shirt hung out before, and that he must put it up again. The blush, which at the same time appeared in his Face, with some other circumstances that were observed, made it conceived, that the Lady had not altogether lost her time while she stooped down; but she, not being the more out of Countenance for that, told the Prince, who was putting up his Shirt, that it was not very decent to do what he did before Ladies, and that if her Husband should chance to come by, it would be enough to make him Jealous.

The Prince gave her no leasure to pursue a discourse, the matter of which was disagreeable to him, so that after he went away, she told two or three Ladies of her acquaintance, that she had seen a man who was no man, and they not knowing what she meant by that, and yet desiring to know it, she told them, that she had been

just then to see the Great *Alcander's* Son, who nevertheless could never be his Son. They prest her to explain the Riddle, which she would not do, although they intreated her; but these Ladies having understood the young Princes Adventure, did easily guess at the rest, and it was not difficult to believe, but that the disorder, wherein he appeared, was the Dutchess's own handy work.

The Great *Alcander*, having been advised of it, told the *Mareschalls de la Motthe*, that he was not at all satisfied with her Daughter, and he commanded her to warn the Dutchess to have a more honourable Conduct; otherwise he should be obliged to tell her Husband to look after it. In the mean time, this Husband was a man, vvho took no great care, either of his Wives Reputation, or of his ovvn, and provided that he might drink, and frequent Baudy-houses
he

he valued not what men talk't of, nor what might happen ; he was constantly with a company of lewd young Fellows, whose brave exploits did consist only in promoting a Debauch, even to the last extremity. So that the Wenches, how bold or impudent soever they were, never saw them enter their Houses without trembling.

About this time they did act a Frolick, that went a little too far, and that made a great deal of noise, both in the Court and Town ; for after having spent the whole day with some Courtizans, where they had committed a thousand disorders, they Supt. at the threeSpoons in *Bear-street* ; where being overtaken with Wine, they took up a Wafer-maker, whose manly parts they cut off, and put them in his Basket. This poor wretch seeing himself in the hands of these Executioners, alarm'd not only the whole House, but even the whole Street

F 3

with

with his Cries and Lamentations. But although there came about them many People, who would have dissuaded them from so inhumane an Action, yet they would not give over, and the operation being finished, they sent away the unhappy Wafer-maker, who went to dye at his Masters House.

This excess of debauchery, or rather of madness, being known to the Great *Alcander*, he conceived a dreadful anger at it. But the greater part of these desperate men having Relation to the Chief of the Court, and even to the Ministers, he thought it proper, in consideration of their Families, to content himself with their Banishment, and their Kindred found this Sentence so mild, in comparison of what they deserved, that they returned thanks to the Great *Alcander* for it, seriously confessing, that so enormous a Crime did merit nothing less than Death.

The

The Marquis *de Camardon* and the Chevalier *Gripesou*, who had been concerned in the Debauch, and who were always the first to draw the others on, were a little mortified before their departure. For this last, who was the Son of the Famous Monsieur *Gripesou*, was entertained by his Father with a good Cudgelling in the presence of a great many People ; as he was a great Politician, he was very glad that it should be told the Great *Alcander*, that he could not hear of so horrid an irregularity without giving it some chastisement. As for the Marquis *de Camardon*, the Great *Alcander* said in discourse concerning him, that he should not, during his life, ever pretend to be a Duke, and that he would always be more ready to give him marks of his disdain, than to do any thing for him, that might raise his Fortune. However we now see, that the Great *Alcander* has forgot his word, un-

less it will be said, that it was not to the Marquis of *Camardon* that he hath lately granted the Dignity of a Duke, but to *Madamoiselle de Laval*, whom *Camardon* hath Married.

The noise which this Frolick had made, being a little pacified, the Kindred of those who were Banished, did solicit their return, while the *Duchess de la Ferte* wisht that her Husband might not return so soon, having very good reasons for it, which I will relate in few words. When she perceived that she in vain pretended to the Conquest of the Great *Alexanders* Son, she fell to the first comer, with whom she had no reason at all to be contented. For some body made her a very bad present, and she having no experience in a certain illness that incommoded her, took a resolution to go incognito to a Famous Chirurgeons House to be better informed
of

of it. Being arrived there all alone in a Hackney Chair, which made him expect no great good from a Woman of her fashion, she declared her business to him without any Ceremony, telling him, that some days since she felt some indisposition, which made her fear that her Husband, who was something debauched, had not had that consideration for her, which he ought to have had. Then she desired him to examine the matter, and to tell her his opinion, and at the same time shewing the Symptomes, she expected that the Chirurgion would at least shew himself pitiful in entring into her concern; but he, being accustomed to hear every day things cast upon the poor Husbands, whereof they for the most part were innocent, told her, that he was so wearied out with these kind of Stories, that he could no longer have any complaisance for those that told them, that

without giving her self farther trouble in accusing her Husband, she should think only of putting her self into some speedy course of Cure, because the Disease, which she had, might become worse, if she should chance to neglect it.

That Declaration amazed the Dutchess, who had often heard her Husband speak of these kinds of Distempers, of which experience had rendred him skilful, and being very desirous to know, if that, which she had, were the greatest of all, she inquired it of the Chirurgion. The Chirurgion answered, No; but that, as he had already told her, she must be speedily cured, or else it might become such. When she heard that, she told him, that she had so great a confidence in him, by reason of the Reputation which he had in the World, that she would put her self entirely into his hands; and at the same time naming her self, she surprized the
Chi-

Chirurgion, who knowing that he had to do with a Person of the highest Quality, was troubled he had talked to her after the rate he had done. He asked her pardon for his having appeared so free in words, excusing himself, that since the greatest Prostitutes did frequently entertain him with the same Language, which she had used, he thought himself obliged to make her those answers that he did, he not having the honour to know her.

The Dutchess easily pardoned him, nevertheless upon condition, that he should soon dispatch the business, which the Chirurgion promised her, if she would observe a certain rule of living. She told him, that she would do every thing that he should order her. And did even more; for she would keep her Bed while she took Physick, fearing, that if she had continued to live as she was accustomed to do,

do, watching might have heated her Blood, and rendred her Cure more difficult.

In the mean time, though she had no mind to see any body ; yet since it was very tiresome for her to be alone continually, she permitted Monsieur the Advocate, the Master of Requests, to come and Visit her, who had long since made love unto her without being able to obtain any favour. Monsieur the Advocate was a *Jews* Son, of the City of *Paris*, who after having gotten an Estate of two Millions by his Usury, suffred himself to dye with cold, for fear of laying out a penny upon a Faggot. His Mother was also of the Jewish Race. Nevertheless, with all that, he was esteemed a man of Quality, and tho' he was of the long Robe, yet he never was pleased, but when he was in the Company of Sword men, to whom he served for a Divertisement. He affected

sected to appear a Huntsman, although he understood not one term of the Profession, and if he ever chanced to discharge a Gun, which he very seldom did, he turned his head back, lest the Fire should seize his Hair. Moreover he was a great Talker and a great Lyer, but withal the best natured man in the World, offering every man his service, but never serving any man.

The Reputation which he had of being no dangerous man with the Women, to whom it was said, that he could do neither good nor harm, having made the Dutchesse *de la Ferte* believe, that he would perceive less of the reason which kept her a bed, than any other, she allowed him to come and Visit her, and he putting a great value upon that favour, returned her thanks proportionable to his Wit. He protested to her, that after markes of so great a distinction, he would live and dye her very humble Servant, and to
give

give her more essential Testimonies of his *Attachment*, he swore to her, that neither her self or any of her Friends, should ever have a Suit depending, before him, but right or wrong he would judge it of their side, without ever examining the Merits of the Cause, it being enough for him to know, that she had a concern in it.

After a thousand other Protestations of Service of the like nature, he at length returned to the love, which he had so long ago had for her, and endeavouring to make his Eyes agree with his Words, he turned them languishing upon her, asking her, if she was resolved to be his death. The Dutchesse *de la Ferte* told him, it was apparent, that she had no such design, as he himself might easily judge; since she had sent for him, well remembering, that he had several times told her, he could not live without seeing her. This answer made the Advocate

vocate begin again his Complements, which would not have had an end, if she had not interrupted them to ask him, how he managed *Louison D'Arquien*. He blusht at that Question, and the Dutchesse, perceiving it, told him, that she esteemed men that had some Modesty, that it was indeed true, that this Girl being a common Whore, it was not over creditable to visit her; but since that the Count *de Saux*, the Marquis *de Camardon*, the Duke *de la Ferte* himself, and even all the Court did the same, it could not be more disgraceful for him to Visit her, than it was for so many Persons of Quality, that, provided he did not entertain her publickly, as was reported, there was no great harm in it; but for her part, she never would believe any such thing, having always thought him too discreet for that.

Monfieur the Advocate, Master of Requests, having loudly affirmed
that

that it was a lye, and even would have affirmed, that he had never seen her, if the Dutchess had not given him an opportunity to excuse himself, by turning the conversation as he had done. He therefore told her, that he had never been with *Louison D'Arquien* but with Company, and thinking to say the finest things in the World, he swore to her, that what Beauty soever those kind of Women had, he made a very great difference between them, and a Person of her Merit; and at the same time endeavouring to give a description of her, he let her see, that though his Judgment was not very good, yet that he had a great Memory; for the Dutchess remembered, that she had some days since read in a Book of Gallantry, all those things which he at that time applied to her.

In the mean time she was almost scandalized at the Comparison which

which he seemed to have made between her and *Louison D'Arquien*, for notwithstanding the difference which he alleged, she could not forbear being offended at it, and probably for that being conscious of the course of life which she herself lead, she took it as a private hint, which the Advocate would have given her; but when she considered, that he was of no malicious Nature, and that these words had escaped him rather by chance, than out of any ill purpose, she appeased her anger, and the conversation ended without any sharpness.

On the morrow he returned to Visit the Dutcheſs, and found her very ill, she had that day taken strong Physick, and she very much complained of the pains which she suffered, attributing them to the Medicine, which she had taken, whereof there still remained about half in a Glass upon the Table.

He

He took the Glass, and swallowed the Medicine, saying, that he could not endure to see the Person, whom he loved best in the world, in pain, while he himself was in perfect health.

The Dutchess could not forbear laughing at this extravagancy, which the Master of Requests did however cry up, as a mark of the greatest love that ever was; but afterwards reflecting, that this Physick might possibly hinder him from going abroad on the morrow, and consequently that he would not be able to see the Dutchess all that day, he fetcht such sighs and groans as made the Dutchess laugh, and put an end to this Comedy; for the Gripes having immediately taken him, he hardly had time to get to his Coach, and retire home.

There being *Mercury* in the Medicine, he was sufficiently tormented all that night, and all the next day,

day, and not being able to go to the Dutcheſſes, he writ to her a Billet, of which I cannot give you the very words, they having never fallen into my hands; but having heard it ſufficiently talked of in the world, as of a very ridiculous thing, I can relate the ſenſe, which here follows.

That he could not have the Honour to ſee her all the day, becauſe he was become like thoſe common Women, who could not warrant themſelves from acting lewdneſs with their Bodies, ſince they had got ſuch an habit of it; that his own Body was ſo inured to certain things, which he durſt not name, that he muſt of neceſſity keep his Chamber, until he was entirely recovered of his indiſpoſition. In the mean time, he prayed her to believe, that he did not take the Phyſick as a Remedy againſt Love, but to ſhew her, that he ſhould be amorous of her during his life.

The

The Dutcheſs read over and over again the Biller, with wonder how a man, who was fifty years old and upwards, and who had ſeen ſo much of the world, could be ſo great a Fool, and being very glad to continue diverting her ſelf with him, ſhe was very impatient to ſee him again. The Advocate, after having ſuffered, for two days, all that could be ſuffered from that kind of Phyſick, came to tell her, that at length he was freed (thanks be to God) from the illneſs that he had endured; that he wiſhed her health equal to that which he enjoyed, and that if he knew, that the doing once more of that, which he had done, would advance her Cure, he was ready to devote himſelf to all manner of Torments for her love.

The Dutcheſs thanked him for his good will, and told him, that, beginning to be a little better, ſhe was in hopes her Diſeaſe would ſoon

soon leave her. That however as her Body recovered, her Mind grew sick; that she wanted two hundred Pistols for an urgent occasion, and that not knowing where to get them, she could not take any rest either day or night.

Though the Advocate was, as I have said before, a Rich man's Son; yet three things did contribute to render him not much at his ease. The first was, that his Father had left behind him a great many Children; the second was, that his Jewish Mother, who possessed half the Estate, was still alive; and the other was, that he had purchased an Office, which had cost him a great deal, but brought him in no large revenue. All this (I say) was the cause, that he was often put to his shifts for ready money. He could not at that very hour offer the Dutches the two hundred Pistols, which she had occasion for, but he promised to bring them

them to her on the morrow, and indeed he did not break his word, which was a thing very extraordinary for him.

I cannot tell what use the Dutchess had for this money, it being beyond my knowledge, but if I may be allowed to judge of it by the Circumstances that followed this Present, I will say, that it must have been very great. For as soon as she saw the Advocate arrive with a Purse, she embraced him with all the appearances of a great tenderness, and the Advocate being thereby provoked to things, which surpassed, it seems, his natural force, endeavoured not to let slip an occasion, which was not every day presented to him, and against which the Dutchess made no manner of resistance.

In fine, whether the Dutchess had forgotten the rule of living, which the Chirurgion had ordered her, or whether she imagined, that she

she had between her Arms some body more agreeable than the Advocate, she accorded him the last Favour for his money. As the Advocate was not very importunate, he contented himself with one single Testimony of the Dutcheſſes Amity, without deſiring any more. He went home the moſt ſatisfied man in the world, and muſing only upon the Greatneſs, whereunto he was called, he became yet more ſilly, and more vain than before.

In the mean time, being very careful of his health, and having heard it ſaid, that exceſs of every thing was hurtful, he ſtaid three or four days without returning to the Dutcheſſes, at the end of which, he began to find himſelf unexpectedly ill. He could hardly believe at firſt what he ſaw, but at length knowing that the moſt incredulous had believed, when they had ſeen, he began to be convinced,
that

that he ailed something, and to be the more assured of it, he had a Council of Physitians, who told him that he was not deceived. In the mean time it cannot be said, whether this accident filled him more with spight, or with joy. For on one side, if he thought that the Dutchess had done ill by him, in treating him so scurvily the first time, on the other side he considered, that she was still a Dutchess, and Vanity having a great power over him, he concluded with himself, that the Favours of such Persons, be they what they will, were never to be despised. He joyned also another consideration to this reflection, to wit, that this accident being spread abroad in the world would re-establish his Reputation among all Women, who having until then taken him for a Kinsman of the Marquis *de Langues*, that is to say, for a man who must have been divorced, if he had had

a Wife, would now be obliged to confess themselves sometimes mistaken.

It was for that reason also, that he had so publicly kept *Louison D'Arquien*, of whom the Dutchess had upbraided him, as is above related; but they had no better opinion for all that of his performance, and there was still wanting this last circumstance to deceive all the World. Instead therefore of concealing himself, as another would have done, he went publicly into a course of Physick, and his intimate acquaintance doubting his Disease, he confirmed them in their suspicion, and made a Gallantry of it, as any vain young fellow would have done.

In the mean time this circumstance, which he believed so advantageous to his Reputation, was more hurtful to his Fortune than he was aware. For being either ill ordered in the beginning,

G

or

or perhaps being of a temper difficult to be cured, he was obliged to undergo a Flux. Moreover the Great *Alexander*, having heard of his disorder, lost the little esteem he might have had of him, and denied him the Office of Mayor of the City of *Paris*, which he was inclined to give him upon the recommendation of Monsieur *de Pom-pone* his Brother in Law, who was one of his Ministers.

Monsieur the Advocates adventure, which all the world failed not to impute to the Dutchess *de la Ferte*, gave the *Mareschalefs de la Motte* her Mother very great vexation; neither was she better contented with the Dutchess of *Vantadour*, who accused her Husband of having given her a Clap, but who under the pretence, that he was debauched, gave her self up entirely to Monsieur *de Tilladet*, Monsieur *de Louvoy's* Cousin German. The Duke of *Vantadour*
was

was a little man, very false and dissembling, yet wanted no Courage. He, having had some hint of his Wives Intrigue, resolved to watch her so narrowly, as to take her in the Fact. For this purpose he permitted her to make a journey with the Dutchess *D'Aumont* his Sister, reasonably guessing, that if there were any truth in what was told him, the Gallant would not fail to meet her upon her way. In the mean time he took Horse to observe their motions, and arrived every Evening incognito in the same Inn, where his Wife lodged. He had not held this course above five or six dayes, when he saw Monsieur *de Tilladet* arrive Post, who was in such hast to see Madam *de Vantadour*, that he did not give himself time so much as to take off his Boots, or even to brush off the dust. He pretended to the Duke *D'Aumont*, that he was also upon a Journey,

and that chance had brought him into the Inn. But the Duke of *Vantadour*, who knew very well what to think of it, not giving them leisure to enter into a long conversation, went up stairs immediately with his Sword in hand, and he surprized the whole Company, who little dream't of him, and thought that he had been far enough off from thence.

The Duke *D'Aumont*, who at his first Marriage, had taken to Wife Monsieur *de Louvoy's* Sister, Monsieur *Tilladets* Cousin German, took his part against the Duke of *Vantadour* his Brother in Law; alledging for a reason, that the Duke had so little consideration for him, as to come even to his Chamber, to assault a man, who had never given him any cause to be his Enemy; so with the help of his Servants, he prevented all mischief, and having understood that there was jealousy in the case,

case, he advised the Dutcheſs of *Vantadour*, to beware going with her Husband, who would carry her away by force, which advice ſhe punctually followed.

Madam *de Vantadour's* denial put her Husband into an absolute fury, and he being very quarrellſome, challenged the Duke *D'Aumont* to fight, and gave him mighty abuſive Language; but the Duke *D'Aumont* did not think himſelf obliged to take any notice of it, becauſe it proceeded from a man, who had no great eſteem in the world.

In the mean time, the Duke of *Vantadour* having been forced to depart without his Wife, complained to the Great *Alcander*, that the Duke *D'Aumont* had kept her from him, the Greateſt men of the Court concerned themſelves in this quarrel, and the Prince of *Conde*, who was the Duke of *Vantadour's* Kinſman, ſaid very bitter things to the

Mareschalefs de la Motte, who, pretending to excuse her Daughter and the Duke *D'Aumont*, endeavoured to dishonour the Duke of *Vantadour*. The Great *Alexander* did forbid fighting on either side, and having taken cognisance of the business, he layed all the blame upon the Duke, and he permitted his Wife either to return to him, or to retire into a Religious House, as it should seem good unto her.

Neither of these two conditions did very well please the Dutchess, who had rather have had a third, had it been in her choice, which was to remain with the Dutchess *D'Aumont* her Sister, where she might have every day seen Monsieur *de Tilladet*; but the Great *Alexander* having pronounced the Sentence, it was her part to submit to his Judgment, which she did, by retiring into a small Convent in the Suburb of St. *Marc*. Monsieur *de Tilladet* saw her
her

her there twice or thrice incognito, by the Superiours consent.

In a little time after, the Exiles, whom I have some while since mentioned, returned to Court, and were obliged to behave themselves more discreetly. The Duke *de la Ferte* found his Wife recovered, but the Advocate's Cure was not yet perfected, and although he at first comforted himself with the hopes of having (as I have already said) a better Reputation ; yet it cost him so dear, that he heartily wisht, he had long ago renounced all the Vanities of the world, and left the filth wherein he wallowed. At length his Chirurgion having finished the Cure, he soon forgot the sickness he had ailed, and having heard the business of the Duke *D'Aumont* and the Duke of *Vantadour* talk't of, and his way being to procure reconciliations, he told them both, that he was very much troubled at his not having been

in health at that time, otherwise he would have rendred them that Service.

In the mean time he having the colour of one already dead, every body asked him, if he were not returned out of the other world; he was at first much perplexed to give it an answer, but being at length hardned to these kind of questions, he himself would begin laughing at them with the others, which put an end to all the railery that was made about him. One day the Dutcheſs *de la Ferte* having a mind to be pleasant upon him, he being naturally very brutish, answered her——Zwouns, Madam, it ill becomes you to laugh at that condition, which you your self did put me in, believe me, this was the first, and shall be the last time while I live, that I will have to do with you, and though I have kept Company with *Louyson D'Arquien* a whole year, which I now will

will freely confess unto you: I never have had the least reason to complain of her, when as I have been with you hardly a minute, and yet I shall have reason to repent of it, during my whole life.

The Dutchess could not suffer these reproaches from the Advocate without entring into a dreadful passion. She took up the Tongs, and struck him with it with all her strength, and making ill Language succeed her blows, she said, that things were come to a fine pass indeed, when a pitiful Citizen, such as he was, durst presume to make himself so familiar with a Woman of her Quality, that, allowing what he had said to be true, yet the Honour was too great for him. She bid him get out of her House, otherwise she would make him leap out at the Windows, and she pusht him towards the Door with the end of the Tongs. Monsieur the Advocate, who saw that there was

no jesting with her, threw himself at her Feet, and begged her pardon, he owned that he had wronged her, but to excuse himself, he said, that it was out of impatience, to see her insult over him, imagining that she did it only out of contempt, that that was the reason of his complaints, though indeed there was no fault to be found with her niceness, and that if she had been present at his torments, she should have seen him endure them with so great a Resignation, that she would have confest him to have been a true Martyr of Love.

All these reasons did not soften the Dutchesse's Spirit, which was haughty and disdainful; and having made him depart her Chamber, she forbid him ever to come again into her sight, unless he would expose himself to a much more rude entertainment. The Advocate went away with a very heavy heart,

heart, fetching deep sighs; and having a very great mind to cry, but being to pass the Court of *de la Ferte's* House, which is very large, and fearing to meet somebody, he kept back his tears until he was in his Coach.

As soon as he was in it, there came one of the *Mareschal de la Ferte's* People, to tell him, that his Master would speak with him before he went away, which caused him to endeavour still to restrain them, and after having adjusted his Perruque and his Band, which were in a little disorder, he went up into the *Mareschal's* Apartment, where he found a very handsome Lady with some Gentlemen, who were all there for a quarrel which they had together. The *Mareschal* told him that he had given him the trouble of coming up, to see if there were any means to compound a difference between these People, without obliging them
to

to come before a general Assembly of the Mareschals of *France*, and there being already some proceedings had on either side, and those regarding him (for the Great *Alexander* had granted the hearing of all things of this nature to the Advocate) he would be glad to know his opinion of it.

Monfieur the Advocate asked, what the matter was, and the *Mareschal* having told him that he must needs have seen the Informations, the Master of Requests answered, that his Secretary had not yet laid them before him, which served for a good excuse. The *Mareschal* knowing that it was an establisht Custom with him, to let his Secretary do all the business, told him, that the Lady, whom he saw there before him, complained, that a Gentleman who was also there present, had dishonoured her by scandalous Stories; for which she demanded satisfaction; that though

though there were no Witnesses, yet the thing was averred by the Gentlemen's own confession, who maintained, that, far from having injured the Lady, he was very much in the right; that to justify that, he reported, how that he had passionately loved her, and had sought after all opportunities of serving her; that he had rendered her so considerable a service as to furnish her at one time with 200 Pistols, but that in recompence she had given him nothing but a Disease, which had kept him three entire Months in his Bed; that he, believing he had reason to complain of it, had published, that this Lady was not cruel, but yet that he would have no more of her Favours at that price.

Monfieur the Advocate hearing a Story that had so great a relation with his own, believed that his Intrigue was discovered, and that some body must have hearkened

ened at the Dutcheffes Door ; being therefore quite out of countenance, he blusht and grew pale again, and wrapping himself up in his Cloak, he told the *Mareschal* that he jeered him, and took his way towards the Door, without saying any thing more. The *Mareschal*, who was in his Bed, not being able to run after him, called him back ; but seeing that he would not return, he commanded the Captain of his Guards, not to suffer him to go away so, because he had need of him to compound that business. Monsieur the Advocate made a difficulty of turning back, telling the Captain that Monsieur the *Mareschal* only rallied with him : But the Captain having told him, that there was no jesting in the case, and that what the *Mareschal* did, was because he desired to do those Persons service, he re-entred the Chamber, and the *Mareschal* asked him since when he

he had given over making composition between Gentlemen, a reproach which he made him, because he knew, that under pretence of such business, he neglected other Affairs which did appertain to the Duty of the Office, which he had in the Great *Alcanders* Council.

After that Monsieur the Advocate had excused himself as well as he could, they began to handle the matter in question, and without waiting for a deduction of all the Particulars, he decreed, that the Gentleman should be sent to Prison, from whence he should not be set free, until he had asked the Ladie's pardon, who to thank him for his favourable Decree, made him a very low reverence. The Advocates Sentence was punctually followed by the *Mareschal*, and the Gentleman was sent into Prison. In the mean time Monsieur the Advocate being retired home, he

he called for Pen, Ink and Paper ;
and writ a Billet to the Dutchess
de la Ferte, whereof here is a Co-
py.

The Advocates Letter to the
Dutchess *de la Ferte*.

I Could not make you a greater sa-
tisfaction for my fault, than that
which I have done in going from
your Chamber. A Gentleman, who
had the same quarrel with a Lady,
as I have with you, hath been sent
to Prison, and besides I have con-
demned him to recant all that he
hath said, though possibly he might
have told nothing but the truth, as
well as my self. If the same re-
paration may satisfie you ; Order me
only into what Prison you will have
me go, and I will punctually obey
you, having resolved to be for my
life your Prisoner of Love.

The

The Dutcheſs *de la Ferte* found the Advocates Character in this Letter, which was, to ſay the ſillieſt things in the world, when he thought to ſay the fineſt. She had a mind to make him a very ſharp answer, but judging that it would argue more of relentment, than of diſdain, ſhe continued ſilent, which did extreamly afflict Monsieur the Advocate. Who beſides the pleaſure which he took in being great with a Dutcheſs, ſaw himſelf thereby deprived of dining with her, which was very commodious for him, and which he often did, he himſelf being no Houſe-keeper, and the Dutcheſs lodging near him. At length ſeeing that his diſgrace did ſtill continue, he addicted himſelf entirely to the Duke of *Vantadour*, whom he adviſed to be reconciled to his Wife. He was the ſecret Mediator of the Reconciliation, and finding there, what he had loſt in the other

other place, that is to say, as much quality at least as with the Dutchess *de la Ferte*, a fine Woman, and a good Table, he stuck close to the Table, and endeavoured to gain the Woman, who, being more reserved in her Pleasures than her Sister, did reject the Advocate, the very first time he would have spoken to her, in such a manner that he durst not expose himself to a second denial.

In the mean time the Duke and the Dutchess *de la Ferte* held on the same course of life as they had begun. The Dutchess had the Abbot of *Lignerac* for a Gallant, and his money was to him instead of merit. As for the Duke, he stooped at nothing, and being a man that neither minded or esteemed perfect love, he found Mistresses as often, and as many as he pleased, in the publick places, and his passion being soon satisfied, he did frequently beat them, after having embraced them, and thus he made
blows

blows succeed his Careffes, as sometimes his Embraces succeeded blows. One day that he made a Debauch in one of those places with the Duke *de Foix*, *Camardon*, and some others, *Camardon* told him, that he wondred, that he who loved to relish Pleasures in their pure nature, had not once caused his Wife to come and lye with him sometimes, at *Louyson D'Arquin's*, or at *Madelon du Pre's*, that he would have found there a thousand times more satisfaction than at home, and that if he would make a tryal of it, he would without doubt be of the same opinion.

Though the Duke *de la Ferte* was not over curious upon his Wives score; yet he found fault with what *Camardon* had said, of bringing her into a place of Debauchery, and the Duke of *Foix*, who was *Camardon's* Brother in Law, approved of what Monsieur *de la Ferte* said, adding, that the Dutcheſs
de

de la Ferte was not a Woman to come into those kind of places. *Camardon* answered him, that she was one that might come thither as well as any other, as also his Wife, who was yet more scrupulous than the Dutcheſs *de la Ferte*. That if they would only lay a Wager with him of an hundred Piſtols, he would undertake to bring them both thither, when he pleaſed, and being earneſt in affirming the matter, he made the whole Company laugh, who knew him to be a man infinitely agreeable, and of an excellent Wit. He in the mean time retracted nothing from what he had propoſed, but framing a reſolution of letting them ſee the effect of what he told them, he dextrouſly changed the diſcourſe, ſo that there was no farther reflection made upon what he had ſaid.

Within five or ſix days afterwards, *Camardon* was to viſit his Siſter the Dutcheſs *de Foix*, and told

told her that he had made a match with the Dutchess *de la Ferte* to go into *St. Germain's Fair*, and that if she would go along, he would carry them both thither some morning ; but that she must not tell her Husband of it ; that the Dutchess *de la Ferte* would also conceal it from hers, and that there were certain reasons, why they should know nothing of it, until they were arrived in the Fair. The Dutchess *de Foix* assented to it without informing her self farther of those reasons. The Match being made, and the day appointed to be the morrow, he then took her in his Coach, and went to fetch the Dutchess *de la Ferte*, to whom he had said as much.

As they were upon the way, some part of the Coach broak all on the suddain, and the two Ladies being frightened with the danger of being over-turned, cryed out to the Coach-man to hold, who

who immediately obeyed them. All this was but a trick designed by *Camardon*, in order to make a demonstration to their Husbands, that he had told them nothing but what he was sure of performing. In the mean time having helped out the Ladies, he very hastily asked his Coach-man, what was the matter, and quarrelled with him very much in appearance, because he had not seen whether the Coach was in order, before his coming out. Then he told the Ladies that there was no staying for them in the Street, that he was well acquainted with a Citizen hard by, to whose house they had best go, and repose themselves, while the Coach was refitting.

These Ladies, having no other choice to make, willingly assented to it, and being come to a house they were there received by a Woman, who shew'd them a great deal
of

of Civility. She brought them into a very handsome Chamber, and entertained them very well, while *Camardon* was in another Room a writing two Notes to the Duke *de Foix*, and *de la Ferte*, by which he desired them to come speedily to him at *Madelon du Pre's*, which was the very place whither he had brought their Wives.

The Dukes *de Foix*, and *de la Ferte*, having received these Notes, hastened to the place appointed. *Camardon* ran to meet them, and desired them not to be troubled at the pains that they had taken; that he would shew them two of the finest Women in Town, whom *du Pre* had lately discovered; and immediately opening to them the Chamber Door, wherein the Dutcheffes *de la Ferte* and *de Foix* were, he presented the Ladies to them, desiring them both to use them so well, as not to let them go away in discontent. 'Tis easie
to

to judge of the astonishment that these two Dukes were in, but that of the Dutcheſſes was much greater, who knowing where they were, had a mind to be ſeriously angry with *Camard n*: But he rallying them all four, obliged them to laugh at it along with him, and having beſpoke a Dinner, they all five dined together in that honeſt place, though the Women made a ſhew, as if they would not ſtay there any longer.

Nevertheless when they perceiv-
ed, that it was their Huſbands
pleaſure, they were perſuaded to
ſtay; and to paſs away the time,
while they expected Dinner, they
deſired *du Pre* to give them a fight
of her Nuns; which ſhe did, be-
cauſe, imagining that they were
all of the ſame Siſterhood, ſhe would
not diſoblige thoſe, who well de-
ſerved to be Abbeſſes of the Con-
vent.

In the mean time, the Advocates disgrace still continued ; but a misfortune having at that time happened to the *Chevalier de Lignerac* (the Abbot *de Lignerac*'s Brother) who had been sent into Prison at the request of an infinite number of People, whom he had cheated, the Dutchesse *de la Ferte* sent to enquire for him, and told him, that she would pardon him, provided he could get the *Chevalier de Lignerac* out of Prison. Monsieur the Advocate, who knew of the Intrigue between the Abbot and her self, thought it very hard, that he must be employed for his Rivals Brother, and that his Pardon could be obtained at no other Price : But she having heretofore punished him for telling truth, he durst not then gain-say her, and he promised her, that if the *Chevalier de Lignerac* were not freed from his Imprisonment, it should not be for want of his employing all his credit in order to it. H Mon-

Monſieur the Advocate found an obſtacle in his undertakings, all the Chevalier *de Lignerac's* Creditors were perpetually crying in the Judges Ears, and having made it appear that he had once already Mortgaged his Eſtate, and that he afterwards had borrowed two hundred thouſand Crowns upon it, the Judges let Monſieur the Advocate know, that it was impoſſible for them to ſet him free, and this was all the accompt he could give the Dutcheſs.

He very much apprehended, that ſhe would not be ſatisfied with this denial; but the Dutcheſs who loved a multitude, and who was ſometimes vexed for not ſeeing him, told him, that ſhe was obliged at the pains which he had taken, and that he might return to her Houſe, as often as he had a mind to it. Monſieur the Advocate threw himſelf at her Feet to thank her. He embraced her Knees, and pro-
teſting

testing to her an eternal fidelity, he told her, that her Sister the Dutchess of *Vantadour*, had not half her Merit ; that should he live a thousand years, he would not be able to love her one quarter of an hour ; that she would certainly say, that he had no great Wit, because he never could speak one single word to her, but he did not care what Reputation he had with her ; provided she would consider, that so great an indifference for so amiable a Person, could not proceed but from the love which he had for her.

As he ended these words, one of the Dutchess of *Vantadour*'s Footmen came in, and having presented her with a Note from her Sister, she took it and read what follows.

The Dutcheſs of *Vantadour's* Letter to the Dutcheſs *de la Ferte*.

ONE of my very good Friends hath a buſineſs depending before *Monsieur* the Advocate, and he believes it ſo delicate, that he endeavours to get it recommended to him, by all thoſe who have any Credit with him : If I had foreſeen this accident, I ſhould willingly have harkened to a great deal of Nonſenſe, which he would have ſaid unto me ; but not having the gift of Divination, and beſides, loathing ſo ſottiſh a converſation, I deſired him ſomething roughly not to continue it any longer. This makes me believe, that he has no great good will for me ; I have therefore recourſe to your interceſſion to recommend my Friends buſineſs to him, which I pray you to do, as you would your own, and you will oblige a Siſter, who is entirely Yours.

The

The Dutchess *de la Ferte*, to whom Monsieur the Advocate had just then protested, that he could never express the least love to the Dutchess of *Vantadour*, seeing the contrary in this Letter, had more than once a desire of shewing it to him, to divert her self; but fearing least it might be a prejudice to the Gentleman, whom her Sister recommended, she put the Letter into her Pocket, and sent away the Footman, whom she commanded to tell her Sister, that she would do what she desired. The Footman being gone, Monsieur the Advocate, who was the most curious man in the world, would fain have known what the Letter contained, and not being satisfied with what the Dutchess told him, vvho endeavoured to put the change upon him, he took an opportunity to put his hand into her Pocket, and having snatched it thence, he told her, that he vvould immediately

diately see all their secrets.

The Dutchess, who for the above mentioned reasons would gladly have prevented him from seeing it, endeavoured to tear it from him, but not having been able to do it, she told him, that he would extreamly disoblige her, unless he would restore the Letter that very moment. But Monsieur the Advocate believing, that the more she endeavoured to have it again, it was of the greater consequence, withdrew a little aside to read it. The Dutchess was not able to hinder him, and he was excessively surprized, to find therein such unexpected matters.

Then he told the Dutchess, that Madam *de Vantadour* said what was not true, that he had never spoken to her of any thing, and that to let her see, that he never had any esteem for her, he would cause her Friend to lose his business. The Dutchess *de la Ferte* told him, that
he

he must not do it for her sake; that it was no longer her Sisters business, but her own, that therefore it was not with the Dutchess of *Vantadour*, that he was about to quarrel, but with the Dutchess *de la Ferte*. Madam *de la Ferte* found much difficulty to gain this point upon him, but having told him, that she did not believe any thing of what Madam *de Vantadour* had writ unto her, who had a fault common to all fine Women, to wit, to take the least glance for a declaration of love, she thereby gave him occasion to justify himself to her. Monsieur the Advocate alledging, that the Dutchess of *Vantadour* must then have interpreted to her own advantage some innocent regards, the Dutchess endeavoured to confirm him more and more in that opinion, and so insensibly brought him again into a good humour, and he afterwards promised to do

all, for the Gentleman, that she could desire.

While all this past, *Madam* took a Maid of Honour, whose Beauty created desires in all the Courtiers, and Jealousie in all her Companions. She was of a most ravishing shape, so that detraction, that is used to catch at every thing, was here at a loss, all confessing, that they had never seen any thing so accomplit, as this amiable Person. The Great *Alexander*, who at that time loved *Madam de Montespan* rather out of an habit, than out of passion, had no sooner seen her, but he was charmed with her. But he being unwilling to make love any more like a young man, but like a great King, employed a third Person to discourse it with her; and to the end that his proffers of Service might be the better received, he accompanied them with a Pearl Necklace, and a pair of Diamond Pendants of great value.

In

In the mean time Madam de Montefpan was in a mortal fear, left this young Beauty should rob her of the Prince's Heart, with whom she had very lately had a falling out some few days before. For pretending that he ought to treat her still as he had done in the beginning, she taxed him for having no greater complaisance for her, and because the Great *Alexander* made answer, that they had been too long acquainted to observe so much Ceremony, she was so transported with passion, as to say very disobliging things unto him. She began with reproaching him of all that she had done for him; that she had forsaken her House, her Children, her Husband, and even her Honour for him; that there was no manner of Complaisance that she did not continually express to engage him; but that he was of late become very cold and indifferent; that if years had

brought upon her any imperfections, he ought not to attribute them to her, but to time, that destroys all things ; however that she did not yet perceive (thanks be to God) that there was so great an alteration in her Person ; but that for him she could say, nevertheless without having any design to anger him, that though he had great cause to be thankful to nature, yet that he was not exempted of all manner of faults ; that he had one great one among the rest, which he perhaps never perceived ; but that she had been very sensible of it, without ever making any complaint, because she believed that none ought to take such particular notice of those they loved.

The Great *Alcander*, whom nobody durst ever upbraid before, was extreamly moved to hear *Madam de Montespan* say these things, for whom he had done no less than she had done for him ; for if she had

forfaken her Houfe, Children, and Husband to ftick to him, he had abandoned for her the care of his Reputation, which was very much blemifht, for having loved a Woman, who had fo great reasons to be more difcreet. However, fince we are more fenfible of the injuries which we receive from thofe that we love, than we are of thofe which we receive from Perfons indifferent to us, he fuffered not this reproach to fall thus to the ground, but demanding of Madam *de Montespan*, what his faults then were, he provoked her to declare them, by informing her of her own; at which Madam *de Montespan* was fo concerned, that ſhe replied unto him, that if ſhe had thofe imperfections whereof he did accuſe her, yet that ſhe had not in the leaſt any offenſive ſmells about her.

This being as much as to ſay, that the Great *Alexander* was not without them, it is impoſſible to expreſs

express how ill he took this reproach. He told Madam *de Montespan* such things, as were enough to have touched her home, and to have made her recollect her self, if she had any sense of Virtue yet remaining. But having entirely given her self over to her passions, she was no more moderate in the answer, which she gave him, than she had been in the beginning of this Conversation.

While they quarrell'd thus vehemently with each other, the Prince *de Marillac* came to the Closet Door wherein they were, and the Great *Alexander* having given him power to enter any where, without demanding leave, he had his Foot already within the Door, when he understood by the sound of the Prince's voice, that he was in anger; this made him stop short, and being desirous to know, whether he might enter, he began to call out aloud Doorkeeper, Doorkeeper, and

and there being none in the way, he called out louder yet, who is here, that will give me an answer. The Great *Alexander*, who gave ear to every thing that he said, truly guessed, after having given him such permission, that he did so out of discretion, and being glad to have an opportunity to break up so disagreeable a conversation, he told the Prince of *Marsilliac*, that he might come in ; which was the reason that *Madam de Montespan* endeavoured to constrain her self, for fear that the report of her disgrace, which she was willing to conceal, should spread over the whole Court.

She departed in a moment afterwards, and left the Great *Alexander* at liberty to open his heart to the Prince of *Marsilliac*, who had a great share of his confidence, and to whom he had given in less than one year, above one hundred thousand Livres in places, for immediately after *Monfieur de Lausun's* disgrace.

disgrace he forced him to take the Government of *Berry*, which that Favourite had posselt, and which he was unwilling to accept of, because, having never been his Friend, he was afraid, lest the world should say, that he had provoked the Great *Alexander* to cause him to be imprisoned, in order to benefit himself of his spoils.

The Great *Alexander* looked upon this delicacy to be so much the more excellent, as it was rare amongst Courtiers, and since it could proceed only from a great heart, he had yet a greater esteem for him. Sometime after he again gave him the place of great Master of the Wardrobe, void by the Death of the Marquis *de Saintry*, who was killed at the passage of the *Rhine*, but he gave it him after so obliging a manner, that the Present was less considerable for its greatness alone, than for the goodnels which the Great *Alexander* exprest towards him, when
he

he made it. For he told him, that he gave him that place only to accommodate his Affairs, and not to incommode them; that if it were more profitable for him to sell it, than to keep it, he himself would find out a Chapman, and make him give a Million for it.

Thus the Great *Alcander* still continued to give marks of his amity to the Prince of *Mayfiliac*, and the other Courtiers looked upon him as a kind of Favourite, but also as one much more worthy to possess that place, than Monsieur *de Lau-
sun*, who despised all the world, as if there had been no man worthy to approach him. In the mean time this Favour, which failed not to create a jealousy in all the rest, encreased yet the more, by reason of the cold indifferency, wherein the Great *Alcander* was fallen for *Madam de Montespan*, and of the new passion, which he resented for *Madam de Fontanges*, who was that
Maid

Maid of Honour to *Madam*, that I have before mentioned. For the Great *Alexander* having communicated both the one and the other to the Prince of *Marfilliac*, he was willing that he should be the manager of that Maiden's good Graces, in which he was likely to find no great difficulty, she being come to Court with a design only to please the Great *Alexander*.

In effect, her Kindred seeing her so fair and well shaped, and having a greater passion for their own Fortune, than care for her Honour, they made a Purse among themselves to enable her to come to Court, and to maintain there an expence honourable and conformable to the Post, wherein she was entred, and they having given her proper instructions, she put them in practice from the very moment that the Prince of *Marfilliac* had spoken to her in the Great *Alexanders* behalf. She therefore told him, that
 she

she received with joy the Declaration which he just then had made unto her : That the Great *Alexander* had such charming Qualities to make himself be beloved, that she must of necessity be very ill-humoured not to be charmed with his passion : But that however, she could place no great confidence in it, as long as *Madam de Montespan* possessed his Favour as she did ; that she was nice, and could not believe any thing of what she had then heard out of his mouth ; that if she had been capable of kindling any fires in his heart, they were only fires that would be almost as soon quenched as they were kindled, for the Great *Alexander* would no sooner have satisfied his desire, but he would return to *Madam de Montespan*.

The Prince of *Marsillac*, who desired to succeed the first time in his Embassy, replied to that, that if the future may be guest at
by

by things, that are passed, there was no great appearance, that the Great *Alcander*, who was displeased with *Madam de Montespan*, would ever return to her; that he was constant when he once gave himself up to any one, and that if he had forsaken *Madam de la Valiere*, it was, because she her self had contributed very much unto it, by an unequality of Spirit, that did not please the Prince. That she might have heard, how that *Madam de la Valiere* before her entering into a Convent for good and all, had gone into one contrary to the Great *Alcanders* pleasure, who was obliged to fetch her out, after which time she did nothing but discourse to him of the remorse of her Conscience, which by little and little weaned him from her, the Great *Alcander* being unwilling to oppose her Salvation: That then he loved *Madam de Montespan*, and would it may be have loved

loved her still, if she had not behaved her self towards him after a manner, that might possibly have befitted a private mans Mistress, but not the Mistress of so power-
a Prince, as was the Great *Alcander*, towards whom she ought to have shewn a more submissive and complaisant humour; that he would instruct her how to carry her self, as occasion should require, but that for the present, she need only tell him something that might set the King's mind at rest. Then he advised her as a good Friend not to let slip so fair an opportunity, saying, that if she lost it through her own fault, she would repent of it for all her life.

Then he related to her the quarrel that the Great *Alcander* had had with *Madam de Montespan*, that *Ladie's* Insolence, and the King's Resentment. This last Circumstance having convinced her more than all his reasons, she sent the Great
Al-

Alcander word, that if she had been obliged to him for the Present which he had made, and which I have already mentioned, she was much more so, for what he had ordered the Prince of *Marsilliac* to tell her, and that she was ready to give her self up to him, provided she might have him entirely to her self.

In the mean time *Madam de Montespan*, who mistrusted this Intrigue, employed all her Friends, in order to regain the Great *Alcander's* confidence. *Monsieur de Louvoy*, who was one of them, and even the most affectionate among them, advised her to seek out an opportunity of speaking with him in private. But the Great *Alcander* retaining still his anger, and carefully avoiding all occasions of being alone with her, it was hard for her to find such an opportunity; until *Monsieur de Louvoy* told her, to be at a convenient hour in the place, where

where the Great *Alcander* was accustomed to meet his Council, and to take her time when he was come thither, to reconcile her self with him.

Madam *de Montespan*, having approved of this advice, failed not to be at the designed place. The Great *Alcander* being come thither, was very much surprized to meet her there, instead of the Ministers. In the mean time Monsieur *de Louvois*, who was willing to give Madam *de Montespan* time to do her business, went into a Room adjoining to the Chamber where they then were, and seeing there seven or eight Gentlemen of the Court, who were used to come thither to shew themselves, when the Great *Alcander* went either in or out, he took a Candle off of a Stand, pretending to search for a Diamond, which he said he had lost, rightly guessing, that some of the Servants belonging to the Chamber

Chamber would come to assist him in his search, and one being come to that purpose, he softly whispered him, as he gave him the light, that he should cause all those, who were in the Room to depart, and that he should tell the Doorkeeper not to let any body enter, no not even those, who were summoned to the Council.

Thus without its being perceived that it proceeded from him, he rid himself of all the importunate; and instead of a Council, there was held that day a long Conference between the Great *Alexander*, and *Madam de Montespan*. In the mean time, all knowing that *Monsieur de Louvois* staid in the Chamber, they believed him to be shut up with the Prince, and the other Ministers, who were sent back without being suffered to enter, grew jealous of it, not knowing to what to attribute this long conversation, which occasioned that
there

there was no Council held that day, which never happened before, the Great *Alcander* being usually very punctual in all his actions.

Though this Conference seemed to have re accommodated all matters, the Great *Alcander* returning according to his custom to Madam *de Montespan's* Lodgings, yet the Prince ceased not to pursue his Amorous enterprize. He saw Madam *de Fontange* in private, he gave her markes of affection, and received the same from her, which could not be so secret, but that it was soon known to the whole Court.

The Great *Alcander* was so well satisfied with this new Conquest, that he gave the Prince of *Marfilliac*, the place of Chief Huntsman, for a reward of his having procured it for him. In the mean time the Great *Alcander*, who had the luck to find fruitful Mistresses, having understood that Madam *de Fontange* was big with Child, he prepared

pared a House for her ; and this Lady, being much unlike *Madam de Montespan*, whose avarice reacht even to baseness, was generous even to prodigality ; he therefore gave her a man to restrain this liberal humour; and to take care that she might subsist upon an hundred thousand Crowns a Month, which he gave her. This Superintendant was the Duke of *Nouailles*, at which every body was extreamly surprized, his Devotion seeming incompatible with an Employment that made him look into several little reckonings, which he might have well past over: But since every one was resolved to think in the first place on their own Fortune, and in the second place upon God. The Duke of *Nouailles*, very far from refusing this Employment, gave the Great *Alexander* thanks for having bestowed it upon him before many other Pretenders, and divided his time between the Great *Alexander*, Heaven, and *Madam de Fontanges*.

In

In the mean time, Madam *de Montespan* endeavoured to support her self the best she could. She entreated the Great *Alcander*, to be pleased to come at least to her Lodgings as he was used to do, and she endeavoured to insinuate to all the world, that her Credit was yet greater than was imagined; that the Great *Alcander's* love for Madam *de Fontanges* was only a transitory love, of which he would soon be weary; and that at last, he would return to her more Amorous, than he had ever been before. Those of her Party endeavoured also to give some Credit to these false reports; but when it was seen, that the Prince did addict himself entirely to his new passion, every one Courted Madam *de Fontanges's* Favour, who procured good Places for some of her Friends, and for the greater part of her Family.

Madam *de Montespan*, seeing that the Great *Alcander* weaned himself from her every day more and more, conceived so great a rage at it, that she began publickly to speak ill of Madam *de Fontange*. She told every body, that the Great *Alcander* could not be very curious to love a Girl, who had had Intrigues in her own Country, who had neither Wit nor Breeding, and who, at best, was but a Fair piece of Painting. She said a thousand other things concerning her, much more vexatious than these, which, far from bringing back the Great *Alcander*, as she expected, turned him the more from her.

Madam *de Fontange* was brought to Bed in a little time after, and they made use of that opportunity, as it was believed, to Poyson her, which was attributed to Madam *de Montespan*; either for that it was imagined, that one in that vexation which she was in, must of necessity

necessity be induced to commit so great a Crime, or because it was believed, that a Lady in *Madam de Fontange's* Post, could die no other than a violent death. But be it what it will, she fell into a languishing condition presently after her lying in, by reason of a continual Flux of Blood, that, still remaining, hindered the Great *Alcander* to ly any more with her. However he did often Visit her, expressing to her, how sorrowful he was for the condition, whereunto he saw her reduced. But *Madam de Fontanges*, who perceived her self every day a dying, intreated him to suffer her to retire from Court, adding with tears, that the Malice of her Enemies was the cause, that she now had nothing else to think on, but another World.

The Great *Alcander*, who was very glad that she took order with the Affairs of her Salvation, and who also was sensibly concerned

to be present at her sufferings, granted her what she desired, and she retired into a Convent in the Suburbs of St. James, whither he daily sent to enquire news of her. The Duke *de la Feuillade* went also thither twice or thrice a Week to Visit her from him, but he always brought back ill news: For this poor Lady having all her noble Parts spoiled, either by the Poison, or by something else, saw her self decline daily, and the Duke *de la Feuillade* one day, told the Great *Alcander*, that she was past all hopes of recovery. In effect, she died in a few days after, leaving after her death a greater suspicion of her having been Poisoned, than there had been during her sickness; for having been opened, there were found within her some little black specks fastned to her noble Parts, which are, as is pretended, signs of Poison.

The

The Great *Alexander* expressed a publick sorrow for the loss of her, and being willing to shew, that the esteem which he had for her, continued even after her Death, he gave an Abby to one of her Brothers, Married one of her Sisters very advantageously, and did many other things in Favour of her Family. In the mean time *Madam de Montespan* did believe, that the King would now return to her; but she was quite amazed to see *Madam de Maintenon* have all his confidence, which put her into a despair, for it being her self, that had raised *Madam de Maintenon* to what she was, she could not bear it, that her own creature should be an instrument to destroy her.

That which tormented her yet the more, was, that she did not believe, that there was any wantonness in their Correspondence, which consequently ought to be of a longer continuance; since it did not

depend on a wandering love, that begins and often ends all in a day. In effect, the Confidence which the Great *Alexander* hath with *Madam de Maintenon*, is observed to continue still even to this day, notwithstanding all that *Madam de Montespan* could do to destroy it ; and on the contrary, he expresses, for her only a kind of decent respect, which is nothing else but the leavings of the love of a man of Honour, who uses his Mistress so, rather for his own Reputations sake, than out of any sentiments of tenderness.

It seemed that the Great *Alexander* having renounced Love, every body ought to have renounced it likewise, and that the Ladies after *Madam de Montespan's* example, who now pretends to Chastity, should also become chaste ; but, their temper and inclination transporting them beyond all reason, they still remain in the same course of
life.

life. The Dutcheſs *de la Ferte* is more immoderate than ever in her Pleaſures, neither is the Dutcheſs of *Vantadour* her Siſter leſs wanton, though ſhe manages her buſineſs with a little more diſcretion and conduct. As for the *Mareſchaleſs de la Ferte*, ſhe is at any man's ſervice that will give moſt, and is endued with ſo great Humility after certain miſfortunes, which have happened to her, reſembling thoſe that I have related of her Daughter in Law, that ſhe hath made a vow never to reſuſe any body, provided that they have but mony.

As for what concerns *Madamoifelle d'Orleans Monpenſier*, after having grieved during ten whole years for the Imprifonment of *Monſieur de Lauſun*, ſhe at length found a way to obtain his Liberty. For conſidering, that all the Riches in the world are nothing in compariſon of ones own content, ſhe hath

appeased the Great *Alcander's* anger with the Principality of *Dombes*, and the County of *d'Eu*, which she hath assured to the Duke of *Maine*, his natural Son. By this means Monsieur *de Lausun* is returned, not indeed to Court, but to *Paris*, where he is obliged to live as a private Man. For the Great *Alcander* would not permit his Marriage to be declared; but he is so often at the Princesses House, that it is all one as if he lodged there. In the mean time, this Princess is so jealous of him, that he wishes with all his heart he had never thought on her: She hath set Spies all about him, and he cannot make a step, that she is not advertised of; so that going out of one Prison, he is entred into another, which appears to him no less cruel. She hath given him some Land by the Great *Alcander's* consent; but it is all that she hath done for him, for she could not give him one penny of ready money,

ha-

having lost all her Credit by this Marriage. For no man is willing to lend her any money, least it should be hereafter said, that being in a Husband's power, she could not lawfully borrow. This is the occasion that there are four or five years past, since she began to build her House at *Choisi*, without having yet finished it; for the expence of it must be taken out of her yearly Revenue. But she would be comforted still for all these things, if Monsieur *de Lausun* were the same that he hath been heretofore. I would say, if he still possess the same quality towards Ladies, that he once did: But it is reported, that he is now so pitiful a Fellow that way, that it is hard to believe, he had formerly been so brave. However, it is an imperfection that is common to several others; for it is known by experience, that every thing must have an end, and it is for that reason like-

(178)

likewise, that the Princess at
this day says, that he impudent-
ly lyed who first said, that a
good Horse never grows a
Jade.

6 AU 55

P I N I S

M E R O V E U S

A

P R I N C E

O F T H E

Blood-Royal of *FRANCE*.

A

N O V E L.



L O N D O N,

Printed for R. Bentley, and M.
Magnes, in *Russel-Street* in
Covent-Garden, 1682.

MEROVINGI

PRINCE

OF THE

Blood-Royal of FRANCE

NOVEL



LONDON

Printed for R. Taylor, at the
Museum in Pall-mall, in
Great-Britain, 1831.

TO THE
Right Honourable.
THE
COUNTESSE
OF
OXFORD.

THE *Universal*
Admiration Your
Ladyship has ob-
tained in the World, hav-
A 3 *ing*

The Dedication.

ing inspired a young Princē
with a Curiosity to see so
many Wonders as Fame
does Your Ladyship the Ju-
stice to relate, He is come
from beyond Sea with hopes
not only of having leave to
satisfie the Ambition He
has of paying Homage to
so many Excellencies, but
like-

The Dedication

likewise, if you can think
fit, Madam, to allow Him
a favourable Audience, He
does not question but to
make appear, that his Mis-
fortunes are of such a Na-
ture as both to merit and
engage Your Ladyships Pi-
ty and Protection. Both
His Commission and Pass-

The Dedication.

port to Your Ladyship have
something in them so extra-
ordinary, that as One has
wherewith to raise Compas-
sion, so the Other has to
create Veneration in all
People. For He is ad-
dressed, Madam, to a La-
dy whose Family has ever,
and is still at this day
fruitful

The Dedication.

fruitful in Hero's, and
who has likewise the advan-
tage of being united to One
that has filled the Chroni-
cles of all Ages with its
Extraordinary Performan-
ces, and miraculous Instan-
ces of a Constant Loyalty,
wherein they have been so
zealously followed by the
present

The Dedication.

present Earl, that the Best
of Subjects and Greatest of
Men may be proud of imi-
tating his Conduct and A-
ctions: Yet, notwithstanding
all these Invitations,
this Prince does acknow-
ledge that he was incited
to this Address more by
Your Ladyships own Merit
and

The Dedication.

and Lustre, than all these
Advantages of Extraction
and Alliance: It was a
Beauty, Madam, above de-
scription, a Wit beyond all
imagination, and these at-
tended by a benign Disposi-
tion, an Affability, a Good-
ness, and all and none but
those Qualities which pro-

2

3

cure

The Dedication.

cure Respect and Acclama-
tion, that made him ambi-
tious of laying himself at
Your Ladyships Feet, and
to beg leave to declare the
Devotion with which I am,

Madam,

Your Ladyships

Most humble and
most obedient Servant,

F. S.

MEROVEUS

A
PRINCE

OF THE

Blood-Royal

FRANCE.



THE Posterity of *clodis* the
Great begun to possess
the Throne; *clotaricus* the
youngest of his Children,
remaining alone of all his Brothers
to settle the rising Monarchy of the

B

French,

French, left for his Successours four Sons, who shared the Crown between them. *Cherebert*, being the eldest, had for his part the Kingdom of *Paris*, and its dependencies. *Gontran*, that of *Orleans* : *Chilperic*, that of *Soissons* ; and *Sigebert* that of *Metz*.

Though that Union is something rare between persons of their Rank, those four Princes lived a long time in a perfect intelligence in the Government of their States, and the tenderneſſes of Blood were ever more powerful in their hearts, than any ſentiment of ambition and jealouſie. They did not think the alliance of any neighbouring Prince, was neceſſary to them for the ſupport of their Thrones ; wherefore when they reſolved to leave Heirs, they ſought not for Women elſewhere than amongſt their Subjects, and as merit was the only thing that they conſidered, they applyed themſelves indifferently to Perſons in
whom

whom they found most Charms, Beauty and Wit.

Cherebert, whom *Clotarius* his Father had caused to marry *Ingoberga* against his will, divorced himself from her to take in her place *Merofleda*, a Merchants Daughter: *Gontrand* made the like choice in his States. *Sigebert* lived a long time without any engagement; and as for *Chilperick*, he married *Andeura*, the truth is a Maid of mean Birth, but whom Heaven had only deprived of the advantages of Blood, that the quickness of her Wit, the greatness of her Soul, and the Charms of her Beauty might be the more admired: *Chilperick* had by her several Children and amongst others a Prince called *Meroveus*. *Cherebert* after having reigned six years, dyed in the Castle of *Blaye* in *Xaintonge*: he left no male Children: Insomuch that the three Princes his Brothers shared his Kingdom between them: but as not one

of them would consent to yield *Paris* to an other, it was resolved that City should remain neutral, that it should be equally to all three, and that not one might enter it without the consent of the others, upon pain of losing the part he had in the succession of *Cherebert*.

This Affair thus regulated, those Princes passed still several years in an agreeable Society, and only made use of their Arms to repulse the attempts of Strangers their common Enemies. But Fortune that usually takes delight in destroying all that is not its Work, let them only so long enjoy this sweet tranquility that their Division might be the more sensible to them.

Prince *Meroveus* was seventeen years old, when one *Fredegonda* came into the service of Queen *Andoena*. *Meroveus* and *Fredegonda* having the greatest part in this History, it will not be out of the way to give a light Idea of them, that they

they may be the better known.

It may be said that *Fredegonda* was one of the most capricious Works that Nature was capable of producing: there was in her a confused heap of good and ill Qualities, all of them extraordinary: but as her Virtues possessed but the least part in her Soul, they ever served only to set off her Vices. That which rendered the world sometimes prepossessed in her favour, was that what she had best, discovered it self at first. Those who had once seen her and heard her discourse, could hardly persuade themselves afterwards that Heaven would mingle so rare Perfections amongst so great Defects. And it must be avowed that she knew admirable well how to set off the Talents she was Mistress of. Never was Beauty in all its lustre better managed and more ingeniously employed to its Designs. Never did Wit with more artifice use all the graces of eloquence to persuade; and

never any heart so cunningly disposed the language of its sighs, for the gaining the tenderness of a Prince. She thought it indifferent to follow the course of Virtue or to stray from it, and she only sought it when she judged it might favour her enterprizes. Ambition, Revenge, and Jealousie disposed by turns of her Soul. Love was not unknown to her, but he had never so great an Empire over her as to betray any of these passions. The greatest crimes raised no horror in her, she resolved of them without pain for the satisfying her desires. Fear had little place in her heart, because that her Policy was to prevent all those whom she believed might do her hurt, and a light suspicion was sufficient for the sacrificing them to her safety. Her resentments could not be softened by time. Her hatred was only extinguished in the blood of the person from whom she imagined to have received any outrage.

Deceit,

Deceit, dissimulation, perfidiousness and lying, were also many Veils which concealed from the most penetrating Eyes, all the foldings of her heart. In fine to give her Picture with one stroke, it is sufficient to say that self-love was the only rule she thought worthy of being imbraced in the world.

Meroveus, on the contrary, was one of the most accomplished Princes that *France* had yet seen. It was to have been wished that Heaven had brought him into the world in a less elevated degree; that not being invironed with that dazzling pomp, all his perfections might have been more nearly contemplated, and his merit judged of by it self. It was not necessary to proceed to his Soul to find something in him worthy of admiration. From all the Features that Nature had printed in his Face, there resulted I know not what kind of Air which inspired love and respect in all those who

B 4

approached

approached him. Never any Prince gave so fair hopes, and in whose Eyes were read greater things. At so tender an age he had already signalized himself in Arms; and the Lawrels he had gathered in several, & important, occasions, made all the world doubt if the easiness of fighting was not rather born with him, than formed by a long habit.

It seemed that so many fair qualities ought to have subdued Fortune to the happiness of this Prince: Yet that cruel Enemy of Virtue made it on the contrary appear that it is in vain that Nature strives to maintain its Works, when Fortune undertakes to attack them: It was its will that the unfortunate *Meroveus* should search Posterity for a famous example of its power, as well as injustice.

Fredegonda had not seen him twice when she became infinitely in love with him; and as she saw that this passion was but too conformable
to

to her ambition, she wholly abandoned her self to it with all manner of joy. She fancied that he being of an age that has little force to resist passions, and wherein a heart is easily surprized by Love when it meets with a proper object, he would hardly escape her artifices: but all her cunning and all her address was in vain: *Meroveus*, after having a long time avoided her Inares, at length seeing that she one day spake to him openly of her love, rallied her publicly for it, and told her that to acknowledge the affection she had for him, he would marry her to one of his Officers.

These words produced in *Fredigonda's* Soul a furious vexation and an immortal hatred, which was the source of all the disgraces of *Meroveus*, and which led him to his Grave. But as the force of this wicked Woman lay in artifices, she knew so well how to dissemble in that occasion, that she smiled at the

Princes answer, and even thanked him very civilly. As she knew that on the first impressions, good or bad, that others have received from us, depend oftentimes all the judgments that are made in the sequel; she at first affected a conduct with *Andonera*, which procured her the esteem and confidence of her Mistress, and the jealousy of her Companions. All her actions were governed by a complaisance full of sweetness, a respectful submission to all that was exacted from her, and an earnestness ever new to acquit her self of the least things her devoir engaged her to.

It is an usual defect in all good Souls to judg of others by themselves: as they are incapable of any disguise, they fancy they see in the actions of others as much sincerity as in their own, and this imprudent goodness makes them oftentimes take for an effusion of heart, what proceeds only from an address of Wit.

The

The false and deceitful appearances of *Fredegonda*, so surprized all the affections of *Andouera*, that this good Princess fancied that she could not do enough to make known to her the sense she had of her services. She proposed her for a model to all her other Maids of Honour, she filled the Court with her praises, and the King was especially daily importuned with them; so true it is that we often run precipitately to our own ruine, and we become our selves the contrivers of our own unhappiness.

Though the Princess *Andouera* had already spent more than eighteen years in marriage, she was still capable of charming, and neither that long space of time, nor her Lying In, which are usually the destroyers of Beauty, had worn out any thing of that surprizing lustre which conquers hearts. But as desires and hopes are the only things which maintain Love, and that nothing is
more:

more capable of making us disrelish an object than a long and peaceable possession. *Chilperick's* passion for the Queen did nothing now but languish, and those devouring flames which the first sight of that Princess had kindled in his Heart, were as extinguished in the injoyment of her pleasures.

The reputation of *Fredegonda's* Wit and Beauty gave him one day the curiosity of considering and discoursing her attentively. It was in that occasion that this cunning Maid neglected nothing of all she judged proper for engaging the King. She sought for Darts in her Eyes fit to discover the way to his Heart, and drain'd all the lights of her Wit to charm the Princess.

It was not necessary to imploy so much address upon a man who ran to meet his Chains, and who longed that a new passion might renew his desires. *Chilperick* told *Fredegonda* upon his leaving her, that he was
very

very much satisfied with her discourse, and that he would do her some kindness in a very short time. In effect, he sent for her some days after by his trustiest Officer, and after having repeated to her the same thing, he added for the declaring to her his passion, that he had found in her more Beauty and Wit than he ought to have desired for his repose; that it was to Love she was going to owe all the favours he should heap upon her; but as his happiness depended on her, she ought to contribute to it in giving him sensible and convincing marks of a mutual tenderness; and above all, that she should carefully conceal this Gallantry from the Queen, who would not fail to be enraged at it.

As *Fredegonda* changed, as she pleased, the motions of her Face, she seemed at that moment so modest, that it helped to inflame the King's desires. She made him know that she desired nothing so ardently as to
make

make appear to him the joy she felt to see her self beloved by so great a Prince ; but that he was not to exact any thing from her that her virtue might disallow.

The King was not yet so blinded with his passion, but that he considered that it ever becomes a Woman to make some resistance, and not to yield so soon. He was not willing to press her more that day : he contented himself with telling her that they would talk of it more than once, and that he would give her time to think of it. Having spoken these words, he took out a Table-Book with Gold-Covers set with Diamonds, which he made her a Present of.

He had hardly left her, than that his imagination representing her to him yet more fair than she was, made him sensible of new returns of Love, and was extream impatient to see her again ; so that the next morning, while the Queen rested, he

he sent his Confident to tell her he desired to speak with her, and she immediately went to the Cabinet where he waited for her.

Fredegonde knowing better how to dive into the hearts of others than they into hers, easily perceived that *Chilperick* was too much a slave to his Love, to be able ever to master it. Wherefore, as it was Ambition that made her act, she did not amuse her self to flatter his passion with frivoulous hopes, but had the boldness to tell him, that if he desired she should answer it, he must marry her; that her birth was not inferior to *Andouera's*; that nothing was so common with all Princes, as divorce, that neither reasons nor pretext would be wanting for the furthering the design; that this procedure towards *Andouera*, was not unjust, that it was enough for her to have held so glorious a rank near twenty years; that for her part when she should as long have

shared

shared his Crown; with him, she would endeavour to comfort her self if an other took her place; that in fine, he might assure himself, that nothing but his Faith could obtain from her what he pretended. After these words she went out of the Cabinet, and left the Prince in a mortal trouble.

Though it be easie for Love to become all on a sudden Master of a Heart, and that one moment alone is sufficient for it to chase away all that opposes its designs, yet it does not reign there sovereignly, until after several strifes, for the rendring its Victory the more illustrious, and the more powerfully engage reason to support its interests.

Chilperick found his mind a long time wavering between his Devoir and his new passion: if the pleasures he hoped to enjoy in the possession of *Fredogunda*, inclined him towards her, on the other side the Image of his Glory stained by so shameful

a Divorce, and the innocence of *Andonera* were powerful curbs to stop the rapidity of his Vows. The great marks of Love that he had received from that good Princess, her passionate tenderness, her ardent sighs, her transports ever new, her application, cares and complaisance, knocked every Moment at the Door of his Heart, to put him in mind of recovering a lawful Empire.

But as it is much more easie to stray from our Devoir, than to return to it when we have been once out of the way, all these objects, after having for some time shaken *Chilperick's* mind, disappeared at length to let Love triumph. All that virtue could obtain from him, was that he should do what he could to persuade *Fredegonda*, before that he resolved to be divorced from *Andonera*. Whereupon he besieged that imperious Mistress with all manner of Arms. He joyned to the lustre of his person all the discourses
of

of the most submissive Lovers ; and without doubt, a woman less ambitious than *Fredegonda*, would not have been able to have held out against so many importunities ; but that haughty passion had too deep roots in her heart, to suffer her to be seduced by other impressions. She was ever deaf to the Prayers of *Chilperick*, and after having a long time denied him, and even refused the Presents he would have made her ; She once told him very sharply that he was very scrupulous, and very fearful, not to dare to take that liberty to become happy, which the example of so many Princes authorized, and which *Charebert* his Brother had himself practised.

There is no injury which so sensibly touches Kings, as the reproach of fear: as boldness is the first mark of courage, they imagine for the better, making appear the greatness of their Souls, they ought to give their power its full scope, inlomuch that
what

what moves them to unlawful actions, is oftentimes only a vain glory of making known that they are capable of undertaking all things. *Fredogonda's* words had so much force upon *Chilperick's* heart, that they partly determined him intirely to marry her. His pride represented to him, that to make the impression in the mind of that Maid, and of all his People, of a strong Idea of his independence, he ought not to defer his Divorce from *Andouera* ; and Love applauding the sentiments of his pride, perswaded him that he ought no longer to ballance the establishing his happiness, since it would only cost him one crime, which the most natural of all passions had ever rendered excusable. He told his Mistress, that he very well foresaw, that he must consent to what she desired, and that he would quickly make her see, that it was not a motion of fear that had made him resist so long.

This

This discourse so puffed up *Fredegonda's* vanity, that she began from that moment to fancy her self Crowned, and to act like a Sovereign with all people. The Queen who was not long without perceiving it, was the most of all concerned at this Change. As she had never found any thing but submission, and respect in *Fredegonda*, the imperious Air with which she spake to her, could not enough surprize her. She several times made her gentle remonstrances, and seeing it was to no purpose, she one day proceeded to threatnings.

Fredegonda, being no longer detained by any consideration, answered her sharply, and left the Chamber, telling her, that she had no longer right to use those terms, that her time was passed, and that others was going to begin. These words were clear enough to explain to the Queen, *Chilperick's* new engagement; but being still blinded by her easiness,

easiness, they only plunged her into a great disquiet.

As she was in these agitations, *Meroveus*, her Son, came to her Apartment, to make known to her the first news of her Disgrace. *Meroveus* having a penetrating Wit had a long time perceived *Fredegonde's* Designs ; but being he had ever believed, that the King would have no less power than he, to resist her artifices, he had not thought fit to alarm the Queen with the recital of a thing of little consequence, and wherein he did not foresee, that the Glory and Love of that Princess were to be one day equally interested.

An Officer of the Kings Bed-Chamber, deploring the approaching misfortune of *Andouera*, having given notice to the Prince of what passed, *Meroveus* believed it necessary to acquaint the Queen suddenly with it, that she might joyn with him to avoid the storm that was going

ing to powder upon her. The poor Princess having learn'd *Meroveus* fatal discourse, fell into a swoon in his arms, and it was to little purpose, that the Prince remained pious in this Rencontre, and that he left her not in that oppression, being, when she came to her self, she was the more sensible of her misfortune, and delivered her mind up to the most cruel attacks of Grief.

They resolved to go find the King out immediately, and to remonstrate to him the disorders this unhappy passion would produce, if he resolved to satisfy it at the expence of his Glory. Approaching the Kings Apartment they perceived at a distance through the Glass Windows *Fredegonda* holding a Table-Book in her hands.

After having stole softly to the Window, *Andouera* perceived it was the Kings Table-Book, in which he ever set down his most secret Designs.

At

At this sight the Queen was seiz-
ed with a lively resentment; she
commanded *Fredegonda* to open to
her the Door, which she refused to
do, threatening she would complain
to the King if any violence was done
her.

These insolent words increased
the Queens vexation; and *Mero-
veus* being transported with anger,
having broken the Windows, leap'd
furiously into the Cabinet, snatch'd
the Table-Book out of *Fredegonda's*
hands, and went to the Queen, who
returned with him, to her Chamber
to examine it. After having turned
over several Leaves without finding
any thing, she read in one place
these Verses written by *Chilperick's*
one hand, and which he had com-
posed in the beginning of his passi-
on for *Fredegonda*:

Love

Love only pleases for a time,
 At length we're weary of its Chain.
 Virtue the most severe, sublime,
 From a new choice can't oft restrain.

And below these Verses, Andow
 era found these of Eredegonde's hand
 writing.

When we have charm'd a great and
 (mighty King,
 Must we have nothing but his pant-
 (ing Heart?
 His Empire ought to be our Offering,
 Ere we do ease his fiery raging
 (smart;
 Yes, yes, ambition is the brightest
 (Flame,
 what woman wants it, is I'me sure to
 (blame.

What became of her after having
 read these stabbing words? It was
 then that this deplorable Princess
 took a full view of her misfortunes,
 and

and that she no longer doubted that *Chilperick* was charmed with *Fredegonda*, but even that this wicked Maid had already much shaken his Virtue, to engage him to marry her. She run as distracted, accompanied by *Meroveus*, to the Kings Apartment. When they came to his Chamber Door, the Guards refused to let them in, and told them they had Orders not to let any one so ever enter without acquainting the King.

After having learn'd that they were there, he came to them contrary to his custom. *Andouera*, at the sight of *Chilperick*, let fall a torrent of Tears ; all the Graces painted at that time, in her Face, an eloquent Grief, capable of moving the most barbarous heart ; and without doubt *Chilperick's* would not have been insensible, if he had not been full of *Fredegonda's* Charms, whom he had newly quitted.

The Queen with a languishing
C Voice,

Voice, and which was every moment interrupted by her sighs, told the King, that the love she bore him, rather than her own interests, engaged her to make known to him how shamefully he was going to stain his Glory by the irregularity of his Passion. She pray'd him, to consider what could be the nature of the affection that *Fredogonda* had for his Person, and to judg of it by the Verses she had made upon that subject. Having spoken these words, she presented the Table-Book to the King.

That Object filled his Soul with spite and confusion, and made him fall into furious motions of choler against the Queen. He did not permit her to speak any more ; but interrupting her, he told her angrily, that he could never have believed, she would have been so bold as to have done violence to persons whom he honoured with his affection, even to force from them, the Testimonies he had been willing to give them thereof ;

thereof ; that she as well as *Mero-*
vens should pay dear for this affront.
 That as for his passion for *Fredagon-*
da, if she found it was so great a crime,
 it was for her herself to expiate it,
 since she had been the principal cause;
 that he should never have conceived
 the least desire of speaking to that
 Maid, if she had not daily stun'd
 him with her praises ; that it was
 her great importunity alone that
 had stirred up her curiosity ; that
 her dayly discourses repeated in fa-
 vour of her Rival, had made him
 insensibly love her before he had
 considered her ; in fine, that she had
 no body to blame but her self for her
 misfortune, since she had woven with
 her own hands the Bonds which
 were going to break theirs.

This outraging reproach pierced
 the very Soul of poor *Andouera* : all
 the words it contained were so much
 the more sensible to her, for that
 they were true, and that she acknow-
 ledged she had been the fatal instru-

ment of her own ruine. The excess of grief did not leave her force enough to speak : but her eyes and sighs declared all the just indignation with which she was seized. *Meroveus* was not so moderate as she, or rather his resentment was not capable to deprive him of the use of his voice ; he told the King that since he was resolved to push things to that extremity, he saw himself constrained to be once wanting in the respect that he owed him as his Son and his Subject, for the preventing a disorder that was going to fall upon all the Royal Family.

This menace inflamed *Chilperick's* anger ; he caused the Queen and *Meroveus* to be seized, commanded they should be shut up apart, and caused Guards to be set at their Chamber doors, with expresse order to let no body enter. After which he returned to the Cabinet where *Fredegonda* expected him. She at first affected a false pity for *Andouera*,
and

and told *Chilperick* that it was against her will that she caused so much disorder in the Court; but since it was for the better settling the happiness of her King, she did not repent it: but that it was convenient and even necessary, suddenly to make an end of the Work, and to remove the Queen while that people's minds were already prepared for that rupture.

The too easie *Chilperick*, besotted with his passion, consented to all *Fredegonda's* propositions, and would not follow any other rule than her will. He agreed with her to send the Queen to the City of *Mans*. After having hastily made her a small Equipage, he caused her to depart at two days end, without suffering her to bid him farewell, nor even to speak with *Meroveus*. That innocent and deplorable Princess went thus from *Soissons*, and appeared as a wretched Victim, that her love for an unfaithful Man was

going to consume by little and little. So long as she could perceive the Walls of that City, she eyed it; & sent it continually her sighs. But as soon as she was out of sight, she passed over in her thoughts all that had passed at Court: she re-called into her memory, all the Graces and Favours she had so often so prodigally bestowed upon her Rival, and for which she had not expected so fatal a recompence: but that which increased her pain was, that she was not allowed at her departure to embrace the Prince her Son, whom she cherished with a tenderness worthy of her.

When she arrived at *Mans*, though that Fame had already carried thither the news of her Disgrace, all the City was in Arms to receive her, and did her all the honours that they owed, not only to their true Queen, but as to a Person who had ever reigned more soveraignly over all their minds by
her

her Virtues, than by the Title she had born.

Meroveus having learn'd his Mothers removal, conceived a mortal hatred against *Fredegonda*, and resolved to be revenged on her, let what would come on it : but his imprisonment not permitting him to attempt the execution of his Projects, he was constrained to stifle them. The King not being willing to keep always from the Eyes of the Court, a Prince upon whom all the people founded their greatest hopes, bethought himself of an artifice to set him at liberty : but he put him in such a posture, as not to apprehend any thing he could do against *Fredegonda* : He made known to *Meroveus*, that if he made any attempt upon her, he would immediately revenge himself on the Princess his Mother, and that the least Menace that should escape from him, should be the sentence of *Andouera's* Death. It was upon these harsh

Conditions that the Prince was let out of Prison. The sight of his Enemy did every moment increase his hatred, and he would not have been able to have forborn the abandoning himself to some violence, if the Queens interest had not ever retained him.

In the mean time the pomp of the Kings Marriage with *Fredegonda* was preparing. This ambitious Woman triumphing in her self, floated then in joy, and imagined her self already at the point of Sovereignty. But fortune which delights in selling her Favours dear, still exacted from her great Crimes, before it mounted her upon the Throne.

The *Huns*, who placed all their glory in making Courses and Invasions upon their Neighbours, took a resolution of seizing *Austrasia*. To that end they marched out of *Pannonia*, and came with powerful Troops to attack King *Sigebert*, who prepared to repulse them courageously :

ously: But at the same time there happened to him other Affairs which constrained him to treat of Peace with the *Huns*, not very advantageous to him, and such as his great courage would not have suffered in another conjuncture.

Fredegonde whose ambition increased, and seeing no more obstacles to hinder her from reigning with *Chilperick*, carryed her desires much farther, and believed she ought not to let so fair an occasion slip, of enlarging the bounds of an Empire she fancied already belonged to her. She remonstrated to *Chilperick*, that while the King of *Austrasia* was busied in defending himself against the *Huns*, it would be easie for him to invade his Territories, that he ought not to be retained by any vain scruple, and to stop at weak considerations of Friendship and tenderness; that nothing was so glorious as the Title of Conquerour; In fine, that it was great to be in a posture of giving,

ving Law to others, and of making Subjects, even upon the Throne.

It was Ambition that dictated this discourse to *Fredigonda*, but she had likewise other very powerful considerations to move her to it. As Policy was the principal resort that set her mind agoing, her passion for a Scepter, did not hinder her from fore-seeing that her Marriage would not fail to displease the Princes her Brothers, and upon their persuasion he would sooner or later be obliged to be divorced from her; Insomuch that she had already for some time sought means fit for the breaking the Union that was between them when this was presented: She did not at all doubt but that *Gontran* King of *Orleans*, who loved Peace and Justice, would ardently imbrace *Sigebert's* Party, when he came to know the equity of his Cause; and thus she judged that the success of this War, let it be what it would, must needs be advantageous to her.

Chilperick,

Chilperick, who did nothing but by *Fredegonda*, listened to her, took Fire, and his Love making use of a sentiment of Ambition, for the concealing from him the base and servile complaisance he had for a Woman, he resolved with her to attack *Sigebert*, in hopes of suddenly conquering his Territories. Whereupon he raised Forces secretly, and marched himself at their Head, accompanied by *Meroveus*, towards *Austrasia*, after having left the administration of all Affairs to *Fredegonda*.

Meroveus went not to this Expedition without regret, because he naturally hated Injustice : and he also made appear, he only fought for Peace, and did but shew his courage for the preparing the two Kings to a Reconciliation. The Army came in a few days to the Walls of *Rheims*, which after having maintained some Assaults, was at length constrained to open its Gates, and suffer

suffer the victorious Enemy to come in.

Sigebert was acquainted some days after with this sad News, and was obliged, as we have already said, to make Peace with the *Huns*. He sent immediately to *Gontran*, to give him notice of this surprize, and to desire his Aid to defend himself against *Chilperick's* Treachery. He likewise sent to demand Succours of *Athana-gildus*, King of the *Goths* in *Spain*, to whom he had formerly given the like against *Agila*, King of the *Visigoths*. *Athanagildus*, in whom services made a great impression, did not stick to acknowledge those that *Sigebert* had done him, and was willing to go succour him in person: After having settled his Affairs, and trusted the Conduct of them in Persons he judged the most capable, as it was a very usual thing to the Kings of that time, to carry with them their Wives and Children, he marched out of his Territories,

tories, with a very powerful Army, accompanied with the Queen, and the two Princesses his Daughters.

In the mean time *Sigebert* returned towards *Rheims*, in all haste, of which he became Master in a few days : *Chilperick*, who was gone from thence, having left in it but a weak Garrison. The King of *Austrasia* was not contented with having recovered that place ; it was his turn, he thought, to make some attempts upon his Enemies Territories. He went and attacked him in *Fismes*, where he then was for the appeasing some Sedition that was raised there ; he pressed him so vigorously, that *Chilperick* quickly saw himself in a condition of imploring his Clemency, rather than irritating his valour : Wherefore he had recourse to *Gontran*, to soften him in his Favour. *Gontran* was arrived a little time before in *Sigebert's* Camp : as Peace and Union were the only things he breathed,
he

he favourably heard the persons *Chilperick* sent him; and made such instances to *Sigebert*, that he obliged him to compose with his Brother, and to that effect to make a suspension of Arms. There was an Interview of these three Princes, and through *Gontran's* intercession, the Peace was at length concluded, and published. The truth is, it was something a shameful one for *Chilperick*; but such as he merited.

In the mean time *Athanagildus* approaching nearer and nearer, having learn'd this reconciliation, dismissed the best part of his Troops, but upon the Princes desire he advanced towards them with his Family. They sent the Principal Lords of their Court to meet him, and received him in the Palace with great marks of esteem and affection. *Sigebert*, above all, particularly thanked him for the part he had taken in his Interests. There were several gallant Feasts made, of which

which *Branchaut* and *Galsuinta* were ever the greatest Ornaments. Sports, Shows and Treats reigned then in all their lustre, and never did any Court, composed of so many Kings, appear so neat and so magnificent.

While that so sweet a Calm enchanted all their minds, and that they all strove to dissipate, in so innocent Divertisements, the troubles and alarms of War; Love, being willing to contribute to the happiness of those Princes, fancied that so tranquil pleasures were not touching enough, and that for the augmenting their force, he ought to mingle with them some of his trouble. *Siebert's* indifference had always appeared to him injurious to his Glory, insomuch that he resolved to revenge himself in that occasion, but he would make him at the same time find that that liberty that an insensible heart does sometimes value it self for, is but an imaginary good, and that it is necessary to feel
the

the effects of so fair a passion, to enjoy a perfect felicity.

Nothing can be imagined more accomplished, than this Princess was, at that time when she was seen & heard to speak, it was not known which one ought most to admire in her, her Beauty or her Wit. The surprising lustre of her Face did so balance the Charms of her Discourse, that a heart remained suspended between these two Objects, and it would have been difficult to say, which made it the soonest sigh. *Sigebert* at each look she fixed upon him, and at each word she uttered, felt a flaming Dart which penetrated into his Soul, and inflamed all his Desires. His passion was too fair, and his Vows too well placed to dissemble them. After having assured himself of *Brunchants* heart, who according to the custom of young Women only sighed for a Throne, he spake thereof to *Athana-gildus*.

The

The King of the *Goths*, who besides the singular esteem he had for the King of *Austrasia*, was very glad to procure powerful Allies, hearkned to him with all possible favour, and after having communicated it to the Queen his Wife, and to some persons of his Council, he made him a positive answer, and gave him his word for that Marriage.

As all these Princes were willing to return, each one to his State, the preparations for this Nuptial pomp were made with all speed, but it was not the less splendid; and it appear'd that those who had had the managing of it, had foreseen at first, that on one and the same day would be made a double Feast.

Gontran had learnt with a sensible displeasure *Chilperick's* divorce from *Andouera*; and as the glory of his Blood was dear to him, he could not suffer that *Fredegonda* should mount upon his Brothers Throne, by so unjust and shameful means.
Seeing

Seeing that it would have been almost impossible to have re-established *Andouera*, he bethought himself of another expedient, which might in some manner repair *Chilperick's* Crime, which was to make him marry *Galsuinta*, *Brunchauts* Sister, imagining that the lustre of the Blood, and likewise of the Vertues of that Princess, might deface the Stain wherewith so unhappy a passion had newly stained his Brother. He acquainted *Sigebert* with his design, and told him, that they both ought to interest themselves in this affair, and not to let so favourable an occasion escape.

Sigebert, whose inclinations were conformable to his Brothers, was of his opinion : they went together to find out *Chilperick*, and remonstrated to him that Kings Marriages ought to be the effect of a wise Policy, and not of a blind passion, that when he was to associate a Woman to his Throne, he ought only to consult

consult the good of the State, and that the heart ought not to have any part in it, that he did not entirely blame him for having put away *Andouera*, since that alliance had been very useless to him, but that he ought to make choice, in her place, of an illustrious person, and who might bring into his Interests the Princes of her Blood; that for the settling and cementing the Peace they had newly sworn, it was convenient he should marry the Princess *Galsuinta*; that it would be the means to stifle, by so near an union, all the difference that might arise in the future between the two Brothers; In fine, if he was desirous their Reconciliation should be intire, he must resolve on that Marriage.

Chilperick being of a soft and fearful nature, durst not resist the Princes propositions; he consented they should agree the Affair with the King of the *Goths*, and promised to ratifie all they should do;

Athanagildus

Athanasildus was over-joyed with this second Alliance ; but a scruple troubled him in favour of his Daughter, and he could not defend himself against the alarms that *Chilperick's* love for *Fredegonde* gave him : Insomuch that this Prince was obliged to swear upon the Altars, that *Galsuinta* should be hence-forward the only object of his passion, and that he would wholly stifle the tenderness he had had for his favourite : a frivolous Oath, which he quickly fancied Love might dispence him from.

In the mean time, *Meroveus*, in the midst of so much publick rejoicing, had his Soul alone delivered up to grief and sadness. The Queen his Mothers misfortune, and *Fredegonde's* happiness, had rendred him incapable of any sentiments of joy : but he was not insensible of it when he learn'd, that a Princess was going to possess the place designed for his Enemy ; and if a change so favour-
able,

able, and so little hoped, could not wholly extinguish his resentment, at least he received no small comfort to see *Fredegonda's* designs brought to nothing, in the moment she fancied she was above the capriciousness of fortune. He made *Galsuinta* several Visits, and always made appear to her, with sincere protestations, the desire he had to see her reign with his Father. He went also to see *Brunchaut* from time to time, and had with her several particular conferences, in which he was never wearied with admiring her Beauty, and the extraordinary Charms of her Wit, but it was ever without trouble and emotion: the fatal hour not being yet come, that Love would employ that fair one for the ruine of this young Prince.

These Nuptials being celebrated with all manner of magnificence, they all returned towards their States. *Athanagildus* went towards Spain; *Gontran* towards Orleans; *Sigebert*

Sigebert with *Brunchant* took the way of *Austrasia*; and all the *Grande*s of *Chilperick's* Court, obliged him to return to *Soissons*, to make, in the Capital of his Kingdom, a *Triumphant* entry with his new *Bride*.

It must be avowed that Love is something very capricious, that this fierce Tyrant of Souls is extream jealous of his Power and his Rights.

Galsuinta had so lively and touching a Beauty, that no body could support the lustre of it without amazement; and to give a perfect Idea of her, it is sufficient to say that she was an exact portrait of her Sister *Brunchant*. But though all the Graces should have transformed themselves into her, though Nature should have drained it self in forming her, *Chilperick* had married her without consulting Love, and this was enough to make him conceive for her sentiments of contempt and aversion. Those sweet eagernesses which

which usually follow the first days of Marriage, and which appear with so much the more violence, in that they are often as the Tombs of Kindness, those passionate transports, those impatient desires, those troubles ever new, those charming disquiets, in fine, all that a heart ought to be sensible of, in the first moments of the possession of what it loves, all this was unknown to *Chilperick's*; and if he sighed near the Princess, it was for regret of not being able to keep his word with *Fredegonde*. The domineering Charms of that Maid came every moment into his imagination; they were as a Vail, which hid from him *Galjuinta's* Perfections; and if it happened by chance that he discovered some of them, they only helped to set off those of *Fredegonde*, and to put that unhappy Prince in mind, that she possessed them with much more advantage. In the midst of his Court, he seemed to be in a vast solitude,
and

and his vexations, and his mortal fears, were the only Objects which took up his Soul. The more he approached *Soissons*, his trouble and his disquiets were the more encreased: but how horrible soever the torment was he suffered in this cruel agitation, he could have wished to have remained eternally in it. He already represented to himself *Fredegonda*, who with those imperious words which she was used to make use of in her resentments, came to assassinate him with reproaches, accused him of weakness, and swore to him an irreconcilable hatred. And it must likewise be avowed, that nothing has ever equalled the vexation of that ambitious Woman, and that as soon as she had received the news of this Marriage, she abandoned her self to all the sentiments of rage and despair that a woman can be capable of.

Some days before *Chilperick's* arrival, she pretended to be sick, that she

she might not be obliged to go render respects and submissions to a person, whom she could hardly support the sight of, without dying for grief.

In fine, that great day being come that the King entred *Soissons*, after having received there, with the new Queen, all the honours that Subjects use to do their Princes in such occasions, he retired into his Palace, where having immediately asked for *Fredegonda*, he was told she was very sick. This news gave him the more boldness to see her, but on the other side it strangely alarm'd him. He stole from *Galsuinta*, while that flocks of people invironed her, and ran all transported to *Fredegonda's*.

As soon as she perceived the King and that she had observed in his Eyes and his Face, the Empire she had still over his heart, she prevented him, and told him that she foresaw, that the Disease she laboured under would carry her to her Grave ; but that she should enter it with joy, since

D

she

she was precipitated into it by the excess of her love: that however she should have dyed more contented, if her virtue had permitted her to have given him more sensible marks of her passion.

Nothing is more surprizing to a Lover, than to hear kind things, and flatteries, from his Mistresses mouth, when he expected nothing but reproaches and threatnings, neither is there any thing more capable of making him detest his infidelity, and inspire him with more love.

This flattering and artificeous discourse of *Fredegonda*, so moved *Chilperick*, that all the powers of his Soul remained a long time in disorder. He had so little force left, that he had recourse to his sighs, and even to some tears, for the explaining to his Mistress the despair her illness reduced him to. Striving at length to speak to her, he begged of her not to renounce life, and swore to her, that if she would promise him

him to take care of it, he would put her, notwithstanding the present conjuncture, in a state in a short time of reconciling her glory with her Love. He was not willing to stay any longer with her that day, lest all his Court should know he was still in love.

Fredegonda then recovered firm hopes of mounting upon the Throne, and as the reputation of *Galvuina's* Beauty and Merit, made her apprehend the King might become insensibly charmed, she resolved to dispatch that Princess as soon as possibly she could. But because she would be present her self, at that fatal execution, for the making it the more sure, she was obliged to wait sometime, for fear her sickness should be discovered to have been feigned, if she quitted her Bed all of a sudden. In the Visits that the King dayly made her, she assured him that she grew better and better, and that the obliging words he had

aid to her, had been more healing than all the remedies of the world.

In fine, the certainty of her recovery being spread through all the Palace, after having prepared herself for that horrible Sacrifice, she went one day to make the Queen a Visit ; and chose the time that she was only attended by two of her Maids of Honour. The two Guards that were placed at her Chamber Door were *Fredogonda's* Creatures. Some moments after her being there, a young Man to whom she had promised great Favours, came likewise thither, and coming briskly up to the Queen, he on a sudden plunged his Dagger into her Breast, and caused that unfortunate Princess to fall at his Feet. *Fredogonda* thereupon feigning a great surprize, cryed out like mad, that they should seize the Murderer ; the two Guards running into the Chamber seized him, and cut him to pieces, according to the order she had given them, for fear that

that the Rack and remorse might make that Wretch tell what moved him to so detestable a Parricide ; so true it is, that great Ones who make use of other men to execute their pernicious Designs, often resolve at the same time to sacrifice them also to themselves, that the death of these blind Ministers may serve for a Vail and Cloud to their Designs.

The noise of this Tragical Death being spread through all the Palace, the King run to see this pitiful Spectacle. Though he did not love *Galsuinta*, and that by the irregularity of his passion, there arose in his Soul, I know not what malign Joy, in that he saw a person so conveniently dispatched, who traversed his happiness ; however the innocence of that fair Queen, her Blood all smoaking, which came in great Floods from her Wound, her Bosom which seemed still to heave ; in fine, her Eyes which seemed to recollect

their greatest lustre, before they closed for ever, objects so tender and so touching, excited in his heart a strong pity, and a just resentment against the Assassinate.

Fredegonda would make him know that she was no less sensible than he for this misfortune; she even shed Tears, but it was rather for joy than grief. Yet as there is nothing more natural than to let ourselves be persuaded by those we love, *Chilperick* fancied she was innocent, and that she had not had any part in the murder.

A Tomb was erected for the Princess, and *Fredegonda* to take away all suspicion was careful it should be the most glorious of all those that had yet appeared. She affected at *Gal-suinta's* Funeral, all the regrets that are usual to persons really afflicted. But the clear-sighted did not fail to discover, through this disguise, that it was she who had caused her death; and her Marriage with the King, which

which was celebrated some short time after, opening the Eyes of the most credulous, inspired in all people sentiments of hatred and indignation against her.

Meroveus especially to whom her new Dignity, and the Death of the Princess, were equally sensible, fell into a kind of rage against her: he resolved to be revenged at the peril not only of his Life, but even of that of the Queen his Mother, who still led, at *Mans*, a languishing and unfortunate Life.

In the mean time *Fredegonde* apprehending that *Sigebert*, doubting of the truth, would revenge the Death of his Sister-in-Law, instead of *Athanagildus*, whom a Fever had lately taken out of this World; wherefore she bethought her self of preventing him. And thereupon remonstrated to the King that it was of the utmost importance to make reflexion upon the consequences that *Galfrida's* death might have;

that the malignity of Men made them often treat as criminal the most innocent actions upon the least appearances ; that she already foresaw that her Marriage would establish in base minds, a firm belief, that she had caused that attempt ; that these false reports making a strong impression on the minds of *Sigebert* and his Ministers, he would not fail to form the Design of attacking him ; that the remembrance of their past differences would be a powerful Spur to excite his vengeance ; In fine, that it was policy and prudence to prevent him, and not to stay till he came and over-run their Territories with a powerful Army.

Chilperick whose blind passion had made him forget the misfortune that *Fredegonde's* counsels had plunged him into, did not ballance to follow her sentiments : He caused his Council to assemble, but it was only to keep a vain formality. The War against *Sigebert* was there resolved on

on notwithstanding the opinions of those of best sense ; and on a sudden Orders were given for the raising Forces, and to be in a posture of marching with the soonest.

The preparations of this War being made, *Fredegonda* was willing to go to it in person, for the animating the Kings courage ; and to hinder him from making any Peace with his Brother : She prayed him to leave *Meroveus* at *Soissons*. *Chilperick* granted that willingly, because he knew that this young Prince had ill intentions against his Mother-in-Law, and was likewise very willing to confide the administration of his Affairs in a person of Name and Authority. Wherefore he ordered his Son to be careful in his absence of the necessities of his State, and made him in that Place Depositer of his Almightyness.

Meroveus received this Commission both with joy and displeasure. As he knew the injustice of that War,

he was very glad to see himself dispensed from going to fight against persons whose quarrel he would have run to imbrace, if nature had not opposed: but on the other side his resentment was extream, when he considered that his Victim escaped him. The first consideration, joyned to his Duty, prevailed however over his resentment. He disposed himself to fill worthily *Chilperick's* place, & to make appear to the people that Fate was unjust to him in letting him be so long a Subject.

Frèdegonda seeing the Army quite ready, assigned her self the day of departure, and obliged the King to it, who sleeping in the bosom of a sweet and soft idleness, did not quit without regret the Walls of *Soissons*, she mounted with him into a Chariot, wherein magnificence and luxury made appear all that they had most splendid. The Army, which environed this proud pomp, marched the second time towards *Rheims*.

In

II A In the mean time *Sigebert* was
 busied with making head against the
Huns, who were returned to thun-
 der upon his Territories. He had
 already for some time been assured
 of *Fredigonda's* Crime, and he wait-
 ed with impatience for the end of
 the War, to go and demand of
Chilperick, Justice for so horrid an
 Attempt. But as soon as he was
 acquainted that he himself advanced
 with a great Army against him, he
 could not delay any longer his ven-
 geance, and was willing to sacrifice
 part of his Glory to so just a resent-
 ment. Wherefore he once more
 made Peace with the *Huns*, yielding
 up much more of his Interests than
 he would have done in another jun-
 cture. He advanced with speed to-
 wards his Enemy, followed by sixty
 thousand *Germans*. The two Armies
 met near *Rheims*, where there was a
 terrible Checque, but Fortune contra-
 ry to its custom favoured the just
 Party. She made in a little time the Vi-
 ctory

Story incline on *Sigebert's* side. All *Chilperick's* Army was put to the Rout. That wretched King having rallied some Troops, fled with *Fredegonde* to *Tournay*, that they might not fall into hands of the Conquerour.

Gontran having learn'd the fatal success of this Battel, could not forbear having some sense of pity for *Chilperick*, though he had been before odious to him for all the crimes which his Love for *Fredegonde* had again stained him with. He was willing to be a second time the Mediator of a Peace betwixt his two Brothers ; wherefore he used all his efforts to make the King of *Austrasia* agree to it, on whom it depended.

Sigebert whose heart was great and generous, seemed at first to incline to his Prayers : but it is so difficult, even to the fairest Souls, to stop on a sudden the course of their Passions, and stifle all the motions of a legitimate vengeance, that this Prince silenced his clemency, for to
exercise

exercise the severity of his justice. He heard the cries of all his Souldiers, who could not suffer to be stopped in the midst of their career; and he listned more than to the cries of his Souldiers, to sentiments of ambition which now and then rose in his heart. Wherefore he made known to *Gentran*, that he could not consent to what he exacted from him, since that it was but too just that *Chilperick* should be punished for his Treachery. He went to *Paris*, which opened to him its Gates, and wherein he entred victorious and triumphing. Queen *Brunchaut* his Wife came thither likewise, after which he thought of going to pursue his Enemy. The Queen at his departure earnestly conjured him not to spare *Fredegonda*, which he willingly promised her. He went immediately to encamp at *Vitry*, where all the *Neustrian* Lords coming to him, made Oath of Fidelity to him, acknowledged him for their King,

and

and Crowned him. After which he marched towards *Tournay*, which he quickly brought to extremity by a pressing Siege. *Chilperick*, wholly terrified, waited only for the fatal hour that was to deliver him into his Enemies hands, when he saw himself in a moment secured from the danger that threatened him, by a Crime worthy of *Fredegonda*. That cunning Woman might that day brag she had satisfied him for all the ills she had made him suffer. She so well knew how to gain by her promises, two Inhabitants of the City, that they offered themselves to undertake blindly what she exacted from them. Whereupon they found the means of going into the Besiegers Camp, where they asked to see *Sigebert*, for the communicating to him a Design of great importance. The Guards by an imprudence, which is pretty usual in such encounters, introduced them into his Tent. As soon as the Murderers perceived that

that unfortunate Prince, they fell furiously upon him, and each of them gave him two stabs with their Daggers, of which he dyed immediately.

This Parricide was hardly executed, than that all the Besiegers, being taken with a mortal fear, fell into an unexpressible consternation. They thought of nothing more than the imploring the Mercy of the Besieged, and this Camp wherein joy was so generally spread, appeared only then a fatal Stage of despair.

Chilperick and *Fredegonda*, seeing their Fate changed in an instant by so favourable a reverse, went out of the City in Triumph. They returned with all speed towards *Paris*, where, upon the report of *Sigebert's* Death, *Brunchaut* had been secured to be delivered to them. *Fredegonda* would have had her lost her Life. but *Chilperick* once wanted that complaisance, and contented himself with banishing that unfortunate Prince.

Princess to *Rann*. After having caused *Meroveus* to come to him, he sent him to take possession of *Poitou*, which made part of *Sigebert's* Kingdom.

This young Prince had learn'd the death of the King of *Austrasia*, with all the grief and all the regrets that can be expected from a person who hates injustice. This new Empire, of which he was Heir, had not Charms enough to flatter his trouble, he never had a thought unbecoming his Virtue and his Glory. That which most sharpened his grief, was the Commission that the King gave him, which would in some manner render him an Accomplice of *Fredegonda's* Crimes. Wherefore he could never resolve to execute it. He had however so much command over himself as to dissemble before *Chilperick*. He took leave of him to go into *Poitou*: but, after having travelled some dayes, he left that Road to go to *Mans*. He was willing
once

once more to speak to his Mother, and enjoy before her Death the embraces of that good Princess. The sight of *Meroveus* caused in her incredible transports and extasies. She made them appear by her Tears and her Sighs, that were the first discourses that she held with him. After having entertained themselves with their misfortunes, and of what they had to do, they were to part. As *Fredegonde* had the Title of Queen, *Andovera* thought it unbecoming her Virtue to dispatch her by cunning and base means. She did not believe that all the Crimes of that wicked Woman, could authorize an action that should have any resemblance with hers. Wherefore she proposed to the Prince to go see *Brunchaut* for to confer with her, and to engage, by her means, the greatest Men of *Austrasia*, to demand *Fredegonde* of *Chilperick*, to sacrifice her to their King, and upon his refusal, should make War upon him,

him, whose success would be perhaps more happy than it had been.

Meroveus consented with joy to this proposition, and took leave of the Princess. It seem'd at their parting, that *Andovera* had a secret pre-sage of her Son's misfortune : a great shivering went through all her Body, her fancy was filled with fatal objects, and her tears were dried up, as too weak to express the violence of her grief, she embraced the Prince several times, and felt her self fixed to him by something more strong and more extraordinary than the tenderesses of Blood. In fine, *Meroveus* having forced himself from her Arms, as against her Will, he immediately left *Mans* to go in all speed to *Roan*.

It was there that Love and Fortune expected this young Prince, to make him sensible of all that they have most cruel, and to perfect his ruine, which they had conspired together.

In

In all the way he felt himself agitated with an unknown trouble, and which he could not attribute to any of the passions he had felt. After having been received in *Roan* with all the illustrious marks of honour that were due to his quality and his merit, he would go make a visit to *Brunchant*. The nearer he approached the place where she was, the more his trouble and his agitations encreased. By a very capricious effect two contrary motions led him on and stopped him at the same time. In fine, that secret timidity suffering him to do his Devoir, he entred the Princesses Chamber, whom he found plunged into a deep melancholy.

Of all the Darts of Love, there are none whose strokes we receive with less resistance than those which issue from the misfortunes of the person we are to love. The affection of a fair one is so touching a Charm to a generous heart, that it is almost impossible

sible for it to interests it self in her Fate, by the sole sentiments of pity. The Soul softened by so sad an object, easily forgets it self to consider it only : its desires are stirred up, its powers are in motion, and in the midst of this disorder I know not what kind of languishing, mingled with grief and displeasure together, penetrates all its foldings.

If it was a happiness for *Brunchant* to be beloved by *Meroveus*, it may be said the state she was then reduced to, was the greatest favour she had received from Fortune. Her Eyes through Rivers of Tears which run incessantly, sent fearful and languishing looks to the Prince, which immediately found an easie passage to his very heart : The paleness and alteration of her Face did not hinder the admiring still those secret Graces, which procured her as many Adorers, as there were persons who approached her. It even seemed that Love for the better securing his Conquest,

Conquest, had ~~raised~~ the lustre of them.

Meroveus was a long time mute before her, and only answered her Tears with his Sighs. *Brunchaut* took his sadness and silence for an ill augure. She fancied that he came to execute some fatal sentence that *Chilperick*, or rather *Fredegonde*, had pronounced against her; that the sight and Idea of her miseries touched the young Prince: but that his generosity and compassion, would not be capable of over-coming the obedience he owed the King his Father; insomuch that she thought of nothing else than of preparing herself for Death. After having strove to stop for some moments the course of her Tears, she told the Prince, sighing, that amongst all the ills she had foreseen, she had never expected from the utmost rigour of Fortune, what it was going to act against her; that she perceived her fatal hour was come; that she had

courage

courage enough ~~no~~ to murmur at it, and to go without regret to find out her Husband in the Grave : But that she could not suffer without complaining, that a Prince whom she had ever esteemed for his Virtue, should have charged himself with the care of her Death ; that she was but too well assured of it, by those marks even of pity that he gave her, and that he made it enough known by his silence that it was all that he could grant her.

This reproach quite oppress'd *Me-roveus*, it put him entirely out of a condition of explaining his sentiments to *Brunchaut* : Nothing but his Eyes had been able to have discovered something to her, if she had well consulted them. The new trouble she observed in his Face confirmed her in the error she was in. She persuaded her self that the perplexity she saw this Prince in, was a tacite confession of all she had said to him ; when she made a strong reflection

Reflection upon her misfortunes, the excess of her grief made her fall into a swoon. Her Maids who retired out of respect, run all in at the noise they heard, and brought her to her self again.

Meroveus received the first glances of her Eyes half open. His sighs then permitting him to break a silence, that had been so injurious to her, he told the Princess that she was very cruel and unjust to have such low thoughts of him; that no design was formed against her, that the desire only of seeing her had brought him to *Roan*: But though that *Chilperick* and *Fredegonda* should have conspired her ruine, he would not ballance to embrace her defence against them; that he was not only animated to it by his Glory and his Virtue, that he found himself tyed to her by Bonds much more powerful than those of Nature, that she ought not to attribute to his pity alone, the fatal estate her sight had reduced

reduced him to ; that nothing but so strong a passion as Love was capable of producing so strange effects ; that he was resolved to procure her her liberty, even at the peril of his Life ; that he would not force her heart to any acknowledgment for his Services ; but that if without doing violence to her inclinations she could suffer his Vows, he prayed her to favour them, and consent to the happiness of a Prince who might one day make her reign upon the chiefeſt Throne of *France*.

Brunchant was ſo ſurprized with ſo unexpected a diſcourſe, that the exceſs of joy made almoſt in her the ſame effect that grief had done. After having remained a long time mute, ſhe answered the Prince that ſhe ſhould be very credulous to add faith to his words, the preſent juncture of affairs little permitting them to think of ſuch a deſign ; but that if he would give her real marks of his Love, he ought to endeavour her liberty,

but liberty, as he had newly promised her ; that they might afterwards advise more at leisure, of what would be convenient for them to do, for both their repose.

Meroveus too much respected the Princesses will to contradict it : he even stole away from the pleasures, that he should have relished in a longer conversation, to run and give her marks of his obedience and his zeal. He sent for the Governour of the Castle the Princess was in, and told him that he desired she should go out and be at liberty, that he would be responsible, the King should not take it ill, and that he would charge himself with his Conduct. This Officer too much respected his Kings eldest Son, not to consent to what he demanded, he presented him with the Keys of the Castle, and told him that he might use them as he should think fit.

A reflexion which came into *Me-*

E *rovens's*

his mind, hindered him from returning then to the Princess. Never had any fair passion in a great heart been so violent in so little a time as this was. It seemed as if Love had only spared him till then for the making him feel at once all the transports that can agitate a Lover, during several years. The possession of *Brunchaut* appeared to him so perfect a happiness, that it is not to be wondred, if he thought more of securing that than any thing else. By a motion of distrust, very usual to Lovers, he apprehended that the Princess once released out of Prison, would immediately vanish out of his sight; wherefore he fancied that he ought, before all things, employ all his efforts to get her consent to their Marriage.

Whereupon he went to see her the next day: The sight of her did not cause in him any new encrease of Love, his passion being incapable of receiving any. He told her
he

he had found the Captain of the Guards inflexible to his Prayers ; that that Officer durst not dispose of any thing without expresse Orders from Court ; but upon his having assured him, that he would publickly marry the Princess ; as soon as ever she was set free, he had made known to him he would favour his Design ; that she could not then recover her liberty but at that rate ; that, since time pressed, she ought to declare her self with the soonest, and to examine her self if it was not more advantageous for her to enter into Sacred Bonds with a Prince, who would make it eternally all his happiness to please her, than to languish sadly in an obscure Prison.

Though *Meroveus* should have dived into all the most secret thoughts of *Brunchaut*, he could not more agreeably have flattered her desires. She had made several reflexions upon the first visit

Prince. As she had apprehended his Love was only a passing flame, which would be the more easily extinguished, in that it had appeared at first with too much violence, she was displeased with her self that she had not made better use of the occasion, for the deeper engaging him, and that she had too exactly observed scrupulous decencies out of season. She had considered that she could not find a firmer support against the hatred of *Fredegonda*, her mortal Enemy ; that even *Chilperick* could not dispence himself from protecting her, when he saw her his Sons Wife ; that her glory was interessed in this Alliance, since it was the highest Rank she could then aspire to. Neither was this young Prince so indifferent to her, but that Love made her give him the tenderest of her Vows. Wherefore she told him that since she saw her self forced to open to him all her heart, liberty was not the greatest good

good she desired; that she should even consider it as the worst of ills, if it only served to absent her from a person who could alone make her good or ill Fortune; that she had been no less troubled at the sight of the Prince, than he had been at hers; that in fine, the sighs of two hearts were never so well met.

Meroveus, whom this discourse put into an extasie, interrupted it, to make known to the Princess the transports of his joy, by all the terms that Love can put into the mouth of the most passionate Lovers. After which he told her she must hasten so longed for moments, and endeavour without ceasing the establishment of their mutual happiness; that he was going to the Archbishop, *Pretextat*, his God-father, to obtain from him the Dispensation that was necessary for them; that he did not believe he would refuse it him, having al-

ready received from that Prelate, in other rencounters, several marks of a particular affection.

After these words he left her, and run to *Pretextat*'s house, to whom he communicated his Designs, praying him to bring no obstacle to them.

The Prelate strangely surprized with such a piece of News, remonstrated to the young Prince, that he better ought to command his passion and moderate his desires; that what he demanded of him could not be done; that it would cause too great a scandal in the world; and that it would likewise expose them both to the Kings resentment.

This cruel refusal reduced this poor Lover to despair: he begged and threatned by turns, but his prayers and his threatnings were equally in vain, and *Pretextat*, to avoid the ill effects they might produce, left him angrily, and run to
 shut

shut himself up in the most secret place of the House, *Meroveus* went away in such furious transports that he was not himself. He went to *Gailan* his Confident, whom he asked what he should do in that sad case, and that if he judged it not convenient to go seize the *Pretextat* cunningly, for to frighten him, and constrain him to consent to his Marriage with *Brunchant*. *Gailan* was a man of a ripe and settled judgment, who rather deplored the blindness of his Master than inclined to flatter his passion. He told him that he ought not to act with so much precipitation, in an Affair of that importance; that he ought to foresee the ills he would bring upon himself; that *Fredegonda* had already but too much imbibbered the King against him, without giving him still so just a subject of complaint.

Meroveus, whose anger was inflamed at so free a discourse, silenced

his Confident with furious threatnings. He told him, that if he opened his heart to him, it was to learn what way he should take to arrive at the possession of what he loved, and not to know what consequences his Love might have ; that he had foreseen them as well as himself, but that they allarmed him but little, that he should esteem himself too happy, let what would happen, if he once saw himself *Brunchauts* Husband ; that, in fine, he forbid him upon pain of Life, never to make him the like remonstrances.

The passion of this unfortunate Prince proceeded to such an excess, that his great Soul, which had ever been capable of embracing so many things at once, was then wholly possessed with it, it remained in a kind of insensibility for all other objects, and it was not known if it was still susceptible of reason but in entertaining *Brunchaut*. *Gailan* perceiving

perceiving that this Lover was not in a condition to relish any moderate counsel, fancied that the most useful service that he could do him, was to facilitate to him the possession of his Mistress, since if he came to miss of her, it was to be feared his despair might carry him to attempt something against himself. After having asked him pardon for the boldness his zeal had made him take, he told him that the surest means to move *Pretextat*, was not to use rigour and threatnings; that he ought on the contrary renew more and more to him his prayers and submissions, and make known to him that if he shewed himself inexorable, it would infallibly cost the Princes Life, that he only saw two objects capable of giving him repose, his Marriage with *Brunchaut*, or Death.

What weaknesses is not Love capable of making a heart guilty of? And what low sentiments does it

not inspire it with?

Meroveus whom the fear of the greatest dangers, nor even death before his Eyes, had ever been able to make him stoop to his Enemies, embraces *Gailan*, and does himself beg his excuse for his passion. He returned immediately to *Pretextat*'s house, to whom he sent up word, that he beseeched him to hear him yet once more, and that he needed not to apprehend any thing from him.

The Prelate loving this young Prince, was not insensible to his misfortune. He was willing to give him the satisfaction he demanded, and expose himself once more to his sight. He came to him, and observing in his Face a little more tranquility than before, he asked him if he begun to be cured of his passion.

Meroveus viewing him with languishing Eyes, replied, that *Brunchant* reigned too sovereignly in his heart;

heart, to believe he could ever renounce her possession; that this serenity which appeared in his Face, was rather a mark of his despair, than of the tranquility of his Soul; that before he abandoned himself entirely to it, he returned to implore his goodness; that *Pretextat* had his Life and his Fate in his hands, that as soon as he should have assured him that he ought not to pretend to the marriage of the Princess, he would run to Death.

This discourse uttered with an action wholly passionate, so moved *Pretextat*, that he could hardly forbear shedding tears. He begged the Prince to believe that he shared in his grief, and that it was not without regret that he found himself unable to grant what he desired.

At these fatal words, *Meroveus*, seized with a blind fury, drew his Sword, and would have run himself

self through in that Prelate's sight, if he had not been hindred.

Pretextat, who really found by this action, that it concerned the Princes Life to marry him to *Brunchant*, told him, to re-assure him, that since he saw this Marriage was so important to him, he would not resist it any longer ; that however as he would not do any thing against his conscience, and which might displease the Holy See, he was willing to consult first the most understanding Divines of *Roan*, and that within three days at the farthest he would give him a positive answer.

But *Meroveus*, who, besides the impatience of his Love, feared with reason some obstacle on *Chilperick's* and *Fredegonda's* part, was not satisfied with these promises. He would not go from *Pretextat's* house till he had assured him he would go that moment to consult such persons as were fit to clear his doubt.

In

In effect this Prelate lost not any time : He caused several Doctors to assemble in all haste, they all told him it was their opinion, he might celebrate the Princes Marriage without wounding his conscience.

Pretextat after having settled all on Gods side, was likewise willing to keep peace with the King as well as he could, or at least to procure himself Defenders against his resentment. Wherefore he proposed this Alliance to the most considerable of the City, and told them that he would do nothing without their advice. *Fredegonda's Crimes* reflecting upon *Chilperick*, begun to render him as well as she an object of hatred and contempt to all his Subjects. There was not one but looked with Eyes of pity upon *Brunchaut's Captivity* : Inasmuch that *Pretextat* agreeably surprized all those he spoke to of this Affair. Very far from opposing it, they

they encouraged him to procure as soon as possible the happiness of these Lovers, and vowed to him that they would secure him from the King and *Fredegonda's* anger, or that it should cost them their Lives.

Pretextat, after so general a consent, did not balance any longer. He sought for *Meroveus* to acquaint him with this favourable News. This Prince whose passion was more and more irritated, expected with as much fear as impatience the sentence that was to be given him. When he perceived *Pretextat*, he felt his Soul agitated with new alarms, his greedy curiosity was damped on a sudden, and he durst not ask to be informed of his Fate, imagining that he should be too soon instructed with his misfortune. But as soon as the Prelate had assured him that all favoured his Designs, he cast himself at his Feet, and vowed he would

would eternally remember the service that he disposed himself to do him : he prayed him to appoint the next morning for his Marriage with the Princess, and to be himself the sacred Depositor of their mutual Oaths. *Pretextat* easily granted him what he demanded, insomuch that the Prince upon this assurance left him, to go and give notice to his Mistress of what passed.

Brunchaut, who was already acquainted with the Prelates opposing *Meroveus's* desires, was extremely grieved at it : but when this Lover had pronounced to her their mutual happiness, her Tears, with which her Face was all bathed, were dried up in a moment, her griefs vanished, and if there remained any trouble in her Soul, it was only what Love and Joy excited there. During several hours that the Prince stayed with her, ardent sighs and passionate looks, those eloquent

Interpreters

Interpreters of the sentiments of the heart, were even their principal discourse.

Decency having at length parted these two Lovers, *Meroveus* returned home to pass the rest of the night. It was then that this Prince felt more than ever in his Soul those uneasie desires, those lively eagernesses, those impatient transports, those sweet agitations ever blooming; In fine, all that an amorous heart can be sensible of, when it is suddenly to possess what it loves.

That so longed for hour being come, he returned to the Princesses House, whom he told that it was time she should go out of Prison, and that she ought no longer to wear any other Chains than those of Love.

Brunchaut, being willing to make the Empire she had over *Meroveus*, to further her Designs, viewed him with a sad Eye, and which made it
apparent

apparent that there was something wanting to her Vows.

The Prince much startled, pressed her to explain the subject of her grief. Whereupon she made all the persons retire who were in the Chamber, and told that Lover that since he had left her, she had made a serious reflexion upon the important Affair she was going to engage her self in; that a second Marriage so precipitated would in some manner wound her Glory; that this might make several believe that she had been of intelligence with *Sigebert's* Murderers; that she fancied to have heard the Voice of that Husband, who cried Vengeance to her, and reproached her with her weakness and ingratitude.

This Lover, to whom all these Words were as so many Darts
piercing

piercing his Soul, interrupted the Princess, crying, that if she was so cruel as solely to oppose his happiness, by considerations meerly frivolous and chimerical, he would give himself, in her sight, marks of his despair.

Brunchaut, having prayed the Prince to hear her yet one moment, added to what she had told him, that she was too far ingaged to give back, and though she could consent to it, she found that she had not force enough over her self, to hinder her from following the inclination of her heart; but that it was necessary that an illustrious revenge should justify her carriage, and should persuade all people that she would not have returned so soon to the Laws of Marriage, but for the better performing what she owed to *Sigebert's* Manes; that in fine, Victims were required, and that

that before they went to the Altar, she exacted a faithful promise from him, that he would deliver to her such as she thought her due.

Meroveus answered *Brunchant*, that her Will should be eternally the only Rule of his Actions, because that he knew very well that in following them, he should only follow what Glory would inspire him with, whereupon putting a Fence to the ground, he took one of the Princesses hands, and swore he would sacrifice to her such Victims as she should think fit, provided she always excepted the King his Father.

She told him that she only aimed at *Fredegonda* and her Creatures: Inſomuch that theſe Lovers did eaſily reconcile all their ſentiments. They went from the Caſtle to the
Great

Great Church where the Prelate expected them. Never was Nuptial Pomp prepared with so much haste, but one may say that it was more charming than all that Art or Luxury had yet shewn, since Love appeared in triumph there in its greatest lustre.

The crowd of people which run to see so fine a Sight, was so great, that the Souldiers could hardly make a free passage for the Chariot that carryed these Lovers ; and the joy was so generally spread in all hearts, that all places ecchoed the Vows every one sent to Heaven for their prosperity.

That holy Ceremony being finished, the Prelate would treat the new married ; he invited them to a Feast that he had caused to be prepared, with as much neatness and magnificence, as so short a time could

could permit. Several of the chiefest persons of the City were likewise of the Feast. They strove with a kind of emulation to compliment this Royal Pair, and to testify, especially to *Brunchaut*, the extream displeasure they had had in seeing her so unjustly languish in a hard Captivity. The Beauty of this Princess was then in its greatest splendour ; it seemed as if all the Graces were met in her ; and there issued from her Eyes and her Face, I know not what lustre, that had never been observed before, and wherein haughtiness and sweetness made together an agreeable mixture.

Meroveus fixed all his looks upon her, and could not be satisfied with contemplating her ; the more he saw her, the more new Charms did he discover ; and though he had already formed a strong Idea
of

of them, he avowed in himself that the prelence of so rare an object effaced all that his imagination had represented to him in her absence. He waited with an extream impatience for the end of that day, which ought to be the beginning of his happiness, when that illustrious company was told that *Chilperick* and *Fredegonde* were entred the City, followed by a Body of Horse, and that several Squadrons were perceived at a distance coming on.

Meroveus, as struck with Thunder at that fatal News, remained a long time without motion. When he had recovered his Spirits, he did not doubt but that the King, animated by *Fredegonde*, would force the House in which they were, and that his Mother-in-Law would use all her efforts to ruine *Brunchaut*. So that to preserve a
Life

Life that was much more dear to him than his own, he obliged the Princess to fly immediately away with him. These two poor Lovers run to take refuge in the same Church, and at the Feet of the same Altars where they had newly entred into so holy Bonds.

Chilperick, notwithstanding all that *Fredegonde* could say to him, durst not draw them out by force; he was still so much the Master of his resentment, as not to violate the Sacred Asile of all the unhappy. He sent word to those Lovers that they might come out with all safety, that being far from doing them any violence, he would ratifie this Marriage, provided the Church consented to it. How credulous is Love, and how easily does it fall into the Snares that are laid for it? *Brunchaut* having still prudence enough to foresee what would

would happen, remonstrated to *Meroveus*, that they ought not to rely on so suspected and deceitful promises, and that *Fredegonda's* strength lay ordinarily in Treacheries and Artifices.

But this Lover, whom his passion rendred no longer capable of any reflexion, told the Princess that this distrust would only help to irritate the King, whose sight they could not long avoid; that he hoped Nature would be still so strong in his Heart, as to overcome his resentment.

The too easie Princess yielded to the Prayers and Persuasions of *Meroveus*. They both went to deliver themselves as unhappy Victims into the hands of their Enemies.

When they appeared before *Chilperick*,

perick, it was to no purpose their Tears spoke and raised the pity of all the People. This barbarous King, inspired by his Wife, caused them instantly to be shut up in the Castle, but each in a Chamber apart; Insomuch that the unfortunate *Brunchaut* seemed to have breathed only some moments of liberty, to be afterwards the more lively sensible of the rigours of her Prison. These Lovers were treated with so much indignity, as that they were even refused the persons whose service was necessary to them. They were deprived of the consolation they might have had in communicating their thoughts, and in learning what was resolved of against them; In fine, such as were obliged to come into their Chambers, to carry them the necessaries of Life, were forbidden to speak to them, and they had no other entertainment than their Complaints.

In the mean time *Chilperick* caused *Pretextat* to be seized, whom he accused of High Treason. For trying him he caused an Assembly of several other Prelates to be held, of whom the most part were the blind Ministers of *Fredegonde's* passions. *Pretextat* defended himself so courageously, and by such strong reasons, that his Judges, acknowledging themselves his innocence, had recourse to Artifice to condemn him. They remonstrated to him, in secret, that this obstinacy to defend himself would but the more irritate the King, who would have him owe his safety to his Clemency, and that as soon as he should see in him the marks of a submissive Subject, he would cease to trouble him.

Pretextat suffered himself to be seduced by these captious Remonstrances. When that he returned
to

to the Assembly, he confessed before *Chilperick* the Crimes with which he was charged, and made himself, by this imprudent avowal, the Sentence of his Condemnation. For these words were hardly escaped from him, than that the King demanded High Justice of the Prelates, and said that the accused ought to be judged upon his Deposition. Whereupon this innocent Wretch was immediately degraded, and banished to a little Desert Island, near the City of *Contance*, from whence after a long Bondage he was at length re-called, and re-established in his Dignity. But *Fredegonda* not knowing what it was to forget an injury, caused him to be at last assassinated, even as he was celebrating Divine Service.

That wicked Woman made use of all her Addresses and Power with the King, to oblige him to put *Brun-*

chant and *Meroveus* to death. As she saw that Nature was not yet wholly extinguished in *Chilperick*'s heart, and that it did not permit him to shed so unjustly his own Blood, she only demanded that of *Brunchaut*: But her hatred was deceived, and her Victim escaped from her when she least mistrusted it.

The Lords of *Austrasia*, who yet knew nothing of what had passed, sent Deputies to *Chilperick* to redemand of him their Queen, and remonstrate to him that they could not suffer she should be detained longer from them, without any reason; and that they were ready to implore Succours of all the neighbouring Princes, to procure satisfaction in this point. The Affair being seriously treated of in the Kings Council, this Demand was found so just and reasonable, that, notwithstanding all that *Fredogonda*

degonda could say, it was resolved that *Brunchaut* should return unto her Territories, and should depart with the Ambassadors. Whereupon she was released out of Prison, and *Meroveus* likewise out of his at the same time.

Fredegonde, in whom this departure caused transports of rage and despair, did all that she could to moderate them by an imperfect vengeance, since that she could not entirely exercise it. As it was impossible for her to find any comfort, but in the unhappiness of these Lovers, she ordered they should be released together out of the Castle; and that they should see one another once more; this cruel pleasure she only granted them that they might be the more lively sensible of their fatal separation, and that they might have the Idea of it the more present.

Meroveus fixing his looks upon the Princess, met with hers, which for the last time sought the Princes heart, to explain to it her Love and her Grief. Never was a farewell so tender and so mourning: Several confused sighs were almost the language that these Lovers held.

Brunchaut at length disappearing from the Eyes of *Meroveus*, he was shut up in a Cloyster, where, by a *Capricio* as fantastical as unjust, the King caused him to be shaved, and engaged him in the Orders against his Will, believing thereby to deprive him of all means of ever intriguing in the World. A strange and pernicious Policy of Men! who abuse Religion even for the execution of their Crimes, and make use of the most Sacred Mysteries, as easie Instruments for their bringing to pass their unjust enterprizes.

Chilperick,

Chilperick, after having sent *Brun-
chant* away, returned to *Paris*, with
Fredegonda, and left his Son to di-
gest at leisure his vexations in his
solitude.

It was then that the heart of this
Prince was wracked by alarms
much more cruel than all those
with which he had been yet sei-
zed, and that he found himself
agitated with all the other passions
that are the usual effects of an un-
happy Love. When he thought
how treacherously Fortune had dealt
with him, that he considered that
it had only brought him near his
happiness, to make his loss of it
the more sensible, he fell under his
Grief. That charming Image of
the Princesses Beauty that was so
deeply impressed in his heart, and
which incessantly offered it self to
his Eyes, did only help to encrease
his ills, and augment his regrets.

But his main trouble was the uncertainty he was in of *Brunchaut's* Fate, and was in a mortal fear that *Fredegonde* had caused her to be assassinated upon the Way. He could not conceive this Idea without despair, and it was however what hindred him from attempting any thing himself, because he would not abandon his Life, without being assured of that of the Princess. It was to no purpose he inquired News of her, all People were deaf to his Prayers, and the continual Favours that *Fredegonde* bestowed upon that House, stopped the mouths of all the Religious. He likewise tryed all manner of ways to escape from that place ; but his endeavours were still fruitless, till that his Enemy her self facilitated to him the execution of this Design to compleat his ruine.

Fredegonde had lately brought
forth.

forth a Son to *Chilperick*, whom she designed for the Throne, and fore-seeing that *Meroveus*, after the Kings Death, might return from his Vows with so much the more ease, in that his heart had ever disavowed them; she fancied that nothing but this Princes Death could secure the Crown to her Son: Wherefore she resolved of it, let what would happen: Of all the Creatures she had made; the most powerful was *Bozon*, Lieutenant-General of *Sigebert's* Armies: This man since the Death of that Prince had ever remained at *Sigebert's* Court, who considered him upon *Fredegonda's* recommendation. She one day told this Favourite, that she must exact an important Service from him; and that she would fully acknowledge it. *Bozon* assured her that he was ready to undertake all things for her. Whereupon she communicated to

F. 5.

him.

him her Design of dispatching *Meroveus*, and proposed to him the proper means for that end: He approved them, and they resolved to cast so horrid a Crime upon *Gailan* the Princes Confident, and to perplex him in this Affair.

Bozon went privately away from Court, taking such persons with him as he had an absolute power over. He went to find out *Gailan*, to whom he said he was resolved to attempt *Meroveus's* Liberty, whose misfortune he deplored, that he had several Friends in the House he was in; that he hoped to oblige the Religious to leave him to him, and that he would then conduct him into *Austrasia*, where the Queen his Wife would be sure to receive him with joy.

Gailan's Affection for his Master

fter was too great to refuse fo fair a Proposition. He encouraged *Bozon* to fo fair and generous an enterprize, and assured him that if he was happy enough to bring it to pafs, the Prince would not be ungrateful. They went together to the place where he was, and *Bozon* made *Gailan* to expect him at the Door.

Bozon, feeing the Prince, told him that the resentment that he had of the ills that his Enemies made him suffer fo unjustly, had brought him to that place, where, by the means of Prayers and Promises, he was suffered to come to him.

Meroveus immediately interrupted him, to ask News of *Brunchant*.

Bozon assured him that she reigned

ed peaceably in *Austrasia*, and renewing his discourse, he related to the Prince that he was upon the point of returning thither ; that if he would suffer himself to be conducted by his zeal, he would procure his liberty ; that *Gailan* expected them twenty Paces from thence with a Troop of trusty Men ; that they would go together into that Country, where he did not doubt but the Queen would receive him with open Arms.

Meroveus, transported with joy, at this obliging Discourse, embraced *Bozon*, told him that he would follow him where ever he would lead him, and swear to him that he would equal the recompence to the greatness of the Service.

Bozon told him that he needed only to come out, and that the Religious,

ligious, who had care of the Door, attended. *Meroveus* marched immediately with him, they traversed all the Cloisters, and likewise passed the Door without any obstacle; insomuch that this Prince then fancied that Fortune, after so many outrages, would be at length reconciled to him. They went to *Gailan* and the other persons with him. *Gailan* was in an extasie to see his Prince again, for whom he had so tender and so sincere an affection. This little Troop, without losing any time, marched with all speed towards *Austrasia*.

When they were within a League of *Metor*, *Bozon* remonstrated to the Prince, that it was not convenient to pass further without giving the Queen notice, because that the sight of the Prince might alarm all the Court, who would imagine, with some appearance of reason,

reason, that it would be a new subject of War with *Chilperick* ; that therefore it was fit *Gailan* should be sent, who, being unknown, might the more easily, and without being suspected, speak in secret to *Brunchaut*.

Meroveus was loath to consent to this Proposition, because his love drew him with too much violence towards the Princess. But he was forced at length to yield to it, and durst not openly contradict *Bozon*. *Gailan* went from the Prince, in hopes of doing him an important Service ; In the mean time he did not foresee, that his absence would facilitate to the Assassins, the execution of their detestable enterprize.

After that *Meroveus* had refreshed himself sometime, in a Country House, *Bozon* asked him,
if

if he would not go meet *Gailan*.

This Lover impatiently longing to see *Brunchant* again, received this notice with joy. They all marched hastily towards *Metor*, and when they were come into a Wood which was but half a League from it, *Bozon* having given the signal, to those he had chosen for this horrible Sacrifice, two of those perfidious Wretches stabbed that unfortunate Prince with their Ponyards, and bathed them in his Blood.

Bozon returned immediately towards *Paris*, to give an account to *Fredegonde*, and the Assassins according to the Order they had received, hid themselves in the Wood, waiting for *Gailan*, who came some moments after. When he perceived *Meroveus* in so fatal a condition, he was seized with
such

such an horrou, which made him make a great shriek.

Meroveus at this noise opening his Eyes, and still knowing *Gailan*, rallied all the Life he had left him, to ask him how the Queen did ?

Gailan saw that the Prince was upon the point of dying, and that all the help he endeavoured to give him would be useless ; so that he thought of nothing, but satisfying his last desire. He drew a Letter out of his Pocket, that *Brunchaut* had given him, and put into *Meroveus* his hands.

The Prince re-assumed as much as he could his languishing looks, he fixed them upon this Paper, and it seemed as if Love stopped the stroke of Death, to permit this Lover to enjoy this last delight. So that

that he had strength enough to read the Letter; which is as follows.

I Am extremely grieved, Sir, to see that my Authority is not yet so well settled; as to go and receive you, with all the lustre that my Devoir and my Love require. Be pleased to come this Evening secretly to Court with your Confident, who can introduce you to me, and we will advise together of the means to make you known to the People, without danger. Farewell. I impatiently long to embrace you.

BRUNCHAUT.

As soon as the Prince had read these last words, he glewed his mouth upon the Paper, and breath'd his last in a great sigh.

At the same time the Murder-
ers

ers thundered out of the place they were concealed in, upon *Gai-lan*, accused him of the Princes Death; and having seized him, returned towards *Paris*, and presented him to the King. It was to no purpose this unhappy Man called Heaven to Witness his innocence, and to make Oaths that caused astonishment and pity in all those that heard him. *Fredegonde* upon the Deposition of her Creatures, judged him Criminal, and even persuaded *Chilperick*, who caused his Nose and Ears, his Feet and Hands to be cut off.

When *Brunchaut* had learn'd this Tragical Death, she did not at all doubt from what hand the Blows came. She would have invaded *Chilperick's* Territories, but as the Publick Interest was more considerable than her own, her Council opposed this Design, wherein

wherein there was more to be feared than hoped. Thus all the Devoir she could practice towards *Mervens*, was reduced to the giving him her Tears, and to nourish a long time desires, without power, to revenge his Death.

FINIS.

*Books Printed for R. Bentley and
M. Magnes, in Russel-street in
Covent-Garden.*

THe History of the Passions, in
Octavo.

Plato's Apology for *Socrates*, in
Octavo.

Dr. whitby of Idolatry, in *Octavo.*

Dr. whitby of Host-Worship, in
Octavo.

Dr. whitby's Answer to *Mr. Cressley*.

Mr. Chamberlain's Poems, in *Octavo.*

Moral Essays, in 2 Vol. in *Twelves.*

A Prospect of Humane Misery, in
Twelves. 6 AU 55

Vanity of Honour, in *Twelves.*

Bishop *Andrews* Devotions, in
Twelves.

The Princess of *Cleve*, the most fa-
med Romance, in *Octavo.*

Memoirs of Madam *Maria Manchi-
ni*, in *Octavo.*

The Heroine Musqueteer, in 4 parts,
in *Twelves.*

The Happy Slave, in 3 parts, in
Twelves. The

The Disorders of Love, in *Twelves*.
The Triumphs of Love, in *Twelves*.
Zelinda, A Romance, in *Twelves*.
Count *Brion* ; or, the Cheating Gallant, in *Twelves*.

The Obliging Mistress, in *Twelves*.
Fatal Prudence, in *Twelves*.

Count *Cabalis*, in *Twelves*.

Double Cuckold, in *Twelves*.

Almanzor and *Almanzaida*, in *Twelves*.

The Pilgrim, A Novel, in *Twelves*.

The Princess of *Monferrat*, A Novel, in 2 parts.

The Pilgrim, the 2^d. Part.

Homais Queen of *Tunis*, A Novel.

Gallant Memoires; or the Amours of a Person of Quality, in *Twelves*.

Amours of the *French* King, and *Madam Lavalieur*.

Amours of *Madam*——and the Count *de*——

Meroveus, A Novel.

The Extravagant Poet, A Novel.

Plays Written by John Dryden, Esq;

Mr. *Limberham*, or the Kind-Keeper.
Oedipus,

Oedipus,
Mistaken Husband, } in part.
Notes on Morocco,

Plays written by Mr. Lee.

Nero, A Tragedy.

Glorian, a Tragedy.

The Rival Queens a Tragedy.

Mythridates, a Tragedy.

Cesar Borgia, A Tragedy.

Plays written by Mr. Crown.

Andromache, A Tragedy.

Calisto, A Masque at Court.

Country-Wit, A Comedy.

Destruction of Jerusalem, in 2 parts.

The Miseries of Civil-War.

Plays written by Mrs. Bhen.

Forced Marriage, A Tragi-Comedy.

Town-Fop, A Comedy.

Abdellazar, A Tragedy.

Madam Fickle,

Fond-Husband, } Comedies.

Virtuous Wife, }

Plain-Dealer, A Comedy, By Mr.
Wicherly.

All Mistaken, } By Mr. Howard.
English Monsieur, }

Generous Enemies, A Comedy, By
Mr. Corey. *Tartuff,*

Tartuff, A Comedy; By Mr. *Medburn*.

The Orphan, Or the Unhappy Marriage.

Theodosius, Or the Force of Love.

Souldiers Fortune.

Henry the Sixth, with the Murther of the good Duke of *Glocester*, in 2 parts.

King *Lear*.

Thyestes.

Tamerlane the Great.

Moor of *Venice*.

Unhappy Favourite.

French Books.

La vie & les faicts memorables de l'Evesque de Munster.

Le Pelerin: Nouvelle Curieuse.

Histoire du Grand Tamerlan.

Les Satyres de Boileau.

Tamerlan: ou la mort de Bajazet. Tragedie.

Bellorophon: Tragedie.

Instruction morale d'une Pere a son fils.

Silvii, Opera Medica.

Les

Les Commentaires de *Cæsar*, par Al-
bancourt.

La Noble Venitienne : Histoire gal-
lante.

Memoires de Pontis. 2 Vol.

Memoires sur l'origine des guerres.
2 Vol.

Lacedemone antienne & nouvelle.
2 Vol.

Merovee fils de France ; Nouvelle
historique.

Memoires de Madam de Ravezan, en
4 part.

Mademoiselle de Tournon.

6 AU 55
The third Volume of the Moral Es-
says, in *Twelves*.

A Tragedy in Heroick Verse : Writ-
ten by two Ladies.

The Rival-Mother, a Novel.

A perfect School for the Officers of
the Mouth.

The Emperour and Empire betray-
ed, by whom and how.

The Policy of the Clergie of *France*
to destroy poor Protestants.

Moral Essays, the fourth Volume, in
the Press.

THE
Count of *Amboise* ;
OR, THE
GENEROUS LOVER.
A
NOVEL.

Written Originally
In French by Madam ***
AND

Rendred into English by P. B. Gent.

Dedicated to the
Dauphiness of *France*.

PART I.

LONDON,

Printed for R. Bentley and M. Magnes in
Russet-street in Covent-Garden. 1689.



Printed for R. Bowley and M. Martin in
Rush-Hall in Covent-Garden. 1809

T O

Mrs. Elizabeth Slingsby.

Madam,

YOUR natural Inclinations,
your Ingenuity, and your
Virtuous Education, have
such an affinity with that
which render'd this Heroine so ac-
complish'd, as she is here represented,
that I thought I should wrong her
Memory, and your Merits, in not de-
dicating to You this Story of her A-
mours, as to the fittest Person, to
vindicate and defend from the envi-

The Dedication.

ous Censure of Malice, that Management which she us'd in so nice a Cause, in which meer Chance and her own Misfortune had involv'd her. She, like You, had an entire dependncy on her Mother's grave Counsels and Advices, such a Mother, as like yours, was endowed with all the Prudence and Discretion, that was requisite to govern so accomplish'd a Daughter; She, like You, had an exquisite Judgment, to discern Persons, before entering into any Engagement, further than what the modest Converse of a decent Visit would afford. She, like You, had such reservedness in all her Actions, and so strict a Watch over her Desires, that nothing but the fatal mistake through which she gave

The Dedication.

to a worthy Person that Heart, which was design'd for another by a discreet Mother's Choice, could have produc'd that mischief, which prov'd the unhappiness of her whole Life. May the Comparison terminate here, Madam, and you never have occasion to act any further her Part, by keeping such a constant Guard on your Heart; as may secure it from all Surprises; such a Jewel can never be too carefully preserv'd, while there are so many men that would leave no ways unattempted to the possession of it, even by the advantage of such an unfortunate mistake, by which Madmoiselle of Roye lost hers; and when the Time which the Heavens have appointed for the

The Dedication.

change of your Condition is come, in lieu of such a Disaster, may you be blest with a Person worthy your Affections ; that is, with one accomplish'd with all the Gifts of Nature, and the Saperstructure of Arts, with such a Person as would be the Object of the Vows of every one that knows your Merits. Amongst the Crowd of those your Admirers, I beg for admittance, in Quality of,

MADAM,

Your most humble

Servant,

P. Bellon.

TO
MADAM
THE
DAUPHINESS.

Madam,

THE favourable Reception, which you have been pleased to afford to my first Novel,

A 4

makes

The Epistle

makes me hope the same Favour for this, I have now more need of your Protection than ever: I compose the History of a Man, who is so Generous to yield his Mistress to his Rival, and now there being but few Men capable of such great Things, and that Persons are rarely mov'd but with such things towards which they have some-disposition, I have cause to fear the success of this Book. But, Madam, great and lofty Sentiments are met with in Royal Souls. Above all, they

Dedictory.

they are in yours in the Superlative, and peradventure in that respect the Count *D'Amboise* may please you. If I durst entertain that Hope, I should have no cause to complain, seeing that those who would not be fit to relish it, would at least be capable of having a Respect for your Gusto. But it is not in that single Vow, Madam, that I take the liberty of presenting You with it, it is to have the Ambition of rendring You once more an Homage which is so justly due to
You

The Epistle, &c.

You by your eminent Qualities, and above all by your Bounties. I am with a profound Respect,

M A D A M,

Your most humble

and most obedient

*Servant * * **

T O

TO THE
READER.

IT has been observ'd, that in my first Novel there were some places in which Nature was not well enough copied, and that partak'd more of Conception than of Sentiment. Though I am not asham'd of that Reproach, I have however endeavour'd on the Remarks that have been made me, to carry so far my Inspections, as to mark the difference of a real Passion, from that which is but an over-studied Idea of it. And I hope that this History will be found more natural than the other in the Sentiments. It will also be found more extraordinary in the Action; and I believe not that it is a defect; for though that Persons of an ordinary Gusto, are accustomed to fancy every thing ridiculous that is not common, great Wits find a disgust in things that are mean and low. They fan-
sie

To the Reader.

ſie always to ſee the ſame Romance, becauſe they always meet with the ſame ſtrokes, I flatter my ſelf, that this Turn has not yet been ſeen; and I have not any thing at all to fear, except that it is not very likely a Lover ſhould be generous. Thoſe Diſcourſes which are daily made of Lovers, gives place to this Scruple; but after all it is but a Scruple, on which I paſs in favour of that which is great in the Idea. Peradventure that ſome may complain that I reward not the Count of Amboiſe's Vertue, but I deſign to puniſh his Paſſion, I have already declar'd in the Preface of Elenor of Yvrée, that my deſign was to repreſent none but unfortunate Loves, that I may combat as much as in me lyes, that tendency which we have for that Paſſion.

THE

THE

Count of *Amboise*.

A

NOVEL.

PART I.

THE Reign of *Francis* the
Second appear'd in its be-
ginning very agreeable
and happy. The Queen
his Wife, was one of the most
beautiful and most ingenious Per-

B

for

sons in the World. His Court was compos'd of part of those Illustrious Persons that had form'd that of *Henry* the Second, and the Ladies had as great shares of Agreements, as the Men had of Valour. The Count of *Amboise*, and the Marquis of *Sansac* did distinguish themselves in it. Their Families had always been of opposite Interests; and though they were not declared Enemies, they had a certain Emulation which seem'd to have some Consequences depending. They were both equally well made, nothing could be disputable in the one, but by the other; and it verily seem'd as if they were to contest all things betwixt them.

The Countess of *Roye* being a Widow, had retired her self at two Leagues distance from *Paris* to a Country-house, where she receiv'd no Visits but from some particular

lar Friends. She had a Daughter perfectly beautiful, who had not yet appear'd. She did design to marry her before bringing of her to Court, and she made choice of the Count of *Amboise* from amongst all those that were propos'd to her. That Marriage, which was equally advantageous to him and to Madmoiselle of *Roye*, was concluded on, even before they had had an Interview; but she having the Repute of being a great Beauty, Monsieur of *Amboise* did flatter himself very much with the thoughts that she should be his; and it may be said, That desires and hope did already form in his Heart the beginnings of a Passion, before he had seen its Object.

Though Madmoiselle of *Roye* might have been possess'd with that kind of insensibility, which Solitude usually gives, the quickness

of her Apprehension did make her to recieve and entertain the first impressions that were given her, and what she heard her Mother say of the Count's good Meen, Wit, and Generosity, did create in her an Esteem, which dispos'd her towards the receptions of farther impressions.

That day in which he was to give her the first Visit, she had dress'd her self with more care than usually, and she was of a Beauty to charm all those that beheld her. It was in one of those agreeable Summers days that invite to take the Air. The Sun that had not appear'd that day, gave place to a delicious Coolness; and Madmoiselle of *Roye* was walking in one of the Avenues of the House with two Ladies of her Mother's acquaintance, who were come to dine with her. It being early enough yet not to expect
the

the Count of *Amboise*, and Madam of *Roye* was busied about some Conserves, she was well pleas'd that the Walk did divert them during that time which she was to employ in business. They were already come to the end of a Walk, where there was an Arbour open on every side, very pleasant, and in which they were going to enter to seat themselves, when they perceiv'd a Cavaleer, who alighting from his Horse, left his Followers behind him, and advanc'd towards them. Still as he approach'd, she observ'd his shape and Air, which appear'd worthy of all the attention that she afforded them. She doubted not but that it was Monsieur of *Amboise*, he came at the appointed day, his earnestness could not displease her. The good Meen of that Person that she saw, did correspond to that Idea which she had

fram'd in her self of the Count. Those Ladies that were with her did not know him, as belonging not to the Court. They had learnt that he was expected that day, and they also were of opinion that it was he. They bestowed Praises on him, which added the more to prepossess her in his behalf.

Madmoiselle of *Roye* found her duty very easie, and it may be that she hastned her self a little too much to observe it; Monsieur *Amboise* was the Person that was to inspire her with that Joy which is given at the first encounter of that Object which ought to please; but it was in favour of the Marquess of *Sansac* that she had been made sensible of it. Chance had conducted him there, he was coming from a Lady of his Relation, and having found himself near to Madam of *Roye's* House, some discourse

course which he had heard of her Daughter's Beauty, did make him take that occasion to give them a Visit. He had not seen Madam of *Roye* since the death of her Husband ; she liv'd in so close a Retirement, that none had yet attempted to disturb her ; but he thought that after a year of Mourning, she would make no scruple of receiving him.

He approacht the Ladies, and though he knew them not, he said all that Politeness and Gallantry could inspire him with in that rencontre, but he presently did distinguish Mademoiselle of *Roye* from the rest ; of truth, though one of them was young, and beautiful also, the Beauty of Mademoiselle of *Roye* was so perfect, that one could not behold any other but hers, in any place where she appear'd ; she found I know not what of pleasing in this Adventure,

which gave her an inclination to continue it. She intreated the Ladies not to tell her Name, and knowing that those Concerns, which detain'd her Mother, would not be so soon ended, she propos'd to the Company to go seat themselves in the Arbour.

That Road which the Marquess of *Sanfac* had taken, would not let him doubt but that it led to Madam of *Roye's*; he went not about to conceal that design, and those Ladies confirming themselves in the opinion, that he was Monsieur of *Amboise*, did put divers nice Questions to him on Madmoiselle of *Roye's* account, which gave him to understand, that they took him for that Count, who he knew to be on the very point of marrying her. They ask'd him, whether he had not wherewith to accuse himself for amusing with them, when he was on

on the point of seeing so beautiful a Person. She blush'd at this, after a manner which helpt to persuade him, that he was not deceiv'd in the thoughts that she was *Madmoiselle of Roye*.

The place where he met with her, and her extraordinary Beauty, had already given him great suspicions of it ; but then he doubted of it no longer, and guess'd by what was told him, that she had not yet seen the Count of *Amboise*, and that he was expected. The Adventure pleas'd him in his turn, that Errour caus'd him to be favorably look'd upon by a beautiful Person, he took upon him not to answer positively, that he might not undeceive them, and to take off all blame from him, when they should come to know him. *There cannot be had a greater Idea of Madmoiselle of Roye's Beauty, than I have,* said he ; *Tet it is hard for*

me to believe that she is above that which I see here, added he, looking on her in a manner which did perswade her that he was taken. She took a most sensible delight in all that pass'd there, and was highly pleas'd with the sudden effect of her Charms, in a manner which still conduc'd to render her favourable unto him, who gave her to understand that he was sensible of their Power. They had already been an hour in that Arbour, when a great showre of Rain besieg'd them. No body was sorry for it, the Conversation was so pleasing, that it was not possible for them to compute the time that they stay'd there. Monsieur of *Sansac* had an incomparable agreement in his Person, and in all that he said, and his natural Briskness was the more heightned by all that was of surprising in that rencounter.

Madmoi-

Madmoiselle of *Roye* was ravish'd to find him so worthy of her, their Eyes met more than once after a manner which caus'd her to blush, and which afterwards made her to avoid those of Monsieur of *Sansac*. Of truth, though she believ'd him to be the Count of *Amboise*, and that she was to marry him, she was sensible of I know not what that was independant of her Duty, which she was loth to unravel. She had all the leisure to abandon her self to an Errour, which was to prove so fatal to her in the pursuit: for the storm did not cease, and they could not stir out of the Arbour. At last Monsieur of *Amboise* came, and perceiving Ladies in the Arbour, he went towards it, taking them to be Madam and Madmoiselle of *Roye*.

He found not there that Countess which he had seen at Court;
but

but he presently knew her Daughter by the Picture that had been made him of her, and on the same grounds which had before given the Marquess of *Sansac* to understand that it was she; so that he address'd his Compliments to her. Yet considering that he might be mistaken, and the presence of so many Persons retaining him, he advanc'd nothing which could precisely mark that he was the Person which they expected.

He deserv'd no less than the Marquess of *Sansac* to entertain that Company, an agreeable shape above the common, a noble Air, I know not what of fine and passionate, did render him most capable of pleasing. The Ladies did him all the Justice which he deserv'd; but Madmoiselle of *Roye* was troubled to be constrain'd to doubt which of the two was her Lover: She looked on both of them

them, as if to ask which it was that she was oblig'd to love, but it was with a certain difference, which seem'd to mark that she would gladly have had him to be Monsieur of *Sansac*.

The Eldest of the Ladies, who perceiv'd the confusion in which that young Person was, thought fit to cause it to cease. Madam of *Roye's* Women having been forc'd to retire into the Arbour also, because of the Rain, she sent one of them to ask the Name of Monsieur of *Amboise*, from his people, and having learnt it, she had Mademoiselle of *Roye* inform'd of it.

That young Lady could not forbear looking on him with more coldness than she naturally ought to have had. The briskness of the Conversation had enlivened her Face, and increas'd her Beauty; Monsieur of *Amboise* did consider her with the interest of a man
for

for whom she was design'd ; and in spite of that Idea , which he had conceiv'd of her , he still found occasion of being surpris'd ; but the manner with which she receiv'd him , did not afford him a relish of those Charms which the birth of a Passion usually excites in the Heart , and Love did even deny him that very first satisfaction.

She beheld Monsieur of *Sansac* without reflecting on it with less Caution than before, as if she had bid him Adieu with that Look, and that she were become more bold when she was to devest herself of all Hopes , than she had been a moment before , when she thought that she might have produc'd the same in him.

Monsieur of *Amboise* had his Eyes too much fix'd upon Mademoiselle of *Roye* , not to follow hers ; it may also be, that the natural

tural opposition of *Sansac* and he; did promote his fears ; in fine, he mistrusted part of the truth.

The storm still continu'd, and Madam of *Roye*, who had made an end of those businesses, which had detained her, came to fetch them in her Coach. She did not expect to find the Marquess of *Sansac* there : However she was not backwards in shewing him much respect. That Countess set forth to Monsieur of *Amboise* all the Esteem which she had for his Merit, and the joy she was in to see him ; but those Civilities diverted him not from that disagreeable Idea which he had taken against his Will.

Madam of *Roye* did lead them into her Apartment, and the divers agitations which disjoyned that Company, created in it some kind of uneasiness. The Count of *Amboise*, who naturally lov'd
not

not *Sanfac*, did think that Mar-
quess's Visit too long. It want-
ed not much of Monsieur of *San-*
ac's thinking the same of the
Count of *Amboise*, though he was
not ignorant of the design that
brought him, but at last he was
forc'd to quit the place to him.

The Ladies departed also, and
the Count of *Amboise* remain-
ed the last. He inform'd Mad-
moiselle of *Roye* how much the
advantage of being design'd for
her did charm him; but he told
her at the same time, that if he
was not so happy as to touch her
Heart, he found himself in a con-
dition much to be pitied. Mad-
moiselle of *Roye* made answer, that
she had no Heart to give, but on-
ly a Duty to follow. The Air
with which she pronounc'd those
words, was not proper to give
Hopes to a Lover. She took lit-
tle care of keeping up the Conver-
sation,

sation, but she shew'd enough of Wit to finish that which her Beauty had began, and to create difficulties enough to the possession of her Heart, to render the Count's Passion most ardent from that very day.

When Madmoiselle of *Roye* was alone, she remain'd in a profound study, and though she did not yet unravel her Sentiments as to Monsieur of *Amboise* and Monsieur of *Sansac*, she however fancied this last to be the most amiable.

For his part, he had been struck with Madmoiselle of *Roye's* Beauty. He had observ'd, that his Conversation did not displease her, and that she had receiv'd the Count of *Amboise* with some coldness, in-somuch that he carried none but agreeable and pleasing Ideas back with him.

He spoke of her at Court with such great Elogies, that the Queen
grew

grew impatient to see her, and he having learn'd from Madam of *Roye*, that they should not return so soon from the Country, he inform'd the Queen thereof, who seem'd to be sorry.

Sanfac, who wanted but some pretence to return to Madam of *Roye*, oblig'd himself in going to inform her of the Queen's thoughts: He did see Madmoiselle of *Roye* a second time, he fancied that he discern'd some satisfaction in her Eyes; he said a thousand things to her, which those dispositions, in which she was towards him, did make her easily to apprehend, and that at the same time could not be displeasing to Madam of *Roye*. The Count of *Amboise*, who had right to visit them often, came in the time that Monsieur of *Sanfac* was retiring. A second Visit of that Marquess did trouble him. His
distur-

disturbance which discover'd it self to Madmoiselle of *Roye*, caus'd her to fancy him whimsical, which made an end of losing him in her Esteem.

She felt in her self an indifferency for him, before she knew that *Sanfac* was the Cause of it. Those Cares which the Count did render her, grew uneasie, and presently gave her an aversion towards him, which she oppos'd in vain. Any man for whom one is oblig'd to have some regard, does always make himself hated, when he causes not himself to be belov'd.

The Count of *Amboise* did easily perceive that Madmoiselle of *Roye* lov'd him not, he mistrusted the Cause of it, and according to the Custom of unfortunate Lovers, he sought to inform himself more particularly of that knowledge, of which he had
not

not sufficiency enough yet to make him entirely miserable.

One day that the King was walking, follow'd by the whole Court ; this Count perceiving that *Sansac* was at some distance from the Crowd, drew near him to speak of Madmoiselle of *Roye*. But though they both had equal desires, neither of them could resolve to begin. At last, *Amboise* followed his design, he prais'd her highly, and *Sansac* said but little, as much it might be, not to be of his Rival's opinion, as for fear of discovering his Love. Mean time the Count of *Amboise* was not in a condition of receiving any satisfaction, he had been uneasie, if the Marquess of *Sansac* had too much admired Madmoiselle of *Roye*, and he was so likewise, because he would not praise her sufficiently.

Few hours after his Jealousie was

was entirely confirm'd. That night, at the King's Apartment, the Conversation being fallen on the Beauty of some Ladies of the Court, the Marquess of *Sanfac*, who was no longer restrain'd by the presence of Monsieur of *Amboise*, could not forbear praising highly Madmoiselle of *Roye's* Beauty, he was speaking of it with great Transport when the Count came in. The King perceiving him at distance, *Here's Sanfac*, said he to him, raising his voice, *who says more wonderful things of Madmoiselle of Roye's Beauty, than you ever told us.* These two Rivals blush'd at those words: that redness was observ'd; they were play'd upon for it the rest of that night, and they had occasion of all their Wit to oppose the Raileries, they both knew more particularly in that occasion, what either of them had of Parts, and they

they esteem'd each other, but to hate the more.

The Count of *Sansac*, Father to the Marquess, had some thoughts to marry his Son to Madmoiselle of *Anebault*, whose Beauty might have rendred happy a man that had not lov'd Madmoiselle of *Roye* ; he durst not oppose himself openly to his Father's Will, but he retarded that Marriage, and he had a great repugnancy against it. Madam of *Roye* at that time did bring her Daughter to Court, where she receiv'd all the Applause that she merited.

She gain'd both Lovers and Enemies. The Countess of *Tournon* was of the number of those to whom her Beauty caus'd some discontent, and who did the best dissemble it. The Count of *Sancerre* did find her perfectly lovely, but durst not own that he lov'd her, because he did not suspect

pect that Monsieur of *Amboise* could be hated. Soon after, he took a Journey, which helpt him to conceal his Passion, but not to cure it.

Madmoiselle of *Roye* stay'd not long without knowing that the Marquess of *Sanfac* was to be married to Madmoiselle of *Anebault*; she was surpris'd at this News, and much more to find her self so concern'd at it against her Will. She apply'd her self toward that Lady about it, and to find defects in him.

Monsieur of *Amboise's* Marriage was on the point of being concluded, when that there happen'd some difficulties in it, which had not been foreseen. The King had some knowledge of an Insurrection which the Prince of *Condé* was promoting in the Kingdom, and because the Count was particularly link'd to him, it was believ'd that
 he

he had a hand in it, though there was no proof against him, it was sufficient that there were some distrusts to have a strict Watch kept on his Actions. There was no Policy to let him marry a Kinswoman of the Prince of *Conde*, before his Conduct were clear'd.

Divers things pass'd during that Retardment, Madam of *Roye* not knowing any thing of *Sanfac's* Sentiments towards her Daughter, did receive him, as she did other Persons of the Court. Her Daughter did inform her self with too much care about the Marriage of Madmoiselle of *Anebault*, to be ignorant of the resistance that he made against it, and it was not difficult for her to find that she had more than ordinary concerns in it. That Interest which she had for all the Actions of that Marquess, did every moment confirm her in an opinion, that she
had

had made him sensible. She did follow that tendency with some scruple, but still she follow'd it.

Sansac did every day observe some little effects of *Mademoiselle of Roye's* passion, which charm'd him; mean time, in those Terms that she was with *Monsieur of Amboise*, he durst not speak openly to her, for fear of losing those marks of her tenderness, if he should force her to unravel them; but he intrusted *Mademoiselle of Sansac* his Sister, with the Sentiments which he had for *Mademoiselle of Roye*, and he intreated her to contract, if she could, a strict Friendship with her, and to endeavour to destroy *Monsieur of Amboise* in her opinion, that the Count's Marriage, which was already retarded through Policy, might be so likewise by that indifferency which she might have for him.

C

Madmoi-

Madmoifelle of *Sansac* was at first troubled in being oblig'd to render some ill Offices to a Person for whom she had a singular Esteem; but that very Esteem did insensibly lead her to act against his Marriage: She being very ingenious, and Sister to *Sansac*, it was not difficult for her to enter into a very close Commerce of Friendship with Madmoifelle of *Raye*, who did not conceal from her the sorrow she was to see her self design'd for an Husband, for whom she had so little inclination. She would do Justice to his good Parts and Qualities, but it was with a kind of reservedness. His Merit was a kind of secret Reproach to her of that indifferency she had for him; She hated him because he lov'd her, and because he deserv'd to be belov'd.

Madmoifelle of *Sansac*, who was Maid of Honour to the Queen, and
who

who was the best treated by her; offer'd her all her Services towards that Princess, to bring her to speak to Madam of *Roye*, that that Marriage might be broke off. Madmoifelle of *Roye*, who fear'd displeasing of her Mother, did at first oppose it with some earnestness; yet she gave her opportunity to see, that if the thing could have been done without concerning her self in it, she had been pleas'd at it.

There needed no more to oblige Madmoifelle of *Sansac* to serve her. She was to go to the Spaw-Waters for her Health, and she would, before she took her Journey, mention it to the Queen, not to lose any time in obliging her Friend. Though Madmoifelle of *Roye* was far from owning to her the inclination that she had for her Brother, it was much that she forbore speaking of him at all.

The Count of *Amboise's* hatred to *Sansac*, did increase extraordinarily. Madmoiselle of *Roye*, unknown to her self, did afford to this last some marks of a most particular Esteem, which could not escape a Lover's penetration; and he would sometimes waver on the deliberation of what Party he should take. It was displeasing to him to marry a Person who was prepossessed by an inclination for another Person; Reason did oppose it self to that design, but still he was in Love. How was it possible to lose the hopes of seeing her his own? After divers irresolutions, he perceiv'd that he was not capable of fixing on any thing.

The Marquess of *Sansac* did shew so much indifferency for Madmoiselle of *Annebault*, that she herself endeavour'd to avoid the marrying of him, so that that Marriage

age

age was broke off. Madmoiselle of *Roye* conceiv'd so great a Joy at it, that she was not able to conceal it from Madmoiselle of *Sansac*, unto whom her motions were not indifferent. She did frequently see the Count of *Amboise* at that Friend's house. She had found him as lovely as unfortunate, and insensibly pity had led her into other Sentiments. She still engag'd her self more strongly in her Brothers Interests, and she did even think that in some measure she did serve Monsieur of *Amboise* in preventing him from marrying a Person that hated him.

The Count of *Sansac* her Father, was mov'd by her to desire that his Son might marry Madmoiselle of *Roye*, which was not thought a difficult matter in the present Juncture. The Family of *Amboise* had never manag'd the

Sanfancs in any occasion. The *Sanfacs*, whom Favour emboldned, had frequently sought after some means to displease them, so that nothing did detain them, and Madmoiselle of *Roye* was so considerable a Party, that they undertook to have some body speak about it to Madam of *Roye*; at first they required but a Preference, in case that Monsieur of *Amboise's* Marriage was not concluded. Madmoiselle of *Sanfac* intreated the Queen to enter into this business. That Princess did promise she would, and Madmoiselle of *Sanfac* went to the Spaw. After that Promise had been obtain'd, the Queen was not long before she kept her Word; she made some Propositions to Madam of *Roye*. She gave her to conceive, that Monsieur of *Amboise's* adherence to the Prince of *Conde*, did render him still suspected, and that

that there were more advantageous Parties to be had through the King's Favour and Friendship; but Madam of *Roye* was one of those exact Women that keep their words. The Count's good Qualities had given her a Friendship for him, which was increas'd by his misfortune. She intreated the Queen to permit her to keep her Word with Monsieur of *Amboise*, and that she might hope that the King would find him guiltless, and that he would restore him to his Favour again.

The Queen, who endeavour'd to oblige Mademoiselle of *Sansac*, did press Madam of *Roye* more home still, and omitted nothing of that which could favour the *Sansacs*; at last she desir'd her Promise for the Marquess, in case she should break off with the Count of *Amboise*. Madam of *Roye* was uneasy at the Propositions which

they would have her consent to, at the time that she was engag'd with a man whom they lov'd not, which appear'd, in that they so soon seiz'd on an occasion to insult on his disgrace. She told the Queen that she was strangely troubled, that she could not promise her any thing on that account, because that her Daughter had some Antipathy against the Marquess of *Sansac*; not that she did really believe any such thing, but to draw her self out of that troublesome business.

That ill success did put *Sansac* into a strange Chagrin and confusion; Though Madmoiselle of *Roye's* Looks had divers times assur'd him that he was not hated, he durst no longer trust to them. In fine, he was certain of Madam of *Roy's* hatred, though he might still remain in doubt of that of her Daughter, and he began to lose

lose the hope of ever being happy.

Madam of *Roye* would not inform that young Person of what had pass'd, not to divert her from those Sentiments which she ought to have for the Count of *Amboise*. She also thought fit that he should be ignorant of it, for fear that at this time that he was not look'd upon favourably at Court, he should come to some unfortunate extremities with a man whom the King lov'd. The next day she brought back her Daughter into the Country, to an House at a further distance than the former, in expectation of some Change in the Count's Affairs, unto whom she shew'd that the Air of Disgrace in which he was, should bring no alteration unto those Sentiments that she had for him.

But what did those Sentiments avail to the Count of *Amboise*?

He was almost certain, that his Mistresses were contrary to him. He resolv'd to satisfy himself in that Point, and to bring it about, so that Madmoiselle of *Roye* should find her self engag'd by his intreaties, or by her own interest, to confess a thing, of which the very suspicion appear'd so fatal to him, that the very Certainty it self could not be more. If Madmoiselle of *Roye* was prepossess'd with another inclination, it were better for him to be once assur'd of it, than to remain continually in fear. Mean time he had some occasions to inform himself thereof, but he had not the power of making use of it; and when he was on the point of being satisfied, he would avoid it.

Madmoiselle of *Roye* did so suddenly return into the Country, that *Sansac* could not get an opportunity of speaking to her. The
difficul-

difficulties which he found knowing her mind did not move him; he was nettled with those words that Madam of *Roye* had said to the Queen, and Love joined to Spight, did put him on finding out all manner of means to clear the business. Mademoiselle of *Sansac* was too far distant to serve him towards Mademoiselle of *Roye*. He cast his Eyes on Madam of *Tournon*; she was the most subtle and the most insinuating of all Women. She had found out the way of gaining Mademoiselle of *Roy's* Esteem and Friendship, and they had always been in a strait conjunction. Monsieur of *Sansac* thought that he might go to Madam of *Roye* with her, and that he should find some means of speaking to Mademoiselle of *Roye*. He gave Madam of *Tournon* divers visits, which she receiv'd with great satisfaction. Though she was
 not

not in the very prime of her youth, she was still lovely enough to flatter her self of being belov'd; and the Count of *Tournon*, whose Widow she was, had left her such considerable means, that the thoughts of being able to make that Marquess a vast Fortune, did assist her in seducing of her self in his behalf.

She might have guess'd, that those Civilities which he rendred her, had not the right stamp of Love upon them; but Persons are apt to mistake in such Niceties. That application which usually is brought in such examination, is almost a certain way of mistake. That made Madam of *Tournon* to give unto all *Sansac's* actions, that sense which best agreed with those Sentiments that she entertain'd for him.

But she did not enjoy her Error long; he left her the sorrowful

rowful leisure of making distinct
 Reflections ; she perceiv'd the dif-
 ference of his proceedings with
 hers. Finally, he having but small
 application unto the Countess's
 actions, and fancying that they
 proceeded but from Friendship, be-
 cause he felt no more within him-
 self for her ; after some days were
 pass'd, he propos'd to go along
 with her to Madam of *Roye*. That
 Proposition caus'd Madam of *Tour-
 non* to open her Eyes, and she rest-
 ed satisfied that he was in Love
 with Madmoiselle of *Roye*, after
 he had once mention'd that beau-
 tiful Person's Name. The shame
 of having deceiv'd her self, the
 sorrow to love in vain, and the
 spight to see Madmoiselle of *Roye*,
 whom she hated, to triumph over
 her, could not rest without some
 effects in Madam of *Tournon's*
 Heart ; mean time her natural
 dissimulation did prevent her from
 flying

flying out. She promis'd him to
 make up that match: which he
 propos'd; but she had already per-
 ceiv'd, that Madam of Roye had
 some unkindness for the *Sanfacs*.
 She writ to her, that the Mar-
 quess had intreated her to bring
 him to her. Madam of Roye, who
 after the Propositions that had
 been made, and what she had an-
 swered the Queen, finding that
 she should be perplex'd with that
 Visit, presently answer'd Madam
 of Tournon, and did engage her to
 divert *Sanfac* from that Design.
 Madam of Tournon, who in writing
 to Madam of Roye, had had no other
 design but of getting such a kind
 of Answer, shew'd the Letter to
Sanfac, as to a Friend from whom
 she had no Secret to conceal.
Sanfac, who this Ill Success had
 disgusted, consulted no longer the
 Countess on a thing of which it was
 not reasonable to discover the mo-
 tives, he did go to Madam of Roye,
 but

but he saw not her Daughter, though he enquired after her. He was told, that she was ill ; he return'd there a second time, and he was again refus'd seeing of her, on pretences which appear'd very unlikely to him. He learnt that Monsieur of *Amboise* was with her, infomuch that ashamed of the small success of his Visits, and despairing for having a Rival more happy than himself, he took the resolution of leaving *Paris*, and went to one of his Houses at a great distance from thence.

Madmoiselle of *Roye*, who had been all along concern'd at the precipitation with which she had been hurried into the Country, and who saw with sorrow that she was prevented from receiving Visits from *Jansac*, did fancy that peradventure Madam of *Roye* had discover'd her Sentiments towards him, which produc'd in her a mixture of shame and trouble.

Monsieur

Monſieur of *Amboiſe* did let her obſerve how much he was afflicted to ſee her in that melancholy, yet without complaining, and without giving her the leaſt notice that he could in part read her mind; ſo reſpectful a Conduct did touch Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, and Pity ſucceeded to her Hatred, but Love ſucceeded not to that Pity.

He was too unconcern'd in the Prince of *Conde's* Conſpiracy to remain long accus'd of it, and by that time he was almoſt quite clear'd. Madmoiſelle of *Roye* was ſenſible that ſhe was on the point of marrying him, he acted after ſuch a generous manner, which deſerv'd ſome kindneſs of her part, & ſhe thought that her duty would be a ſupply to the defects of her Heart.

One day that the Count of *Amboiſe's* ſorrow was extraordinary, ſhe told him more obliging things than ſhe had ever done before, but they

they did but redouble that Lovers affliction : 'Las ! Madam, said he, force not your self, those affected outsides render me not less miserable, you affect shewing me some kindness, how happy should I be, if you had enough to endeavour to conceal it ! That Discourse put Madmoiselle of Roze into some disorder, it was sufficiently grounded to cause her some trouble, she was a long while without answering, and Monsieur of Amboise being emboldned by her silence, or rather confirming himself in those Suspicions, had no longer any power to resist their breaking forth. Madam, said he to her, I perceive but too well that I am indifferent to you, why would you not let me see it ? At least be sincere, if you cannot be tender. I am reduc'd to that condition of being oblig'd to you, if you but confess to me that you love me not. Those words were follow.

follow'd with tears : Madmoiselle of Roye was sensibly mov'd at them. Why this eternal Constraint ? She was not yet his Wife. Such a discovery could be of no other use than to disingage her, and to set her in a liberty of following her own Sentiments.

Is that the greatest Esteem that ever was ? said she ; No , Madmoiselle , he interrupted, all your Esteem cannot afford me any Consolation for your indifferency : But, added he, being press'd by his Jealousie, if any thing could sweeten it, it would be a confidence without reservedness, it may well be due to me to recompense me of all that which you detain from me. What is that confidence which you require further ? said Madmoiselle of Roye, I think I express much. Ah ! Madmoiselle , said he , that is not yet enough , let me know more , though it be a punishment for my Curiosity,
all

all the Favour which I ask you, is, that you should inform me of my whole misfortune. Have I no Rival? Confess it to me. Ought you to doubt but that I am indifferent, said Madmoiselle of Roye, seeing that you that was design'd me, have not rendred me sensible? Alas! Madmoiselle, said he, your Heart might be prepossess'd——Prepossess'd? reply'd Madmoiselle de Roye, did I know any one before I was engag'd to you? 'Las! Madmoiselle, said he, interrupting her, being transported by Jealousie, had you not seen any body before me? There needs but one moment to create Love.

At this word, which did so precisely mark what pass'd in Madmoiselle of Roye's Heart, such a redness cover'd her Face, that Monsieur Amboise doubted no longer of his Disgrace; he lean'd on a Seat, not being able to support his Sorrow. What do you make me
to

to see, *Madmoiselle*? said he. *How much must you be respected to shew you any moderation, at the discovery you have made of having for another Person those Sentiments that were due to me alone on the account of that violent passion which I have for you?* *Madmoiselle of Roye*, who was pierc'd to the very bottom of her Soul with those words, could not with-hold her Tears, and she express'd so deep a Sorrow, that *Monsieur of Amboise*, notwithstanding his Despair, was concern'd at the condition he had put her in. He look'd on her with all the timidity which the thought of having displeas'd her did suggest him, and he seem'd by his silence to repair his having said too much. At last, he ask'd her Pardon for what he had said, or rather for what he had seen. *Madmoiselle of Roye* was in an extraordinary disorder. Her trouble and her redness

redness had so cruelly betray'd her, that she could not look on Monsieur of *Amboise* without the highest confusion imaginable; so that not knowing what to answer, and being vex'd at him, she withdrew into her Closet, desiring him to leave her at quiet, and to forget her.

What resentments had not Monsieur of *Amboise* against that Person who depriv'd him of his Mistress's Heart, if he had follow'd its fury, he had been brought to cruel extremities against him; but he thought that in such an occasion, a flying out would draw on him all Madmoiselle of *Roye's* anger and hatred, and that he was not to prostitute a Secret, of which she had her self discover'd part to him, and which she had let him penetrate wholly into. He represented to himself those Tears which he had seen her shed, and that

that Idea did retain his Revenge, though it increas'd his Sorrow.

They remain'd some time without seeing one another; The Count of *Amboise* being certain, that he could not be pleasing to Madmoiselle of *Roye*, and having in some sort offended her, durst not appear before her, Madmoiselle of *Roye* did no less fear receiving of his Visits. There is no man more troublesom than a jealous Lover when he has cause for it, and right to shew it.

Madam of *Roye* perceiving that Monsieur of *Amboise* came no more to her House, ask'd the Reason of it to her Daughter, and distrusting by that young Person's confusion, that there had been some Debate betwixt them, she told her that she would have him to be respected, set before her what he should certainly be to her one day, and even order'd her to have

have the Count inform'd by one that was a Friend to both, that she should be very glad to see him. Madmoiselle of Roye was forc'd to obey, but she was the more incens'd against him for it.

Monsieur of *Amboise* was sensible that he ought not to penetrate any further than the appearance which was favourable to him; though he fear'd to see Madmoiselle of Roye, he went however the next day to her House with earnestness. He found her alone in her Chamber, leaning her head on one of her hands, and in so profound thoughts, that with much ado she drew her self out of it at the noise which he made at his entring. His belief that it was the Marquess of *Sansac* who possess'd her to that degree, did renew the Count of *Amboise's* Jealousie. Madmoiselle, said he sighing, how happy are those Persons whose

whose Concerns can put you into so deep a Consternation, and how much is one to blame when one is——

Madmoiselle of Roye was vex'd to hear him begin that Discourse. Madam of Roye's Command had put her in a peevish humour, so that looking on him with some kind of spight; *I have nothing to answer you*, said she, *all that I should tell you would be suspicious, but I foresee those evils which your distrusts prepare for me. Prepare evils for you*, Madmoiselle, said he, *is it to me you speak?* Yes, said she, *I must not flatter my self, you have had some beginnings of Jealousie, which peradventure I have increas'd by my fault, I can no longer think but that you hate me.*

Alas! Madmoiselle, said he, *it is not my hatred that you fear, you fear nothing but my Love; and seeing I cannot please you, I find my self no longer worthy of you, it suffices*

fices, I shall no longer constrain you, but will fly from you, seeing that it is the only mark of Passion in me that can please you, I shall still love you with a violent Passion, but shall never see you more.

Mademoiselle of Roye did not expect so much from him, but the Sorrow in which she had seen him, and the disposition in which he appear'd to be, of disengaging himself, gave her the boldness to propose it. She represented to him with mildness, that it was henceforward impossible for him to be happy in marrying of her, and that seeing he had once entertain'd suspicious thoughts of her, he would never be without some, and that she esteem'd him too much, to make him so unhappy. In short, little by little she endeavour'd to bring him to withdraw his Word which he had given to Madam of Roye. He was

in such a Despair as permitted him not to answer. His Eyes were fixt upon Madmoiselle of Roye, from whom he expected a more favourable Answer. *Do you think well, Madmoiselle, said he, on what you desire of me? Do you think that I love you, and is the greatest effort of my Love due to the most cruel Tryal of your indifference? You may refuse me, said Madmoiselle of Roye with Sorrow: Can I disobey?* said he, rising from his Seat, *your Heart consents not to my happiness, and can I have any without its consent? Yet at least, Madmoiselle, guess at the excess of my tenderness, by what it makes me to do against my self.*

After that he returned to Paris, whence he went to Madam and to Madmoiselle of Roye, to bid them eternally farewell. He intreated Madam of Roye to pardon him for going without seeing her, and for his
 answer-

answering so ill to those intentions that she once had in his Favour, but that distance that Mademoiselle of *Roye* was from him, did put so invincible an obstacle to it, that Marriage could not make him happy, except it also rendred that Person happy which he lov'd; and that he was going to carry his Grief into some remote place, to cure himself, if it was possible, through absence. In short, some days after, having fully justified himself from being in the Prince of *Conde's* Conspiracy, he went over into *England* with the King's permission.

Madam of *Roye* was very discontented, that a Marriage which she had so earnestly desired, should meet with such obstacles. She had so perfect an Esteem for Monsieur of *Amboise*, that she thought there was none but him worthy of her Alliance. She spoke to her Daugh-

ter very sensibly, and told her she deserv'd not to be belov'd by the Count, and that she should be deservedly punish'd for her indifference to him, in marrying some Person that should be so to her. She wip'd off her Mother's anger with some vexation, but her Threatnings did not much affright her; She thought that *Sansac* would take advantage of that Liberty in which *D'Amboise* had left him, but she did not know what had already pass'd on that account.

Madam of *Roye* brought her back again to *Paris*, and the noise being spread abroad of her breaking off with Monsieur of *Amboise*, all those that could pretend to her, did endeavour to obtain her.

The Count of *Sancerre*, who had had some inclinations towards her, from the first instant that he had seen her, was not then in *France*.
The

The Marquess of *Sansac*, ignorant that Monsieur of *Amboise* had disengag'd himself, was still at his Father's House, but it was not long before he heard of it. Amongst those who thought on Mademoiselle of *Roye*, the Viscount of *Tavanes* was the most earnest, and he made some Propositions to marry her. So soon as she was at *Paris*, Madam of *Tournon* did assist him with all her power. It was a business of great import to her to have that Marriage fixt, before *Sansac* should know that the Count of *Amboise* pretended no longer to Mademoiselle of *Roye*. She represented to Madam of *Roye* all the advantages of that Match. The Viscount of *Tavanes* had a vast Estate, and was still seeking to increase it, so that he consider'd more Mademoiselle of *Roye* on the account of those means which were design'd her, than on that of her Beauty.

Madam of *Roye*, who had no concealment from Madam of *Tournon*, had intrusted her with all the Count of *Amboise's* Conduct towards her Daughter, and had intreated her to discover, whether that young Person had not some secret inclinations. Though her distrusts had at first lighted on the Marquess of *Sansac*, the refusal which she had made of him, did put her so out of condition of patching it up handsomly again, that it made her wholly decline that Marriage.

Madam of *Tournon* did so certainly believe, that if *Sansac* lov'd Madmoiselle of *Roye*, he was also belov'd by her, that she went not about to confirm her self in it. Mean time she told Madam of *Roye*, that upon the Examination of her Daughter, she had found in her an indifferency for all men, and more particularly for *Sansac*;
that

that it was likely, that too much Love in the Count of *Amboise* had made him to decline the marrying a Person who was so incapable of passion, as not to know or discern the Sentiments that were had for her. In fine, she advis'd her to accept of the Viscount of *Tavannes* for her Son-in-law. The business was treated with much Secrecy, and it had been quickly dispatch'd, if the King's Sickness had not suspended all things.

He was seiz'd, while he was Hunting, with such a violent pain in his Head, that from the very beginning the consequences of it were dreaded. That danger he was in recall'd back to *Paris* all those that were concern'd for his life. The Marquess of *Sansac* return'd in diligence; The Count of *Amboise*, though he was scarce arriv'd in *England*, return'd into *France*. That Sickness prov'd as fatal as it

had been sudden. The King died within the space of eight days, and his Death gave a new face to all things. Queen Mary of Scotland lost all that Authority which she had acquired. Catherine of Medicis was declared Regent during the Minority of Charles the Ninth, and was absolute. The Prince of Conde, who had been arrested for that Conspiracy of which he was thought to be the Chief, was set at Liberty; he still had a great Esteem for Amboise, and though he could not prevail with him to enter into his Interests, he had not lov'd him the less.

The Marquess of Sanjac did speak with Madmoiselle of Roye the next day that he came to Paris; she was at Madam of Tournon's, where there was great store of Company, and she was somewhat at a distance from the rest, so that he found a means to place himself near her, without

without being oppos'd in it by Madam of *Tournon*.

He ask'd Pardon of Madmoiselle of *Roye*, for those Propositions which he had caus'd to be made to her Mother, before he had consulted her ; he accus'd thereof the violence of his Passion, and he told her, *That what he had heard of her hatred towards him, and Madam of Roye's refusal had sufficiently punish'd him for it.* Madmoiselle of *Roye* was surpris'd at that Discourse. *You learn me such new things, said she, that I am troubled how to answer, and I am as ignorant of the hatred that you say I have for you, as of all the rest.*

Madam of *Tournon*, who perceiv'd him very busie in Discourse with Madmoiselle of *Roye*, feigning not to see it, call'd to her to draw near, telling her, that she was at too much distance from

the rest of the Company.

When Madmoiselle of *Roye* made reflexions on what he had told her, she believ'd that those Propositions had been made that very day, and that some Reasons of Interest or of Hatred had determined her Mother on a refusal; so she concluded, that she should not marry *Sansac* at the same instant that she was certain of being tenderly belov'd by him.

Mean time this Marquess was gathering fresh hopes, he perceiv'd that he was not hated. He further comprehended, that perhaps Madam of *Roye*, in refusing him so cruelly, had sought no further than to keep her Word with Monsieur of *Amboise*, and that things being now chang'd as to that Concern, a second Attempt might succeed. He would have engag'd his Father the very next morning, to mention it to Madam

dam of *Roye*, but he found him so pierc'd with sorrow for the Death of the King, whose Governor he had been, that he would not so much as hear him.

This Marquess was too amorous not to fear being prevented by his Rivals. He knew Madam of *Tournon's* power over Madam of *Roye*; he declar'd to her his Love, and did conjure her to speak in his behalf, till his Father could enter on that business. Madam of *Tournon* was offended at this confidence, but she took upon her to dissemble, and she did not much fear but that it would succeed. She assur'd him, that it should not be her fault if he was not happy. He believ'd her, and in that belief he went to see Madam of *Roye* that very day, but many things had pass'd that he knew not of.

So soon as Monsieur of *Amboise* was return'd from *England*, he had waited

waited on that Countess, who had receiv'd him with great affection; She had but newly inform'd her Daughter that she design'd her for the Viscount of *Tavanes*, and that News had given her so great a trouble, that she had had no more time but to answer, that she should always obey her, and had gone out of her Mother's Chamber to give a full vent to her Tears.

When she perceiv'd that she had avoided to marry the Count of *Amboise*, but to be deliver'd up to the Viscount of *Tavanes*, she was inconsolable. His Person had always displeas'd her, and his design rendred him odious; She believ'd that that perfect Esteem which she had for the Count of *Amboise*, might supply the place of Love, and that it had been easier for her to become his, since she had no longer hopes of marrying *Sansac*, than to be the Viscount

count of *Tavanes's*. In fine, the pass'd danger did no longer appear an evil to her, and she gave that name but to the present.

Madam of *Roye*, desirous to let *Amboise* know he had not lost her confidence in him, made no secret to him of Monsieur of *Tavanes's* Marriage with her Daughter, and she spoke to him of it, as a thing that would be very soon concluded. What did not that News produce in Monsieur of *Amboise's* mind? Mademoiselle of *Roye* was going to marry a man whom he knew that she did not love. The thoughts of losing her for ever, and to see her in the possession of an Husband, who had so little deserv'd her, did excite at once his despair and his indignation.

He begg'd the permission of Madam of *Roye* of seeing her Daughter, and he immediately went to find her in her Apartment. She was

was in such a sorrowful condition, that he stood not in need of his discourse of Love to be sensibly moved with it. Her Face was cover'd with Tears, which did not diminish her Beauty. *You are Witness of my Sorrow*, said she, (finding that she could not hide her Tears) *and you will soon learn what has caus'd it.* *I know, it may be, but too much already*, reply'd he, *and I dare say, Madmoiselle, that I am more sensible of those evils that you feel, than of all those that you have made me.* *How cruel is your goodness to me*, said Madmoiselle of Roye, *whose Sorrow forc'd to speak? Conceal it from me in compassion, that I may less know the value of what I have lost.* *What do you tell me, Madmoiselle?* said he, *I have not acquired so much indifferency, as to hear quietly those words from your mouth. I seek not to flatter you*, said she, *but it is certain that*

I shall repent my self all my life time of the proceeding that I have had with you, and that I shall find my self most unfortunate in marrying the Viscount of Tavanés. Ah!

Mademoiselle, said he, I cannot complain of my disgrace, since it draws from you such obliging words in my behalf; is it possible for you to prefer me to any one? I had never known it, had you not forc'd me to renounce my pretences to you; but what obstacles soever I have put to my happiness, it were not impossible for me to overcome them, if you consented to it. You would have my consent much more easily, if that signified any thing, - said Mademoiselle of Roye, who saw nothing yet but the torment of marrying Tavanés. Monsieur of Ambeise was so transported with the Joy which those words gave him, that he had no prospect of what could trouble her. The Suspicions which he
had

had had of *Sanfac*, were blotted out of his mind. He found that he had taken them on light Suspicion. Madam of *Roye* had spoken to him of *Tavanes's* Marriage as a thing very far advanc'd, but not wholly concluded. He went to the Prince of *Conde*, he conjur'd him to speak to Madam of *Roye*, for he had been in too great a confusion in speaking to her himself, because of the irregularity which he had shewn in his proceeding. That Prince who had so far condescended as to enter into the Particulars of his Amours, so soon as it had began, seiz'd on that opportunity of doing him a good office. He went to see Madam of *Roye*, and he easily engaged her to re-enter into her former Friendship with the Count of *Amboise*, whom she had always valued more than all the rest : She told her Daughter, that if it was

true

true that she had no inclinations towards the Viscount of *Tavanes*, she would proceed no further with him, but take up again her first Engagements with Monsieur of *Amboise*.

Mademoiselle of *Roye*, who had at first only thought of not marrying *Tavanes*, perceiv'd that she had but chang'd her misfortune; this of truth, was the least of the two, but it was sufficient to bring her to despair. In fine, 'twas her own doing, there was no ways left for her to avoid it, wherefore she told her Mother, that she would obey her without any repugnancy.

Madam of *Roye* did raise some difficulties about the Marriage of the Count of *Tavanes*, and having not yet engag'd her Word to him, she broke off the Match, as if she had not design'd any such thing.

Madam of *Tournon*, who was too

too deeply engag'd in her Friendship, to be ignorant of what pass'd, did offer *Sanfac's* Propositions to her; after she had found that there was no hopes left for him, which made him be refus'd a second time. That Countess inform'd him of it, with all the malice that she was capable of. She made him a confidence of *Tavanes's* Designs, and of their Progress, telling him besides, that *Mademoiselle of Roze* could not bear the thoughts of being any body's else but *Amboise's*; that a small thing having made them to differ, their Accommodation had been easie; and that she had her self engag'd her Lover to get some body to speak to her Mother about it. The thing was true in appearance, she told it in the same manner to some Persons, that it might be reported again to *Sanfac*. He entred into a violent Fury against

against Madmoiselle of *Roye* ; he accus'd her of having deceiv'd him by her false Kindness. He accus'd himself of having design'd to deceive himself. He examin'd how feeble those things were which had flatter'd him. In fine, he abandon'd himself to despair, as easily as he had given himself up to hope, and at last ceas'd from seeing Madmoiselle of *Roye*.

She had taken up a resolution, which she had much to do to keep, her Sorrow was excessive, and *Ambroise* was not so happy as not to discern it. All those Suspicions which he had entertain'd of *Sansac*, return'd into his mind, yet the preference which she had given him to the Viscount of *Tavanes*, and the flattering things which she had told him on that Subject, did buoy him up against his Suspicions ; and though those reflexions might disturb that good Fortune

Fortune which he waited for, it did not hinder him from expecting of it.

All things did dispose themselves in order to his Marriage. Mademoiselle of *Roye* had a great regard for him ; but when she was alone, she would compensate *Sansac* with a Deluge of Tears. She look'd upon her self as the Cause of his Sorrows. She had never seen her self so ready to enter into an Engagement, against which her whole Heart did revolt. She was not able to support those various agitations, and she fell sick.

What a trouble was this to Monsieur of *Amboise* ! he could not doubt but that her sickness was the effect of that vexation which she had of marrying him. He thought himself oblig'd to visit her every day, and he found her full of Respect for him. Notwithstanding the Grief which she caused

fed him, he esteem'd her the more, and he lov'd her not less, on the contrary, Admiration and Compassion joyning with his other Sentiments, did render his Passion the stronger, but at the same time more capable of Reason. How could he find in his heart to force a Person, who constrained her self for his sake? He found that he must disengage himself a second time, but then in restoring Mademoiselle of *Roye* to her self, he should put her into the hands of his Rival. That thought would make him tremble, and he resolv'd on nothing.

Mean time Mademoiselle of *Roy's* sickness increas'd daily. He then was sensible, that he lov'd her to that degree, as not to dispute her any longer to his Rival at so dear a rate as her own life. He found that she could not be but unhappy with any other. He thought
he

Fortune which he waited for, it did not hinder him from expecting of it.

All things did dispose themselves in order to his Marriage. Mademoiselle of *Roye* had a great regard for him ; but when she was alone, she would compensate *Sansac* with a Deluge of Tears. She look'd upon her self as the Cause of his Sorrows. She had never seen her self so ready to enter into an Engagement, against which her whole Heart did revolt. She was not able to support those various agitations, and she fell sick.

What a trouble was this to Monsieur of *Amboise* ! he could not doubt but that her sickness was the effect of that vexation which she had of marrying him. He thought himself oblig'd to visit her every day, and he found her full of Respect for him. Notwithstanding the Grief which she caused

fed him, he esteem'd her the more, and he lov'd her not less, on the contrary, Admiration and Compassion joyning with his other Sentiments, did render his Passion the stronger, but at the same time more capable of Reason. How could he find in his heart to force a Person, who constrained her self for his sake? He found that he must disengage himself a second time, but then in restoring Mademoiselle of *Raye* to her self, he should put her into the hands of his Rival. That thought would make him tremble, and he resolv'd on nothing.

Mean time Mademoiselle of *Roy's* sickness increas'd daily. He then was sensible, that he lov'd her to that degree, as not to dispute her any longer to his Rival at so dear a rate as her own life. He found that she could not be but unhappy with any other. He thought
he

he might obtain so much over himself. He even flatter'd himself with the thoughts, that peradventure an extraordinary Action would produce an extraordinary Effect, and that if it did not bring back Madmoiselle of *Roye* to him, by doing that for her which another were not capable to do, he should at least render all other men unworthy of being belov'd by her. Finally, out of the Shipwreck of all his Hopes, he did frame to himself a new kind of Hope. At least he thought that he should sower his Rival's happiness, in resigning his Mistress to him. But after all, these were but Ideas. His heart could not relish those Reasons, and it was easier for him to perform the business, than to resolve it.

The next day he went to see Madmoiselle of *Roye*. He found her weeping; though she endeavour'd

your'd to conceal her Tears, and
 to shew a serene and clear Coun-
 tenance. It is difficult to repre-
 sent the condition he found him-
 self in. The strugglings, the con-
 straint, which was made in his
 behalf, did lead him unto that
 which he was to do on himself.
 Love, Compassion, Despair did
 produce a thousand Combats in
 his Soul. He remain'd a long
 while without speaking; but at
 last, beholding Madmoiselle of
 Roye with Eyes bathed in Tears;
 Madmoiselle, said he, you have hi-
 therto had more strength than I, I
 tremble at my Project, but yet I
 may execute it. You set before me
 an Example of dying, if it must be
 so, through constraint. Well, the
 business is done, I will tear me from
 my self, conceal not from me your
 Sentiments for Satisfac. I will un-
 dertake any thing to make him enjoy
 an Happiness, of which you judge
 him

him more deserving than me ; for can I be more unhappy than I am already ? At least I shall please you in giving you to my Rival. He observ'd, during this Discourse, an impression of Joy on the Face of Madmoiselle of Roye, which he had never before seen. He was in a Despair at what he was going to do, and yet did not repent it. There are certain moments in which one seems to act by a superior Power ; what he was doing did more partake of the Hero than of the Lover, and at the same time did render him worthy both of Envy and Compassion. I am going, Madmoiselle, said he, about a Design which will not be finish'd, if retarded, and all the Favour that I require of you, is, not to forget, where-ever you see me, that I am the most miserable of all men, for Love of You. Madmoiselle of Roye was not able to resist the diversity

diversity of emotion that she was in. Surprise, Fear, and Shame did agitate her Heart, insomuch that her Fever redoubled in an instant, so considerably, that it was thought her Life was going to be in very great danger. There needed not so much to fix Monsieur of *Amboise* in his resolution. He run to Madam of *Roye's* Apartment, he inform'd her of the danger in which her Daughter was, and of the Passion which had seiz'd her Heart. He conjur'd her to have no further regard for him, and to think of nothing but of Mademoiselle of *Roye*. That Mother did really love her Daughter. That young Person's sickness did put her in a wonderful agitation, and any thing that could contribute to her Cure, did seem pleasing to her. She express'd to Monsieur of *Amboise* how sensible she was of his Generosity, and

E

gave

gave him Praises, of which he was very insensible. He found that he succeeded too easily in that which he had undertaken. He left Madam of *Roye*, and went home, where he shut himself up, and abandoned himself unto all that Despair can represent us of horrid. When he found that he had no more to do, he thought on what he had done. He leisurely look'd on the Marriage of Madmoiselle of *Roye* with the Marquess of *Sanfac*, against which there were no more obstacles to remove. He found that he himself had deliver'd her unto him, whom of all other men he should most fear should possess her, and he was a thousand times on the point of punishing him for what he had already done for him, to prevent him by his death, from obtaining a good which he had newly abandon'd to him. After that, he
 repre-

represented to himself that condition in which he had seen Madmoiselle of *Roye*. That Idea would retain him, but then he would consider to what an excess of misery his Compassion had brought him. He appear'd as newly come out of a Dream, and he had much ado to believe the Reality of that which he had the power to perform. He fancied that Madmoiselle of *Roye* would forget what he had done for her, and how much it had cost him, through the Joy that she should receive of being possess'd by a man whom she tenderly lov'd. That reflexion rendred all things unsufferable to him; he fancy'd that he could hate Madmoiselle of *Roye* as much as he did *Sansac*, and he believ'd that he would never see the one nor the other.

Madam of *Roye* did employ one of her Friends, who was Friend

also to the Marquess of *Sanfac*, to let him know that Monsieur of *Amboise* was wholly disingag'd from Madmoiselle of *Roye*, and that if he made any steps towards obtaining of her, he should no longer meet with any obstacles. That Marquess was too deeply in Love, to make any reflexions on those Refusals which he had twice already receiv'd. Those Advances which Madam of *Roye* now made him, were sufficient reparations, but he was desirous to know her Daughter's Sentiments. He went to that Countess's; where he did see Madmoiselle of *Roye*, unto whom Joy restor'd that Health, which Sorrow and Grief had taken from her. It was not hard for him to perceive that he was belov'd; he partly apprehended it by those things which she let scape, and more yet by those which she avoided to tell him.

The

The Marquess of *Sansac* inform'd his Father of the favourable Change to his advantage, which had been made in Madmoiselle of *Roye's* mind, but he found that he was no longer in the same dispositions for her Alliance. That refusal which she had made of her Son, had so irritated him, as never to be reconcil'd ; but other Reasons besides did joyn themselves to that. The Count of *Sansac* was hated by *Catherine de Medicis*, because he had been Governour to *Francis* the Second, who she had never lov'd. She complain'd that that Governour had brought him up in a great independency in regard of her, and she had some disgust even against his Son also, on that account. She had had occasion to observe when he dyed, how much her Sentiments had been respected by all the Court, except the *Sansacs*.

The Body of the late King was carried to *St. Denis* without any Shew. Messieurs of *Guise*, the Uncles to the Queen his Wife, waited not on the Corps, and that the Count of *Sansac* alone, with his Son, did accompany him. The Queen Regent was not long without shewing her resentments towards the Count of *Sansac* on divers occasions. He was no longer seconded by any Person, he found that he had occasion of being supported.

Madmoiselle of *Roye*, and even Madam of *Roye* also, who troubled not her self, but with what concern'd her Daughter, having always follow'd the Court of *Mary* of *Scotland*, more than that of *Catherine de Medicis*, were not proper Persons to restore him again into Favour. He had other Vows, and he told his Son, that after the disobliging refusal which
 Madam

Madam of *Roye* had made of receiving him for her Son-in-law, he ought to be asham'd of desiring still to become so, and declar'd, that he would never give his Consent to that Marriage. That Lover did cast himself at his Father's feet; he told him, that the happiness of his whole life depended on marrying of Mademoiselle of *Roye*, but he could not make him alter his Design.

The Marquess of *Sansac* rebelled against his Father at that Severity, his Mother had left him great means, and though those of his Father were considerable, he sacrific'd them all without reluctance to his Love. He drew two of his Uncles to his Party, who made all the steps which were to be made towards Madam of *Roye*, and whose Propositions were receiv'd, but on condition that the Marquess of *Sansac* should

reconcile himself to his Father again, before the Marriage should be finish'd, and that their Treaty should remain secret till then.

Mean time that Marquess had the liberty to visit frequently Madmoiselle of *Roye*, whose health did daily strengthen, and whose Beauty did still increase, since her heart had been at ease. She sensibly did feel what she owed to the Count of *Amboise*. She would gladly have shewn him, how much she was concern'd at it, and have given him some satisfaction in her acknowledgment for those Sentiments which she could not have for him; but she could not see him to do it, because he took care to avoid her. Mean time he learnt that her Marriage with *Sansac* was not suddenly to be accomplish'd; but though those thoughts might in some measure alleviate his grief, they took it not away.

Madmoi-

Madmoiselle of *Sansac* return'd to *Paris*, she learnt with no small pleasure *Amboise's* Action, and she continually did speak of it to Madmoiselle of *Roye*. One day that they were walking together in the Gardens of the *Louvre*, they met with him all alone, raving so profoundly, that he was near Madmoiselle of *Roye*, without perceiving it. He would have continu'd his Walk, but that she stopp'd him. *You will let me*, said she, *make advantage of these opportunities which meer Chance affords me, of letting you know my Sentiments, I have long sought after them in vain.* Why, Madmoiselle, said he, *it would be cruel to desire to see me still, I am of no use to you.* And making her a profound Reverence, he retired, without looking once on Madmoiselle of *Sansac*. They were surpris'd at this flight. Madmoiselle of *Sansac* was

vex'd that he had not so much as taken notice of her. Madmoiselle of *Roye* knew by the Count's Sorrow, and by his sudden Retreat, how strong his Passion still remain'd, and how extraordinary his Generosity had been. She had a most sensible Grief, for having rendred so worthy a man so miserable.

He was very much troubled for having left her so abruptly, he fear'd having offended her, and that she should come in time to hate him. In short, he had still felt some satisfaction in seeing her. He had depriv'd himself of that content for fear of abandoning himself too much to it; but he found that his Reasoning had been too cruel, and what could happen to him of greater Sorrow, than to be hated by Madmoiselle of *Roye*, and of never seeing her? Yet he would not go to her House, but he found
that

that it would be a great satisfaction to him to meet her.

Sansac did find the retarding of his happiness so unsufferable, that he was not much less afflicted, than when he was uncertain of being belov'd. It was in vain that he press'd Madam of *Roye* to consent that he should marry her Daughter, but notwithstanding the Marquess of *Sansac's* vexations, she would not consent that he should lose part of his Estate by making too much haste. That Esteem which that Countess had for *D'Amboise*, did make her wish that he might still remain in the number of her Friends. Mean time, though she was vexed that she no longer had any Commerce with him, she durst not reproach him of it, but having occasion to employ him in a considerable business, she let him know it, and he could not dispence from going
to

to her. He return'd thither with some trouble and with some satisfaction. He found Madmoiselle of *Roye* all alone in her Mother's Chamber, and he was so surpris'd and seiz'd at the sight of her, that he remain'd without motion.

Madam of *Roye* was in her Closet with a Person of Worth, when he came in. They being busie in a particular Concern, she met him, and intreated him to remain one moment with her Daughter in her Chamber. Madmoiselle of *Roye* was at first sight disturb'd at the presence of a man unto whom she was so infinitely oblig'd, and whom she judg'd, by what had lately happen'd, that even her acknowledgment might trouble. Monsieur the Count of *Ambaise's* trouble was extraordinary, he found himself again near a Person who he had been forc'd to abandon, but who he still ador'd, and yet would

no more declare it, though he wisht she did know it; in fine, with a Person who rais'd in him a most cruel Jealousie, and who inspired him with extreme Respect. They both kept silence for a time, and she first broke it. *I cannot hinder my self from rejoicing at the sight of you, said she, though you appear not to be pleas'd with being here.* Madmoiselle, reply'd he, *is it possible that the presence of a Miserable, whom you have forc'd to renounce you, should not be displeasing to you? I have not constrain'd you to it, said Madmoiselle of Roye, you have made me a voluntary Sacrifice.* 'Las! Madmoiselle, you were dying, if I had not made it. You could not bear the thought of being mine; I was depriving you of that Person without which you cannot live. You say a great deal, reply'd Madmoiselle of Roye, blushing. 'Las! Madam, why
all

all this constraint and reservedness? Confess that you love my Rival. I know it, and I can perceive it, against my will, and that reservedness of which you make use, is a refinement of tenderness, of which I am more jealous, than of all other things which you could signifie to me, that you had for him. But what am I telling you, continu'd he, why do I let you see these things? I beg your pardon, - I love you, I shall love you all my life. I could not so master my self, as not to speak to you once of Sansac, but I shall mention him no more. I respect you enough, to respect even your Passion. I shall incessantly constrain my self, and I shall never entertain you of mine. And the only Favour that I demand of you, is, that you would consider me, as something more than a Friend. I even look upon you, reply'd she, as something more than a Lover. You have

have done for me things so little common, that I cannot have for you any common Sentiments.

That Count's Conduct had been so worthy of Admiration, and Madmoiselle of *Roye* was so oblig'd to him, that she thought she ought to speak to him with mildness, yet after such a manner, as should not flatter his Love; therefore those words did cause him to sigh. Madam of *Roye* came in as she was ending. That Countess inform'd Monsieur of *Amboise* in what he could serve her, and he promis'd to obey her punctually in what she desired. They were of some Concern to Madmoiselle of *Roye*, and he found himself pleas'd with the pleasure of serving her. Her Civilities, or rather her Sight, had re-establish'd a kind of Softness in his Soul, though she had not said any thing to him which favour'd his Passion. It was
still

still much, that she had for him all the Esteem which he deserv'd, and that she had given him notice of it.

The business in which Madam of *Roye* had employ'd him, did oblige him to return more than once to her House. He no longer did avoid Madmoiselle of *Roy's* Company, and he began again to accustom himself to speak to her. It may be also that he found in his heart some tendency towards hope. The obstacles which oppos'd the Marriage of the Marquess of *Sansac*, might last long. It was not impossible but that a submissive and disinteressed Conduct might acquire a particular good Will from Madmoiselle of *Roye* towards him, and that he never mentioning his Passion to her, yet still letting her perceive that it was not extinct, should not gain at last some advantage on those Senti-

Sentiments which she had for a Rival, who deserv'd them less than he.

Madam of *Tournon* was strangely vext that she could not prevent the conjunction of *Sansac* with Madmoiselle of *Roye*; she sought after some means, at least, to break it, and the Count of *Sancerre*, who about that time return'd to *Paris*, appear'd fit to serve her in that Design, he was her particular Friend, but he had never inform'd her of his inclinations towards Madmoiselle of *Roye*, and she had discover'd it but through that application which she had always had for any thing that concern'd that lovely Person; he had ever had much to do to own a passion to her from which he hoped so little, that he had conceal'd it even from the Person who had caus'd it.

The

The Count of *Sancerre* was well made, he was subtle, dextrous, and witty. The Countess had prevented him as much as she could from loving Madmoiselle of *Roye*, and she had contributed much in making him undertake that Journey which he had made partly to avoid her. But Love caus'd her to change her Designs, she sacrific'd the Jealousie of Love unto that tenderness which she had for *Sanfac*, and she did assure the Count of *Sancerre*, that she should compass her Ends in making him to marry her, provided he would exactly follow that conduct which she should prescribe to him. She advis'd him to endeavour to insinuate himself in her mind, under the notion of a Friend, and to conceal from her his real Sentiments, till the fit time to let them break forth with success. *Sancerre* did approve of
 an

an Advice which did so well agree with his Humour and his Interest.

Madmoiselle of *Sansac* could not bear with that indifferency which *d'Amboise* had for her, she began to treat him ill, and to be almost rude to him, which from a rational Person could not be but so many marks of a passion. He understood, with trouble, those Sentiments unto which he could not answer, and of which his own misfortunes did invite him to have some compassion. Madmoiselle of *Roye* perceived in what a condition the heart of her Friend was, by those odd kind of Complaints which she incessantly made her of that Count. She fear'd every thing, from a disposition like that of Monsieur of *Amboise*; sometimes she did hope that Madmoiselle of *Sansac's* tenderness would move him; she would have mentioned

tion'd it to him, but when she reflected on the independency of inclinations, that which she felt in her Heart of that Nature, caus'd her to tremble, in the behalf of her Friend.

Madmoiselle of *Sanfac* remain'd in a Melancholy, which prevented the return of her health. She had ask'd leave of the Queen to withdraw her self from Court, and she liv'd with her Father very retiredly. Madmoiselle of *Roye* did share in her troubles, and she was so just as to remain oblig'd to her for it. That indifferency which Madmoiselle of *Roye* had for *D'Amboise*, did flatter Madmoiselle of *Sanfac*, and hindred her from hating of her. She endeavour'd to soften her Father's mind on *Sanfac's* Marriage with Madmoiselle of *Roye*, and despair'd not of accomplishing it; but there happen'd new Causes of Sorrow, which prevent-

prevented her from executing that which she had propos'd.

One day that they were together in Madmoiselle of *Sansac's* Coach, they perceiv'd *Amboise* in his, carried away by his Horses with so much violence, that his life was in danger. Madmoiselle of *Sansac* grew pale, and bid her men to drive her Coach cross their passage to stop them. She spoke in such an earnest and pressing manner to them, that notwithstanding the danger which they run in themselves in obeying, they follow'd her Orders, which was done with so much good Fortune, the Horses, whose first fury began to relent, meeting with the others in Front, pass'd no further.

As he was going to return thanks to those who had put themselves in danger to save him, he perceiv'd *Sansac's* Liveries, he thought

thought it was his Rival, and was strangely troubled to owe him his life. Mean time, not to let him see any ingratitude, which he naturally had not, he advanc'd towards that Coach, but perceiv'd in it nothing but Women. Mademoiselle of *Roye* did present herself first to his sight, Mademoiselle of *Sansac* had found her self so ill through the disturbance which that Adventure had caus'd in her, that she had been oblig'd to lean on one of her hands. He was beginning to return thanks to Mademoiselle of *Roye*, in terms in which his Passion did express it self against his Will ; but she told him, that he owed the whole obligation to Mademoiselle of *Sansac* ; and though he was vex'd to have deceiv'd himself in a thing that had so much pleas'd him, he could not dispence himself from returning her thanks with great acknowledgments ;

edgments ; he left them to let them continue their way.

After he had left them, Madmoiselle of Sansac finding her self with Madmoiselle of Roye ; You have seen my weakness, said she, it is no longer time for me to distinguish it. I have always deny'd my self the satisfaction of complaining to you, that I might not entertain a Sorrow which I condemn. Take pity on me, and afford me some consolation. You are not guilty, answer'd Madmoiselle of Roye, no person is exempt from passion, it is sufficient for us to oppose them. I would that the confidence which you shew me, might be of use to you. She embrac'd her in saying these words. Madmoiselle of Sansac perceiv'd with Sorrow, that they were come to that place where they were expected. That Conversation did please her, and she intreated Madmoiselle of Roye to come

come the next morning, if she could, to walk with her in a pleasant place, where her little share of health oblig'd her to take the Air every morning.

Madmoiselle of Roye saw once more that day the Count of Amboise at Madam of Tournon's. The Company was at Play, they were the only two Persons that did not so. Madmoiselle of Roye drew near to the Window, to speak to that Count. She was desirous to know after what manner he would resent that which Madmoiselle of Sanfac had done for him. I had some delight to think that it was to you that I owed my life, said he Madmoiselle, but you will not so much permit me to enjoy an Errour which may be pleasing to me. What do you tell me, reply'd Madmoiselle of Roye, interrupting him. I should be very sorry that you should always have such Sentiments. I should

should give you occasion of not being
 well pleas'd with me, and that gave
 me cause also of not being well
 pleas'd with you. Madmoiselle, an-
 swer'd he, I did not think to trou-
 ble you. I require no passion of you,
 added he against his Will, leave
 me mine, that's all I require of you.
 I cannot consent to it, said she, that
 consideration that I have for you
 opposes it self to it, and if you did
 but know in what an extremity one
 finds one self when one is full of
 esteem, of acknowledgments, and if
 one dares to say it, of pity, for a
 Person that would merit something
 more, I should not peradventure ap-
 pear to you less to be pitied than
 you your self. Upon this they both
 kept silence; Then Madmoiselle
 of Roye representing to her self
 earnestly the condition in which
 she had seen her Friend, could not
 resist the desire that she had to
 make a Merit of it towards the
 Count;

Count ; She design'd to render him sensible of the pleasure of being belov'd by a beautiful Person ; She made him a sensible representation of Madmoiselle of *Sansac's* Sentiments. In fine, she knew that she hazarded nothing in making him such a confidence. The Count's discretion was known, and it was certain, that if he gloried not in his Conquest, however he would not make any boast of it. He could not answer to that which she had said, because that Madam of *Roye*, who had left off play, did rise to be gone, and took her Daughter along with her, even before that she had finish'd what she had to say, but he thought of nothing but to prevent her from believing that he had made any reflexion on it.

Madmoiselle of *Roye* would not inform Monsieur of *Sansac*, that the Count of *Amboise* was not yet become

come wholly indifferent, for fear of exciting him against a Person to whom he was oblig'd for yielding up his Right to him. She owed that weak consideration unto the Count, in consideration of those extraordinary things which he had done for her. Those Sentiments did not hurt her Passion. She was far from taking any other for Monsieur of *Amboise* than those of Compassion ; and if she was divided betwixt those two Lovers, it was that she pitied the one, and lov'd the other.

D'Amboise had found out a Pretence to go the next morning to Madam of *Roye*, but he met her at the Gate of the *Louver*. He told her that he had had that Design, and that having divers things to say, he would do it when she were return'd. He asked one of those Women that accompanied her, the Reason why

Madmoiselle of *Roye* was not with her Mother. Who told him, that she was gone to walk, and nam'd to him the place. But she told him not that it was with Madmoiselle of *Sanfac*, because she was following of Madam of *Roye*, and wanted time to do it.

Monsieur of *Amboise* run to the place, without examining any further. It was in one of those fine places, which credit their Masters by being seen. Persons came to it two different ways; he came into the Garden, where he found at first none but Madmoiselle of *Sanfac*. Madmoiselle of *Roye* had been detain'd by Madam of *Tournon*, who having met her, would have accompanied her, so that she had feign'd to go elsewhere, that she might be alone with her Friend.

D'Amboise, who had been perceiv'd by Madmoiselle of *Sanfac*, could not avoid speaking to her.

She

She told him, that she was expecting Madmoiselle of *Roye*, and that she was weary of staying for her; so that he could not leave her. till her Company was come. They were both in a disorder, the Count did fancy that Madmoiselle of *Roye* seeing him with Madmoiselle of *Sansac*, would fancy that he might have made some reflexions on what had been said the night before, and he had left her abruptly; had he not been detain'd with a desire of seeing Madmoiselle of *Roye*. Madmoiselle of *Sansac* was not in a less perplexity. She had not been sorry that he had known some part of her Sentiments, and she had been in great disorder in declaring them to him her self.

The End of the First Part.

THE
Count of Amboise ;
OR, THE
GENEROUS LOVER.
PART II.

AT last Madmoiselle of *Roye* did joyn them ; they were not far from the Garden-door, and they went to meet her so far. She joy'd the Count for being in so good Company, with a design of obliging him to say
 some

some kind thing or other to Madmoiselle of *Sansac*, but he presently took upon him to justify his intentions after a manner which caus'd Madmoiselle of *Roye* to fear lest he should disoblige her Friend; She made a pretence of immediately returning, took Madmoiselle of *Sansac* with her. *I will*, said she to Monsieur of *Ambaise*, take her from you, to punish you of your dissimulation. Ending these words, she got into her Coach with so much haste, that he had not time to answer.

He was very much troubled to see Madmoiselle of *Roye*'s obstinacy in perswading her self in an opinion, which he knew however would not trouble her; whether he fear'd giving her the least subject of Jealousie, or of giving her none, he could not be pleas'd at it, the trouble, satisfaction, or the indifferency of

F 4

that

that fair Creature, were equally cruel to him.

He was in the mind of running after her, and of not leaving her till he had wholly justified himself; but the pretence which she had taken of returning, giving him some reason to believe that she would not be so soon at her House, he went to wait on the King, and he left against his Will those two Lovers at liberty.

When they were return'd to Madmoiselle of *Roye's*, and got into her Chamber, she found her self in some disorder. That little success which she foresaw as to Madmoiselle of *Sansac's* Passion, did make her fear entring on that Subject; yet she perceiv'd that her silence was a greater trouble; so that she invited her to speak, that it might ease her mind, though it afforded her no comfort.

If one durst ask you, said she, by what means the Count of Amboise could produce in you for his Person, such Sentiments as he is so unworthy of—— I know that I am in the wrong, reply'd Madmoiselle of Sancerre, interrupting her ; yet I can in a manner excuse my self, I unseasonably did see Monsieur of Amboise with you : I thought him amiable on the very account of that zeal with which he lov'd ; I was charm'd with his tenderness. You lov'd him not ; and though this knowledge gave me a private satisfaction, I did blame your injustice, and I went too far in going about to avoid it. When I spoke to the Queen, to prevent your Marriage with him, I thought to ingage my self in it for your sake, or for my Brother's ; but I have since found that it was my own interest that push'd me on ; Madam of Roze did render all my Projects useless, in her stedfastness to her

first Sentiments for the Count ; I was troubled for not having succeed-
ed better. You return'd into the Coun-
try, the Count went frequently to
visit you ; I did scarce see him after
that, which gave me to understand
how dear he was to me ; I would
have oppos'd my self to my inclina-
tions, but it was in vain, and at
the very time that I endeavour'd
to call back my Reason ; I continu-
ally did think on him, and so made
an end of losing it.

She remain'd silent during a
while ; then she continu'd, per-
ceiving that Madmoiselle of Roye
did not speak ; I did feel distinctly
a Jealousie ; I had some regret for
having offer'd to take you from the
Count, seeing that thereby he was
not the more mine : but I fell in a
Despair when he thought a second
time of marrying you, and I found
no quiet, till by an extraordinary
excess of Love, he had resign'd you
to

to his Rival. That Action did highly increase my Esteem ; in my opinion it did authorise that which I felt for him, and even that which I had acted against him ; and tho' that Example of Generosity did condemn me, I could not see the difference of his proceeding and mine ; I thought that my Conduct was justified sufficiently by that unconcernedness and your indifferency ; but in effect, it was but a little hope which did justify all. Alas ! I was not long in that situation, If I had some moments that were less disagreeable, they were but moments still, you can tell whether I have had any occasion to flatter my self.

Madmoiselle of Sansac could no longer continue such a Discourse, and pouring forth a Torrent of Tears, she oblig'd Madmoiselle of Roye to speak to her. I am more miserable than you, said she, I feel all your troubles as you do your self, and

and I have besides the trouble of having caus'd them ; It is through my means that you have particularly known the Count of Amboise ; It is perhaps through his Love to me, that he enters not into those Sentiments which are due to your Merits. In fine, it is my indifferency towards him, that has given place to your pity ; all turns to poison to you, I dare not undertake any thing, and after I have caus'd all your Sorrows, I have the trouble of not being able to bring you out of them ; You ought not to have any more friendship for me ; You consider me as a Rival ; perhaps that you hate me. No, reply'd Madmoiselle of Sanſac, it is Amboise that must be hated, and not you, but I cannot have so much as the satisfaction of hating either of you. What has he done to me ? he has not betray'd me, seeing that he never lov'd me. Alas ! must that be the Cause that
must

must take me off of complaining?

Here her redoubled Tears did force her a second time to silence, and Madmoiselle of *Roye* perceiving some alteration in her Face, fear'd that she should not be well, and oblig'd her to lay her self on the Bed; after which she went into her Closet to speak with one of her Servants, it was to tell her from Madam of *Roye*, that the Count of *Amboise* was to come, and that she should receive him, if he came before her return. He came in that very instant; and having seen no body in the Anti-Chamber nor in the Chamber, because that Madmoiselle of *Roye* had order'd her Women, when she came in with Madmoiselle of *Sansac*, to go into her Closet, which was at some distance, that they might not interrupt their Conversation: he was going out, but Madmoisele of *Sansac* having turned

ned her self to see who it was, she had made a little noise, he drew near to the Bed, whose Curtains were half drawn. He knew her not, she had part of her Coifs over her Face; he took her to be Madmoiselle of Roye who was resting on the Bed; so that having still his mind fill'd with the Adventure of the Garden, and fearing also to lose the opportunity of speaking to her. *Madmoiselle*, said he, *I cannot defer one moment justifying of my self, could you be so hard-hearted to belive that I could love Madmoiselle of Sansac? I had not yesterday leisure to answer you, on what you would have had me to think of her Sentiments; but was there any occasion for that? If that your indifferency could not make me change, all the passion that can be had for me, could do no more.*

Madmoiselle of Roye, who apprehended that some body was entring

entring, and who also was advertis'd another way, that it was Monsieur of *Amboise*, return'd in the Chamber, and said to him with a loud voice, That a Lady of her Friends was sleeping on that Bed, and that she would receive him in another Chamber, but she knew not that he had said too much already.

Madmoiselle of *Sanfac* had been struck by it as with a Thunderbolt, and that last misfortune was so horrid, that nothing but death could take from her the shame and the sorrow of it. She remain'd on the Bed of Madmoiselle of *Roye* overwhelm'd with divers different thoughts, without coming to any resolution.

Monsieur of *Amboise* was with Madmoiselle of *Roye*; he was telling her the same things, which he thought that he had told her before, when he had spoken to
 Madmoi-

Mademoiselle of *Sanfac*; but she let him see that she took no delight in hearing them, and if any thing was capable of moving her, it could be nothing but those Sentiments that he should take up for her Friend. He was troubled at that indifferency, and he remain'd seiz'd with so great a Sorrow, that he desisted from speaking to her. Madam of *Roye* return'd sooner than she had thought to do, and Mademoiselle of *Roye* went to Mademoiselle of *Sanfac*, whose Despair increas'd by her Presence. She made a loud and sorrowful Out cry when she saw her: *Ab! you have betray'd me,* said she, *I at least thought that the Count was ignorant of my weakness; but there wanted something more to perfect your Victory, you have found some satisfaction in that Sacrifice that he has offer'd up to you of me. I beg your pardon for distrusting you*
in

in this thought ; but why did you tell him that I lov'd him , seeing he lov'd you ? She had not the power to proceed , her Tears did run abundantly down , and she could do nothing but weep.

Madmoiselle of *Roye* apprehended part of what had pass'd , she had nothing to answer her , and it was then a fit time to justify her intentions , when she was guilty through such sad Effects ; all that she could say or do , was to assure her that it would be easie to take off of the Count the thoughts of being belov'd ; but the Remedy was not yet according to Madmoiselle of *Sansac's* mind : *Na*, said she , *let him know it , and I shall never see him more.* Upon this she did rise from the Bed , and went from Madmoiselle of *Roye* , with the design of never returning there again ; and the next day she went to one of her Father's Country-houses,

houses, which was near the City of *Tours*. There she did endeavour to forget all the World, she abandon'd the design of pursuing the Marriage of her Brother with Madmoiselle of *Roye*, though it might have been of use to have reveng'd her self of *Amboise*; and all her Sentiments yielded to her shame: Thus she left to that Friend nothing but the vexation of having lost a Person, unto whom she intrusted her Sentiments, and of preserving still an unhappy Lover.

Monfieur of *Amboise's* Constancy was so cruel to Madmoiselle of *Roye*, through its Consequences, that she began to fancy it a Crime in him; she would no longer speak to him, but with a kind of sharpness, against which he was not prepar'd. He had not thought that she would ill treat him, because he could love none but her.

There

There enter'd in that new rigour a kind of injustice and contempt, which seem'd to him not to be born withal ; he fancied that he could live without loving a Person, whose ingratitude deserv'd his hatred, or rather his forgetting of her, and he began to shun her more than he had ever done.

Sansac was desperate at his Sister's absence ; he had no longer any body near his Father that spoke for him ; so that after he had writ to Mademoiselle of *Sansac* all to no purpose, he went to seek her where she was. He did all he could to oblige her to return, but he obtain'd nothing from her, and he could not put her one moment out of that deadly grief in which she was plung'd.

Madam of *Tournon*, who saw him extreamly afflicted, and who thought of some means of reclaiming him from Mademoiselle of *Roye*, feign'd

feign'd a new Earnestness of Concerns for his Interest ; she told him, that one of her Friends that had a full power over the Count of *Sansac's* mind, would soon be at *Paris*, and that she would employ all the Credit that she had in that Friend, to bring about the Marquess's Designs. *Sansac* was sensible, that of truth that Person, of whom she spoke, was a considerable Person with his Father : What a pleasure is it to behold a means to attain unto that Happiness which he had so long waited after ! The strength of his Sentiments gave him again some friendship for that Countess. He promis'd her an eternal acknowledgment, and he frequented her with assiduity.

She had introduc'd the Count of *Sancerre* at Madam of *Roye's* : He was of a Character of mind to please all those that he frequented with ;

with; he went frequently there, and his Love did daily increase, through the particular knowledge which he found of Madmoiselle of *Roye's* Wit; that Passion was even inflam'd by that, which he knew she had for the Marquess of *Sarsac*. It often happens that a Lover sets a value on the Merit of a Mistress, which makes, that when he cannot cause her to be hated, he causes her to be infinitely belov'd.

Though Monsieur of *Amboise* did avoid Madmoiselle of *Roye*, it was not possible, but that he should sometimes meet her, and it was above a month since he had seen her, when that he found himself near her Person one day that the Queen Regent was receiving of *Spanish* Ambassadors. So soon as he perceiv'd Madmoiselle of *Roye*, his first Design was to have changed place; but she saluted him
after

after a manner, which though indifferent, had a Charm by which he found himself detain'd; meantime he durst not speak to her, but when the Ceremony was ended, the men gave their hands to the Ladies to lead them to their Coaches. The Marquess of *Sansac* was oblig'd to take that of Madam of *Roye*, and Monsieur of *Amboise* said to Mademoiselle of *Roye*, that he durst not offer her his; she answer'd nothing, and offer'd her hand to him with Civility.

Never had Mademoiselle of *Roye* been so adorn'd, and so beautiful: Those Applauses which she had receiv'd, caus'd a modest Joy to appear on her Face, which would have excited Love in the most insensible Hearts. Though *Sansac's* Passion was arriv'd at that height, that it could not be increas'd, he had felt a new pleasure in beholding her that day. *D'Amboise* remembered

membr'd the first time that he had seen her; which forc'd from him a profound sigh, and he beheld her with Eyes bedew'd with Tears.

There being great Apartments to go through, and divers Persons having step'd in between Madam and Madmoiselle of Roye, he had full leisure to entertain her. *I am asham'd, Madmoiselle, said he, to let you know that your scorns and your hatred cannot hinder me from loving you: what further means will you attempt? they will all prove useless, there is nothing but death can rid you of me. You had promis'd me, said Madmoiselle of Roye, that you would use no more such discourses to me, what would you that I should answer you? Nothing, Madmoiselle, said he with an offended countenance, I have deserv'd but your indifferency. Well, added he, quite transported, return*
me

me that, since I am so unhappy, as to think that your anger is yet a greater evil to me. But, said Madmoiselle of Roye, ought you to be surpris'd at my resentment? You are the cause that I have lost my Friend. What of Madmoiselle, interrupted he, can you accuse me? Did I ever go about to touch her Heart? Was it possible for me to love any one but you? No, Madmoiselle, added he, as beyond himself, you owe me no tenderneſs, I detest mine; but I love you, and I am worthy of your pity. Complain not then, said Madmoiselle of Roye, I have given you what I could give you, and setting aside Love, you have had all my other Sentiments, I promise you the continuance of them, and let us no longer reproach one another.

The Count had no cause to be contented, but he had no right to complain. He put her into her Mother's Coach, where Sansac was wait-

waiting. The two Lovers saluted one another with a smile, which express'd all the Sentiments of their Hearts. *Amboise*, who had feign'd not to look on Madmoiselle of *Roye*, had however taken notice of it, and he was pier'd at it with a mortal Sorrow; then did his evil become extream, when he resolv'd to cure himself. He found that he should always be expos'd to seek Madmoiselle of *Roye*, to meet her, and to suffer all that a desperate Love and Jealousie have that is most dreadful; so that seeing it was necessary he should quit *Paris*; he went to an Estate which he had near *Reims*, and promis'd himself never to return, till he had extinguish'd all the remainders of his unfortunate Passion. Thus was Madmoiselle of *Roye* deliver'd for a time from a Lover who began to be troublesom to her, because she had some considerations

G

for

for him, and that she durst not ill treat him.

But the Count of *Sancerre* and Madam of *Tournon*, from whom she had never fear'd any thing, were the Persons who were to cause all the evils and misfortunes of her life. *Sancerre* design'd to get into her Favour, before he declar'd himself her Lover; so that he had began to enter into some Engagement with her, in speaking frequently of *Sansac*, and in favour of that Name he rendred himself amiable; she entertain'd him with a satisfaction which was even suspicious to *Sansac*, he fear'd to find a Rival in a man who appear'd formidable, and who was assiduous at Mademoiselle of *Roye's*; he own'd his Suspicions to her, but she assur'd him so firmly, that he was but a Friend, and she was so well perswaded of it her self, that she even made no reflexions on *Sansac's* disquiets.

disquiets. Of truth, he had so much reason to assure himself of Madmoiselle of *Roye's* inclinations, that he was willing at first to submit his Jealousie to her.

Madam of *Tournon*, who by the Promises which she had made him of employing her self in the behalf of his Marriage, had thereby engag'd him to be obliging to her, caus'd to be spread abroad by the Count of *Sancerre*, that the Marquess was fallen in Love with her. Though Madmoiselle of *Roye* was advertis'd of the Reasons he had to manage her; That Countess was still brisk enough to produce some uneasy thoughts in a Rival.

Madmoiselle of *Roye* inform'd *Sansac* of what was said of him, he remain'd in a Surprise, which appear'd very natural; he answer'd her after so tender a manner, and he did love her so sincerely,

that he could not fail of being soon justified. He offer'd to break off with Madam of *Tournon*, but they both thought they had the same interest to preserve her their Friend. She at last desired him not to alter his Conduct, and assur'd him, that she should never be concern'd at it.

Her Jealousie appear'd so tender to her Lover, that in that very instant he lost that which he had had of *Sancerre*; he was even so asham'd, for having mistrusted of infidelity so nice a Heart, that he fear'd putting her in mind of those fears which he had express'd; but that quiet lasted not long, Madam of *Tournon* designing that they should both at one and the same time entertain Suspicions one of another, gain'd to her Party that Woman of Madmoiselle of *Roye's*, in whom she put the greatest confidence; she gave her a Letter which

which was directed to Madmoifelle of *Roye*, but ſhe intreated her not to ſhew it to her, and ſo to contrive the buſineſs, that *Sanſac* might read it, without any ſign that there had been any deſign he ſhould ſee it.

Chance did favour her intention ſome few days after, and the buſineſs was punctually done. *Sanſac* came one Evening to Madam of *Roye's*, ſhe was not there, ſome of her Friends waited ſome time for her return, but that day ſhe was to ſup with her Daughter at Madam of *Tournon's*; mean time this Woman feign'd as if ſhe knew nothing of it, ſhe told *Sanſac* that they would ſoon return, and ſhe would have him to go into Madam of *Roye's* Apartment, of which ſhe had deſignedly miſlay'd the Key, to have occaſion of leading him in that of Madmoifelle of *Roye's*. She had newly carried that

Letter there, with which she had charg'd her self ; it lay on the Table unsealed , and seem'd as if it had been forgotten. She left the Marquess alone , who read the Letter which was of the Count of *Sancerre's* hand , whose Writing *Sansac* knew. *Sancerre* by that Letter did confess to Madmoiselle of *Roye* , that he had a long time thought to be no more but a Friend to her ; that therefore he had disguis'd his real Sentiments under that notion, but now he could no longer forbear letting her know them. *Sansac* read it with the same vexation, as if in learning the Count's Love, he had also learn'd that he was belov'd.

That Woman return'd into the Chamber, when she thought he might have read the Letter, and she told him that Madmoiselle of *Roye* had newly sent back her people,

people, and that she should pass that Evening at Madam of *Tournon's*. He immediately went thither, not doubting but that *Sancerre* would be there; yet having at a distance observ'd his Liveries at the door, he was struck at that sight, as if he did not expect it. He went into Madam of *Tournon's*, to see in what manner Mademoiselle of *Roye* would govern herself with her new Lover; but she having not seen the Letter, which could inform her of this Count's Sentiments, she therefore alter'd not her former Conduct towards him.

Sansac was almost mad to see her in her usual Gayety; his Jealousie did perswade him that it was rather increas'd: Never had he found those things which *Sancerre* said, so unfit to please, and he never did so much fear lest they should please; at last he went out

in the most furious trouble that he ever had been in his life. The next day he could not see Mademoiselle of *Roye* alone, and the day following they set forth for *Reims* at the Coronation of *Charles* the Ninth.

A considerable time had already pass'd since the death of *Francis* the Second ; Pleasures began to spring up again at Court, and of truth they had scarce discontinu'd, because it was the Queen Regent's pleasure, who would be absolute, to keep all things in Idleness and Wantonness; she grac'd every day with some Festival ; and being always follow'd by the most beautiful Women, who made their Lovers to act according to their Will, she reign'd with a full Authority by the means of Gallantry.

Madam of *Roye*, whom a slight indisposition did oblige to stay at *Paris*, would have retain'd her Daugh-

Daughter with her, but the Queen desired not to deprive her of a Person who adorn'd her Court ; so that she intrusted Madam of *Tournon* with her, who she still believ'd to be the most sincere of all her Friends. Her Daughter had not told her the distrust which she had of that Countess ; for fear she had found them too little reasonable.

During the Journey Madam of *Tournon* did observe Mademoiselle of *Roye* , and on the pretence of Friendship, did not leave her one moment: That Letter which *San-fac* had read, having not been writ to any other end, but that he should see it, Mademoiselle of *Roye* had not heard one word of it. *Sancerre* was still cautious of giving her any Suspicion that he lov'd her. His Rival was first to be destroy'd, and he was contented in labouring joyntly with Ma-

dam of *Tournon* to sow a discord betwixt those two Lovers, and in preventing them from coming to a right Understanding.

Madam of *Tournon* had told *Sanc*-
fac, that though she was willing to serve him in his Marriage near his Father, she would not enter with Madmoiselle of *Roye* in the confidence of his Love, and that it was not convenient for her to act in any thing of that nature with a young Person. He could not blame her for it, and he the less suspected that she were capable of, taking another Interest in him, than that of Friendship. This Marquess continu'd to entertain a Jealousie in his Bosom. He saw that Madmoiselle of *Roye* did not break off with *Sancerre*, and he already judg'd her too guilty, to merit his reproaches, but he express'd an extraordinary coldness towards her; she attributed it to his new passion
for

for the Countess, and she preserved a secret spight at it, which appear'd not at first but by her coldness, but it was impossible for them to remain long in that condition. They were mutually suspicious of one another, which must have turn'd into Certainties, or they must have clear'd themselves of their doubts : There happen'd an Adventure which made an end of confounding them.

The Queen gave a Ball at *Reims* the night of *Charles* the Ninth's Coronation. It being the time of Masquerading, she gave the design of a Masquerade ; she order'd that a Troop of Gipsie men, and another of Gipsie women, should come separately to tell the young King's good Fortune ; that afterwards each man should take his Gipsie woman, and that they should dance together, as rejoycing for having hit so right in speaking pleasing things to the King. The

The Countess of *Tournon*, and Madmoiselle of *Roye*, were of the Masquerade ; their height was pretty equal, their Hairs were of a brown very approaching, and their small difference could not be discern'd by the light of Flam-beaus, those Gipsies Dresses were order'd after a manner as made no distinction betwixt any persons that had never so little likeness ; long flying Gowns did cover all their Necks, and descended to the ground, without any distinction in height ; their Hairs, which were loose on their shoulders, were tied up with a world of Ribands, and the Ladies made their Lovers partakers of those which they were to wear that Festival-day, because the Queen, who would entertain every thing in Gallantry, had desired it should be so, that those who had Mistresses might dance with them. Madmoiselle of *Roye* found

found her self uneasie in that Juncture, that coldness which was betwixt *Sanfac* and her, gave her some repugnancy against doing him that favour; mean time it was impossible for her to afford it to another, that favour appear'd to her little considerable in it self, and it produc'd an occasion for her to accuse him, which she would not neglect; She sent him some of her Ribands, and writ to him with so much spight, sorrow, and tenderness, that this Letter had assuredly produc'd a clearing betwixt them, had not Madam of *Tournon's* Artifice prevail'd.

The Note that she had writ, having pass'd through the hands of that Woman that Madam of *Tournon* had gain'd; she had a sight of it, and found out some way of playing a new Trick to those two Lovers; she kept Madmoiselle of *Roye's* Ribands, and sent others

others in the name of that young Person , they were of those that she her self was to wear. Her intention was to deceive *Sanfac*, and to pass for Mademoiselle of *Roye*, under the favour of the disguise, to put that Mistress in the highest indignation against *Sanfac*, to prevent them as much as she could, from clearing themselves, and that the mistake of the Ribands might be thrown on the Woman that serv'd them, should they go about to examine the matter. Mean time, she her self found the design but course, and expected no great success from it ; but she had began to sow a misunderstanding amongst them, all was to be hazarded that could increase it ; and their hearts being already prepossess'd with Jealousie, the least appearance might add something to their general Revolt.

Sanfac

Sanfac receiv'd Madam of *Tournon's* Ribands, which were sent him as from Madmoiselle of *Roye*, and he writ to this last with so much Love and Jealousie, that Madam of *Tournon*, unto whom that Letter was shew'd, did at the same time fear and hope of Success; she entreated that Woman, whom she had gain'd, to have *Sanfac* inform'd, that Madmoiselle of *Roye* would speak to him the Masquerading night, and she had resolv'd to tell him under the shelter of her Mask, such things as would convince him that his Rival was belov'd; the Letters which they writ to one another were intercepted, and Madmoiselle of *Roye* was only told, that *Sanfac* was most oblig'd to her for her Ribands; that slight which she had so little deserv'd from him, put her into an unconceivable Anger. She was at first surpris'd with that strange

strange way of proceeding, tho' her mind had long since been disturb'd by the extraordinary indifferency which he had shew'd her, for all things appear seemingly true to Jealousie. How often did she accuse her self of lowness of Spirit, for having made an Advance so ill receiv'd; that which had at first appear'd so indifferent, did then seem most terrible to her; and her grief had prevented her from appearing at the Masquerade, if she had not had a desire to see after what manner he would govern himself there.

The Maskers did dance, each Gipsie woman with that man who bore her Colours. Madmoiselle of *Raye* saw a person who wore hers, and at first she did not know him to be the Brother of Madam of *Tournon*, who was to dance with that Countess, but she easily observ'd that it was not *Sanfac* that danc'd with her. That

That Marquess was not made after a manner that could be confounded with the rest, he was taller than all those that were of the Masquerade; so that she perceiv'd him dress'd with Madam of *Tournon's* Colours, which she could not but know, because they had dress'd together, *Sanfac*, who took her for Madam of *Roye*, deceiv'd by the Ribands, which had been sent him as from her, continu'd to dance with her, and she so well affected the Air and Dancing of her whom she would imitate, that the Marquess, who had no Suspicion of the Cheat, was wholly mistaken.

Madmoiselle of *Roye* felt the greatest vexation that she ever had in her life; she did believe that the Countess had also sent some of her Ribands to *Sanfac*, to have the pleasure of seeing her self highly prefer'd before the other ;
in

in the disposition she was, she needed not so much to convince her, that *Sansac* and Madam of *Tournon* were in a perfect Intelligence, and the trouble of her mind did make her dance with so much disorder, that no body could imagine that it was she.

After she had made a review of all the Persons of the Masquerade, she found that it was with the Brother of Madam of *Tournon* that she had danc'd, she did not examine whether *Sansac* had design'd to deceive her in putting some body in his place, or whether he had only thought of shifting himself out of business; but either way she thought her self treated in so ill a manner, that the Love which she owed to her self, was almost as much offended, as was her tenderness to *Sansac*.

So soon as the Masquerading was ended, she privately got towards

wards the door, and went out, without being perceiv'd but by *Sancerre* only, who had always had his Eyes upon her, and who knew her by the Ribands which Madam of *Tournon* had intercepted and had shew'd him. He follow'd her out to give her his hand, and she was oblig'd to him for that Civility; she told him, that she should not return again, so that he conducted her home. He had too much interest not to learn what pass'd in her Heart as to *Sanfac*, wherefore he fell on that Discourse, believing that in the disorder she was, it was the fittest time for him to give his Rival the last blow; he feign'd with a kind of a mysterious Countenance, that he was not wholly surpris'd at what had happen'd; that was enough to engage Mademoiselle of *Roye*, even against her inclination, to make him divers

Questi-

Questions, unto which he answer'd after a manner which did infinitely increase her Jealousie and Sorrow; though she had entertain'd a thousand Suspicions, she still accus'd her self of having shut her own Eyes, and for having remain'd in too great a tranquillity at the very instant that she was betray'd. She could not be weary in continually making him new Questions, and he remain'd longer with her, than she would have permitted him to do, had she been less disturb'd.

After that *Sansac* had done dancing with Madam of *Tournon*, whom he had all the while taken for Madmoiselle of *Roye*, he led her to a Corner of the Hall to speak to her; she did not pull off her Mask, which was fastned to her Head-dress, so that he could not undeceive himself. He told her, that he was in a world of
Sorrow

Sorrow at the hearing that *Sancerre* had writ to her, and dar'd to acquaint her with his Passion, that he found she had not ill treated him for it, that on the contrary, she beheld him with delight; and finally, that he could no longer live, if she continu'd to have the same regard for him. Madam of *Tournon* counterfeiting the accent of her Voice, told him that it was difficult for her to break with a Friend of her Mother. *Ah! Mademoiselle*, said he, *what is it that you tell me? Why do you alarm your self?* said she with a Tone more disguis'd than before. *Though it should be true, that Sancerre should have other Sentiments for me, than those of Esteem and Friendship, you ought not to believe that I should have any others for him. How?* *Mademoiselle*, reply'd he, *is it possible that you should have some Esteem*
and

and Friendship for a man who declares himself your Lover? I am lost, if you do not unsay those words again. I shall not unsay them, said Madam of Tournon, there would be injustice in what you demand. That is too much, interrupted Sansac, either deceive me quite, or make an end of undeceiving me, I cannot remain in that uncertainty I am; say that you love Sancerre, that you cannot break off with him, and I shall no longer trouble you with my Jealousie and my reproaches. Madam of Tournon made him no Answer. I understand you, Madam, said Sansac transported with Fury, you shall no longer be troubled with my Complaints, but in vain must you expect any moderation in my Conduct, and so long as I have life, I will prevent my Rival from being more happy than my self. Upon that he roughly quitted her, and she made no offers of retaining him.

Madmoi-

Madmoiselle of *Tournon* was in an excessive Joy, she could never have hoped for such a Success, and all her Arts were so fortunate, that they gave her no remories. Tho' the Masquerade was ended, the Ball did continue; Madam of *Tournon*, after she had chang'd her Apparel, return'd into the Hall, where they danc'd; *Sansac* was gone in to seek after *Sancerre*, and to oblige him to fight, but he found him not there, and he learnt that Madam of *Tournon* had said, that Madmoiselle of *Roye* was retired with a most violent Head-ach. Of truth, Madmoiselle of *Roye* had given it out so, that none should be surpris'd at her not appearing at the Ball. This Marquess, not finding *Sancerre*, did believe he might have follow'd her, and it was impossible for him not to seek to be satisfied in it. He went to Madmoiselle of *Roye's*,
under

under the pretence of inquiring after her Health, and having learnt by *Sancerre's* folks that he was there, he demanded to see her, with a design to make her, maugre his Promise, all the reproaches which he thought she deserv'd; but that Anger Madmoiselle of *Roye* was in, hindred her from receiving him, she sent him Word that she could not speak with him, because of her Head-ach, at the same time she dismiss'd *Sancerre*; but he apprehending that *Sanfac* had seen his Servants, and fancying that peradventure his Rival would have the Curiosity to learn whether he should be long with Madmoiselle of *Roye*, he remain'd in the Antichamber on purpose with that Woman which Madmoiselle of *Tournon* had gain'd, Madmoiselle of *Roye* not knowing but that he was gone, nor so much as once thinking that he would remain there.

Sanfac

Sansac stay'd for him in his passage, agitated with all that Fury could suggest to him of most horrid ; he perceiv'd the Count of *Amboise* coming, and in the trouble that he was, he could not forbear speaking to him. *D'Amboise* having been oblig'd to repair to *Reims* about the King's Coronation, he had heard that Madmoiselle of *Roye* was ill, and he had found himself still sensible enough in what concern'd her, to come with earnestness to inform himself of her health. *You see a man that is desperate*, said *Sansac* so soon as he did see him, *you have plung'd me into that Abyss where I am, and you have drawn your self out of it ; You have yielded to me a Person, which causes all the misfortune of my life ; she loves Sancerre, he is at this present with her, and she refuses seeing me. I have nothing to answer you*, said Monsieur of *Am-*

H boise,

boise, I forgot *Madmoiselle* of *Roye* when I yielded her to you. Upon this *D'Amboise* perceiv'd the Count of *Sancerre* coming out the House, which made him too hastily leave *Sansac*, for fear his Looks should betray what he had newly said.

Into what an odd kind of Jealousie did that Count enter? He fancy'd that *Madmoiselle* of *Roye* had a second time prov'd inconstant to him, she had been forc'd by her inclination to love *Sansac*; *D'Amboise* did begin to believe that she would always love that Person, whom she had from the beginning preferr'd to him, and that had in some manner allay'd the first heat of his Sentiments; but that Change did awaken them, and kindled in him new desires, spight, and transportment. He believ'd that she might be inconstant, and he esteem'd her the less, but he acquired new fires by it,
he

he found himself full of earnest desires to revenge himself of that Person who went about to deprive him of a good, which he thought to be already lost, but he also fancy'd that there was a kind of satisfaction in revenging ones self, which did not agree with a man who had never been belov'd; he was asham'd that he was concern'd at the Quarrels which were betwixt *Sansac* and *Sancerre* for Madmoiselle of *Roye*, which made him to return into the Country that very moment.

Sansac having inform'd *Sancerre* that his design was to fight with him, they went at some distance from that place, for fear of being prevented: they fought with an equal fierceness, and they had ended their quarrel with their lives, if that their Servants, whom they had forbid to follow them, had not distrusted their intentions,

and given notice of it to some of their Friends, who came and parted them.

Madmoiselle of *Roye* was some days without going out of her Chamber, under the pretence of an Head-ach, so that she would not see *Sanfac*. This Marquess's Combat with *Sancerre* made much noise at Court, but the Subject of it was not known; *Sancerre* had great reason to conceal it, so long as he was not firmly establish'd in Madmoiselle of *Roye*'s Favour. Madam of *Tournon* insinuated her self with *Sanfac* on that account, and engag'd him to Secrecy, saying, that he ought to have some regards for a Person whom he had lov'd so long, but in truth it was to prevent Madmoiselle of *Roye* from diving too deep into the business, had she known what share she had in it. *Sanfac* did follow that Countesse's Advices, though his Anger
against

against Madmoiselle of *Roye* was not diminished. He in vain did endeavour to suppress his Passion; he hated Madmoiselle of *Roye*, yet he incessantly thought on her. It is by forgetting that Love is cur'd.

Madmoiselle of *Roye* having inquired of *Sancerre* the cause of his Combat with *Sansac*, he told her that the Marquess had quarrell'd with him on a very slight pretence, but that the true cause of his Quarrel was his meeting him too often to his mind at Madam of *Tournon's*, for whose Person he could not be perswaded that one could entertain so little as a single Friendship. Madmoiselle of *Roye* swallow'd down that Poison without resistance, nothing now could defend *Sansac* in her heart against those surprising News, and she was easily brought to believe any thing of him on Madam of *Tournon's* ac-

count, which gave a great deal of hopes to his Rival.

Madam of *Tournon* still continu'd to express the same Friendship to Mademoiselle of *Roye*, as formerly, but it was receiv'd with a great deal of coldness. Those two Rivals would no longer mention the Marquess of *Sansac* in their Discourses, and it was but the affecting of not pronouncing his Name, which was a trouble to them.

The Count of *Sansac*, Father to the Marquess, was Governour of *Touraine*; he was sick at *Tours*, and in that Age which no longer will afford any hopes of Cure. The Reversion of his Government was at that time conferr'd upon his Son, through Madam of *Tournon*'s means; he, knowing not that she was the cause of all the troubles in his Amours, was willing to acknowledge that obligation to her,

her, but he was oblig'd to be absent, he told her the necessity that he had of flying from Madmoiselle of *Roye*, and the Countess did not oppose his design of going to *Tours*. Absence was the means to prevent him from clearing any Points with Madmoiselle of *Roye*, and of curing himself of his Passion towards her.

This Marquess went suddenly from *Reims*, and some few days after the Court return'd to *Paris*. Madam of *Tournon* took great care to have Madmoiselle of *Roye* inform'd of the great share which she had had in *Sansac's* late Preferment, of truth he wanted a Person that had a great interest in the Queen, to engage her to shew any Favour to that Family.

Madmoiselle of *Roye* was returned into her Mother's hands, unto whom she learnt that Madmoiselle of *Tournon* was her Rival, and that

she had betray'd her. Madam of *Roye* was something troubled at *Sanfac's* Change; the Engagement in which divers Persons knew that he was with Madmoiselle of *Roye*, had put by a great number of Pretenders, and his infidelity could not but do her some prejudice. Madmoiselle of *Roye* did sensibly feel the Affront, and could not console her self for not having lov'd *Amboise*, who had so real a Passion for her, and whose great Qualities and Constancy ought to have diverted her from that inclination which she had for *Sanfac*.

The Count of *Sancerre*, who still was with her under the notion of a Friend, did think it a favourable season to declare his Passion, though not fit to make any advantage of his long concealment of it; but he resisted the desire of making it a merit. He fear'd bringing

ing on himself that Anger which she had against *Sanfac*, if he should let her know that he had all along been his Rival, and of making her to suspect those things which he had said of him ; so that he feign'd the beginning of a Passion, which the opportunity of daily seeing a beautiful Person that had no Engagement, had produc'd.

Mademoiselle of *Roye* had found her self too much disoblig'd by Love to admit it a second time ; and if her Heart could ever be mov'd with it again, it could not be but an acknowledgment on Monsieur of *Amboise's* account ; she answer'd *Sancerre* with that indifferency, which a Lover thinks more unsufferable than Anger it self. And from that very moment he did dread all the ill that he might expect from it ; however being not quite dash'd out of countenance, he spoke to her more than once.

Her Love was tired with constraining it self; he importun'd, if he could not please; so that Madmoiselle of *Roye* was oblig'd to let him know, that if he continu'd his Discourses, she should never see him more. She told it him with such a calmness of mind, that he doubted not but that she would make good her Threatning, and he was so vexed at it, that he would see her no more.

In vain did the Count of *Amboise* seek in the Country for a quiet, which he had fail'd of the first time, a new reason of curing himself did but increase his pain: The Count of *Sancerre*, Madmoiselle of *Roye*, and *Sanfac*, did incessantly present themselves to his imagination, and tormented him. He return'd to *Paris*, drawn thither by his unquietness, and without knowing to what purpose; he did not presently go to Madam of *Roye's*,

Roye's, and he was absolutely resolv'd to avoid seeing of her Daughter; mean time having inquired what she did, he learnt that *Sancerre* had desisted seeing of her, and he was told at the same time, that it was because that Count was fallen in Love with her; that his Passion had been a trouble to her; and that in fine, she had in a manner banish'd him. As things indifferent are seldom conceal'd, Madmoiselle of *Roye* had confess'd the truth of that business to some of her Friends, who had inquired after the Reasons that *Sancerre* did see her no more; and *D'Amboise*, who sought after the knowledge of those things, could not fail of being inform'd; by that means he lost all Suspicion as to the Count of *Sancerre*, by whom he had been more alarm'd, than really made jealous; he believ'd that Madmoiselle of *Roye* had only design'd

to

to fret *Sanfac*, but not to betray him, when she refus'd to see him after the Masquerading at *Reims*, and when she had receiv'd *Sancerre*, that it might only be the consequences of a Love-quarrel, which he might not have heard of, and it was but too easie to him to turn all his Anger upon *Sanfac*; but he soon learnt also, that that Marquess was fallen in Love with Madam of *Tournon*, and that News did produce in him divers agitations, in which he went no further at first than to know what Madmoiselle of *Roye's* thoughts were on that Subject; after which he return'd to her House with much earnestness.

Madam of *Roye* receiv'd him with her usual Civilities, and Madmoiselle of *Roye* appear'd melancholick, but civil and full of regards; there being some Persons in the Chamber, he could not
enter

enter into any particular Conversation with her that day, but however she observ'd that he lov'd her still ; she made some reflexions on his proceedings, and on those of *Sanfac* ; she oppos'd the Constancy of the one to the Inconstancy of the other ; and though such advantageous thoughts in the behalf of *D'Amboise*, did not yet carry along with them Mademoiselle of *Roye's* Heart, it was much however that she allow'd him so entire a preference in her mind.

The first time that he saw her alone, he would have spoken of *Sanfac* ; but she presently avoided the Discourse by a secret confusion, which she was in at her being abandon'd by a man whom she had preferr'd before him ; mean time he let her understand, that he was not ignorant of what was said of *Sanfac's* Change, and it was after a manner, that in some degree

degree did qualifie Madmoiselle of Roye's disorder: She sufficiently esteem'd this Count to oblige her to be sincere with him. *Take the pleasure of revenging your self of me*, said she, *I ought to let you enjoy that Triumph; Well, it is true, I know that Sansac does leave me for Madam of Tournon. Is it possible, Madmoiselle*, said he, *can that be? Though it has been told me, though you confirm it, I too much know the impossibility of ceasing from loving you, to be brought to believe it. There is nothing more true*, said she; *but what is therein that is incredible? There are nothing but Examples of Inconstancy seen. Madmoiselle*, said he to her, *do you see none other? Do you not know a Lover despis'd, hated, and still constant? I know him not despis'd, nor hated*, said she again, with an Air that he had not yet seen, *I begin to make a difference*

rence betwixt him and all other
 men ; I was design'd it may be to
 do him justice one day , and that
 day may be come. Alas ! Madmoi-
 selle, deceive not your self in it, this
 day is still one of those which you
 give to Sansac ; and he would be
 the more happy for it , if he could
 be sensible of his Happiness ; though
 you would make me useful in your
 revenge, it would be without any
 favourable thoughts for me ; Sansac
 is very dear to you, seeing that his
 Crime does engage you to say some
 flattering things to his Rival. Thus
 did the Count of Amboise give
 Madmoiselle of Roye to understand,
 that she had less design to make
 him sensible of her acknowledg-
 ment , than of causing some fur-
 ther displeasure of Sansac : Yet
 Hope was creeping again into the
 Count's Heart ; it was a great
 Point got , not to have any lon-
 ger to fear any tenderness towards

a Rival, and to have none to combat but that of Madmoiselle of *Roye*, which she her self did oppose.

Madam of *Tournon* did still continue a Commerce of Letters with that Marquess, she had got insensibly so far, as to make him apprehend, that she would willingly have afforded him some comfort for Madmoiselle of *Roye's* infidelity, he had seiz'd on that opportunity to endeavour to forget her, the desire which he had so to do, did sometimes make him hope that he should succeed in it, and give a certain lively Air to his Letters, at which Madam of *Tournon* was very well pleas'd. Mean time he did much less mind to perswade her that he lov'd her, than to convince Madmoiselle of *Roye* of it, which he durst not yet see.

The

The Count of *Sansac*, his Father's sickness, was a reason that might detain him at *Tours*; he did write to his Friends, that he was in Love with that Countess, and they no longer did mention Madmoiselle of *Roye* to him, because he had desired them to forbear, without giving any reason for it. During the time that *Sancerre* was still number'd amongst Madmoiselle of *Roye's* Friends; Madam of *Tournon* had writ to him, that they were in a perfect Intelligence, and since that time no body had inform'd him to the contrary. This Countess, which frequently receiv'd Letters from *Sansac*, because she writ to him every day, did cause the most passionate of them to be shewn to Madmoiselle of *Roye*, as if they had been surpris'd.

Madmoiselle of *Roye* did enter into an unconceivable Anger at them,

them , and *Sanfac's* inconstancy
 did work more advantageously
 for Monsieur of *Amboise*, than all
 that Lover's Services could do. The
 Count of *Sanfac* dyed about that
 time , and his Death did set his
 Son at liberty of finishing his Mar-
 riage with Madmoiselle of *Roye* ;
 but he took no advantage of it,
 Madam of *Tournon*, who no lon-
 ger could perceive any other ob-
 stacle to it, than those which she
 produc'd, redoubled her Artifices ;
 she caus'd to be spread abroad, that
 she should marry that Marquess so
 soon as he should return to *Paris*,
 where he was suddenly to be , to
 receive the King's Orders. Ma-
 dam of *Tournon's* Design was to
 engage before that time Madmoi-
 selle of *Roye* to fix on some other
 Person. Madam of *Roye* could not
 bear the Affront which was of-
 fer'd her Daughter, she told her
 that it concern'd their Honour to
 prevent

prevent *Sansac's* Designs ; Mad-
 moiselle of *Roye* was the most ir-
 ritated, and sought after nothing
 but Revenge. The Marshal of
Coffe, at that juncture of time, did
 cause some Propositions of Mar-
 riage to be made to her ; but the
 disproportion of their Age did ob-
 lige Madam of *Roye* to be in a
 Suspence , notwithstanding the
 great Advantages which she might
 expect from that Establishment.
 The Count of *Amboise* did still
 entertain the same Passion for
 Madmoiselle of *Roye* which he
 ever had , tho' he had more than
 once given over that pursuit. But
 those Reasons which had oblig'd
 him so to do, were no longer exi-
 stent , nothing was more proper
 for that beautiful Creature , than
 a Person who had always lov'd
 her most tenderly, and whom she
 esteem'd above all other men.
 Madam of *Roye* did ask that
 Count's

Count's Advice, as of a Friend, on the Marechal of Cofse, at which he was seiz'd with such a Trembling, as hindred him from answering. I perceive with a Surprise, said she to him, that whatsoever concerns my Daughter, is not yet become indifferent to you, mean-time all that you have done already, did give me occasion to believe that you might see her without trouble to marry another; You know that I had design'd her for you, and that I had preferr'd you to all other men, if you would have taken advantage from thence. I have nothing to answer you, Madam, said he, you cannot be ignorant of the dispositions in which I shall persist all my life-time for Mademoiselle of Roye; I know not whether there are less obstacles against me in her Heart, but I flatter my self with it, and there need-ed not so much to render my Passion extraordinary: If you had any thoughts

thoughts that way, permit me to consult Madmoiselle of Roye on that subject for the last time. Well, pray do so, said the Countess, I have the same Consideration for you that I ever had.

That Conjunction was something nice for the Count of Amboise to act in, he had twice already engag'd himself with Madmoiselle of Roye, a third time ought to make him tremble; but the Marshal of Cossé's concurrence did put him on marrying Madmoiselle of Roye, to take her from him; he went and cast himself at that fair Creature's feet. Madmoiselle, said he, you behold the most amorous of all men, you know that all your rigours have not hindered me from being so, and what have not your Civilities done? Notwithstanding that I ought to think you could never love me, and yet they have given me some hopes, or at least

least they have stood me in place of some good Omen, so long as you have been your own ; but you can no longer avoid being some bodies, and I fear that you tremble at it. It is no Engagement that shall make me fear, said Madmoiselle of Roye, it can be only those Persons with whom I should be oblig'd to engage myself. How ! Madam, said he, are you in a Condition of making any differences ? I fear lest some vexatious remembrance should render the Choice of an Husband disagreeable to you, or at least indifferent ; all will be equal to you. But added he, Why should I press you to declare your self ? Your Bounties give me not boldness enough to make me believe, that if you were capable of distinctions, they might be in favour of me ; You have too much accustomed me to be unhappy, to let me gather any hopes.

You offend me, said she, by those remembrances which you would bring into my mind, yet I am willing to answer you precisely on the rest; You have merited enough to invite me to speak my thoughts plainly to you; and seeing that I cannot dispence my self from entring into some tie, I should be sorry if it were not with you. What a word was that for Monsieur of Amboise? Could he make any Reflexions contrary to his Happiness? He intreated Madmoiselle of Roye to prefer him to the Marechal of Cousse; and she having a great tendency to it, her Marriage was a third time resolved upon. It then seem'd to that Lover, that he had nothing more to fear, and that he was above all his misfortunes: No more Rivals: No more Obstacles. He was going to be united for ever unto a Person whom he had long lov'd, and by whom at last he believ'd

to

to be belov'd. His misfortune had lasted so long, that he would no longer retard his Happiness; he intreated Madam of *Roye* not to let the Ceremonies of the Nuptials be any longer deferr'd. Madmoiselle of *Roye*, who through Esteem for Monsieur of *Amboise*, and through a secret spight against *Sanfac*, was resolv'd upon that Marriage, made no difficulty to consent that it should suddenly be ended, which was done two days after.

When it was concluded on, *Sanfac's* Friends had writ to him of it, not as a thing which concern'd him, but as News. What a Clap of Thunder was this for him? And what Sentiments did rekindle in his Heart? He felt that Spight, Time, and Absence had done no more but lull'd them asleep a little, and that it had not weaken'd them in the least. He did

did not conceive that she could ever have lov'd *Sancerre*, and so soon marry *D'Amboise*, and that Reflexion did sensibly lead him to doubt, whether she had ever loved the first of them ; mean time he believ'd that she had in a manner offer'd it to him by her silence, he had seen *Sancerre* go out of her House, when the entring into it had been refus'd him ; and though all these Circumstances, being recall'd into his memory, did cause him to shiver, he told himself that they were no Certainties, that peradventure something that he was ignorant of, had given place to those Irregularities, he again did afford an Esteem for Madmoifelle of *Roye* in his thoughts as oft as he fear'd to lose her ; all that which could justifie her came into his mind, as formerly all that could render her guilty had presented it self there ; that odd-

I
ness

ness of her marrying of *Amboise*, at that time that she should have married *Sancerre*, if she had lov'd him, did put him out of all measures, and made him to believe every thing possible, even not to have been betray'd. He already accus'd himself, for having peradventure given too soon some Jealousie to Madmoiselle of *Roye* of Madam of *Tournon Amboise*, who he had always thought so far from being belov'd by Madmoiselle of *Roye*, did not appear to him capable of having made himself Master with so much haste of an Heart which had always been refus'd him; at other times he fancied, that the same Inconstancy which had led her to love *Sancerre*, might also lead her to love *Amboise*; but that Idea appear'd so cruel to him, that he would presently cast it off: In fine, he could unravel nothing, only he found that he could
not

not suffer that any one should be made happy by marrying of Mademoiselle of *Roye*. He did not think that her Marriage should be preform'd with so much precipitation, and he still hop'd to put some stops to it; mean time he could not return to *Paris*, as he desired to do, because that the Huguenots, with whom a Treaty of Peace had been concluded, yet without effect, had made themselves Masters of divers Cities, and had Troops also not far from *Tours*, so that it was not possible for him to leave his Government; but he would not defer to let Mademoiselle of *Roye* know the condition in which her Marriage was going to reduce him, though he was ignorant of the Dispositions in which she was for him. He went to Mademoiselle of *Sansac*, his Sister, who was but two Leagues from thence; he told her

of that Marriage, which he knew would concern her as much as him, he did conjure her to go immediately thither, to give a Letter to Madmoiselle of *Roye*, which he had writ, and to use all the means that could prevent her from marrying the Count of *Amboise*.

Madmoiselle of *Sansac's* Passion was of those that nothing can cure, she was seiz'd with Wonder and with Sorrow; and though she did endeavour to conceal those motions, she assur'd her Brother, that he might rely upon her as to the care of the business, which she would bring about, if any could do it, and that she would omit nothing that could do him Service. Upon this Assurance he return'd to *Tours*, and she thought of nothing but keeping her Word with him.

She

She was not long about chusing the quickest way, and that which seem'd to her the most sure ; she thought that it would be in vain to have Madmoiselle of *Roye* perswaded of *Sansac's* tenderness, and that though she should again take up her first Sentiments for him , they would be useless, because that her timidity would always prevail over her inclination, and that it would be more easie to cast into *Amboise's* mind some Scruples, which should oblige him to take that Party, which he had done already more than once, than to use any other means to break off that Marriage ; that after all , it would be no ill Fortune to him not to marry a Person, which had been so long prepossess'd in the behalf of *Sansac* ; that there was not scarce any occasion to doubt but that her tenderness for him would awaken again, when

she should once see him return to her again.

Madmoiselle of *Sansac* writ to Monsieur of *Amboise*, and she also sent him the Letter, which *Sansac* had writ to Madmoiselle of *Roye*; she disguis'd her own Hand, that it might not be known: those Letters came from her, and she follow'd them some moments after, to learn what effects they might have produc'd. *D'Amboise* receiv'd them the day after his Marriage, and when he thought that his Happiness should never be troubled more, he open'd that from Madmoiselle of *Sansac*, the Character of which he knew not, and which was conceiv'd in the following words.

LETTER.

L E T T E R.

I Am not ignorant of your Nicety in your marrying of Madmoiselle of Roye, you believe your self Master of her Heart ; I give you a means to assure your self whether you are or not , here is a Letter which Sansac writes to her ; since he loves her still, he may also be belou'd by her , consult her on that Letter ; if she receives it with indifferency, you will have the more quiet in your Marriage ; and if you perceive that her Passion is not yet extinct, you may avoid an Engagement, which can never be happy for you.

After this he read that of Sansac, whose Writing he knew, in which he found these words:

To Mademoiselle of Roye.

I Am inform'd that you are going to marry Monsieur of Amboise, and that News makes so deep an impression on me, that I cannot forbear writing to you, though I have so much cause of complaining against you, I am not in a condition of making you any reproaches; I love you, and I lose you, I am to justify myself, and to crave your pardon; I have feign'd loving Madam of Tournon, with a design either to cure, or rather revenge my self, but I have done nothing all that while, but keep up my Passion by that hope. Peradventure also that my Conduct has displeas'd you. May be it has hastned that resolution which you take. Alas! I flatter my self, I should be still too happy in having a share in the reasons of your Marriage, as fatal as it is to me. No,
you

you love Amboise, as you have lov'd another. I ask your pardon, if I offend you; though I desire to offend you: Cause that reproach to cease, if it is too sensible to you; cause that inclination to revive again with which you once did flatter me, and which you said was to last for ever. What? convey it to D'Amboise, after your Heart had distinguish'd me from him in so obliging a manner; I oppose my self to your Marriage, by the right which your first Sentiments have given me over you, and if there remains yet any thing of them, I love you enough to pretend to recal them all back again. You formerly believ'd that we were born for one another; Why part we while I love you still? Ah! leave the thoughts of entring in a new Engagement, if not, fear the fury of a Lover who will lose all, rather than lose a good which he has merited both by his tenderness and yours.

What an effect did the reading of those Letters produce in Monsieur of *Amboise's* Heart? He found himself constrain'd to doubt whether he was belov'd at the time that he possess'd that Person which he lov'd. What an horror did present it self to his imaginations? He remain'd supprest with that Idea, and his Marriage became the most grievous of all his evils. So long as he had been but a Lover, the entire assurance of not being belov'd, had appear'd less cruel to him, than that certainty to which he saw himself reduc'd; if he had never lov'd so passionately, neither had he been so sensibly touch'd with Jealousie, to attain to the very last degree of ones Wishes, and to behold all ones Happiness cast down through unsufferable Conceptions, through such Doubts as could not be clear, not incapable of abandoning, nor

of

of hating the Countess of *Amboise*, nor to love her neither, was the condition he found himself in, and unto which there was no Remedy.

The Countess of *Amboise* took notice of his coldness, and of his trouble; she ask'd him the cause of it after a manner that ought to have setled him; but her kindnesses were suspicious, or rather he thought that he enjoy'd them but by Surprise; he was divers times on the point of shewing her the Letter from *Sanjac*, that he might no longer doubt the evil which he fear'd, and to establish on that, if it were possible, a most sorrowful quiet; but he as often stopt his hand, and he felt that he had still the certainty of it to fear: He answer'd the Countess in such terms as did not satisfy her, and which put her into extraordinary disturbances.

When

When Madmoiselle of *Sansac* came to *Paris*, she learnt that Monsieur *d'Amboise* was married to Madmoiselle of *Roye*; She feared all the disorder that the Letters which she had sent might have done; and the vexations at her imprudence, joy'n'd to those which she had at that Marriage, made her that very day take the resolution of going into a Monastery, to avoid reproaches from her Brother, and to have the power of overcoming a Passion, which had seized her Heart: She writ to the Marquess of *Sansac* before she went into it; and inform'd him, that Madmoiselle of *Roye* was married; She also confest, that in a design to serve him, and not knowing that the Count of *Amboise* was already beyond the condition of making use of these Advices, which were given him, she had sent to him that Letter which he had writ to

to Madmoiselle of *Roye*, with a Note in an unknown Character, which might have brought him once again to have broken that Marriage: Finally, she pray'd that Marquess to leave her at quiet, and never more to mention that fault to her, which she was going to expiate all her life time.

Sansac receiv'd not that Letter at *Tours*, because that the Prince of *Condé's* Troops, who had had a design to surprize that City, and that had been prevented by the Governours vigilance, were got into *Orleans*, and gave him the opportunity to return to *Paris*. He learnt so soon as he was got thither, that Madmoiselle of *Roye* was married, and he was as surpris'd as sorrowful at it; though he had fear'd that Marriage, he could not perswade himself that it could be done; and his Reflexions on it had but softned his Heart the more,

and

and rendred it more capable of feeling his loss; far from preparing it to bear his misfortune, he abandon'd himself to all that Despair has of most horrid: But he was not long in that trouble, *Amboise* was decreed to dye with grief in the midst of his Happiness, and it was soon spread abroad in what danger that Count was. Monsieur of *Amboise* could not bear the divers agitations of his mind, a Fever did seize him with such an extraordinary violence, that from the very first day his Life was in danger: The Countess of *Amboise* was incessantly by him, bathed with tears; the affliction which she shew'd him, and the Cares which she took for his preservation, did sensibly move him, but this put him in Despair when he thought that he durst not take them for Tokens of Love; yet he could not but be sensible of them. He
 but perceiv'd

perceiv'd that Madam of *Amboise* was worthy of an infinite Esteem, and that if he could not reach her Heart, he was to dye without complaining of her, he felt that he had but few days to live, and he resolv'd not to mention to her those Letters, which caus'd his Death, for fear of shewing some Jealousie, and of taking from her by that means the liberty of following her own inclination, when he should be no more. That strain of Generosity did cost him dear, his Sentiments were not sufficiently weakned, not to oppose himself to a resolution which was so contrary to them; and his Deliriums did sometimes discover that which he would have conceal'd.

Madam of *Amboise*, who by all means imaginable did endeavour to find out the Cause of his affliction and of his sickness, perceiv'd

at

at last that a Jealousie did torment him; the Love and Esteem which she had for her Husband, and that which she had for her self, would not permit her to let him live or dye, with such disadvantageous thoughts of her; She more than once did cast her self at his feet, telling him, that the slight which he had shew'd her in depriving her of his Confidence, was unsufferable. *Madam*, said he to her, *what do you seek to know? Believe that that tenderness which I have for you, is the Cause of that Secret you seek after. You cannot understand me,* added he sighing, *and I lose all the satisfaction which I should have in deserving from you by this last Sacrifice, but it is to leave you more at rest and quiet.*

Those words did still increase *Madam* of *Amboise's* Curiosity, and caus'd her to redouble her intreaties, insomuch that at the last the

Death

Death of that Count being no longer uncertain, and the Physicians having declar'd it to his Wife, the extraordinary Sorrow which she shew'd him all the time, and the manner after which she press'd him, had the power to tear out of his Bosom, what he had conceal'd there till then. *It is believed that your Sickness increases,* said she, embracing of him, *doubtless your disquiet of mind contributes to it. I mention not mine to you, you have discover'd to me, against your mind, part of that which you had a mind to conceal from me; I know you have unjust thoughts of me, you will not give me place of justifying my self, and you neglect being satisfied of a Person that you no longer love; I have, with the fear of losing you, the assurance of having already lost your Friendship and Love: but I have already told you, I go not about to move you by my Sorrow.*

Sorrow. I have no other concern in it but your own, complain of me to give your self ease, and express your thoughts to put your self more at quiet. Perhaps that you may not find me guilty, if you cause me to speak. Well, Madam, said the Count of Amboise, seeing that my ravings have began to betray me, and have troubled you, I must inform you of all, and repair those evils that they have done. Read these Letters, said he, presenting her those that he had receiv'd, this is it that causes my grief, I could not live, and doubt whether I was lov'd by you or no; I die to leave you to another, that will never love you as I do, but with whom you will be more happy, because that you will love him more.

Madam of Amboise did tremble at the imprudence or malice of those who had sent the Letter of Advice to her Husband; she did not

not guess at them, and she was so
 taken up to see him dye for her,
 that even at that moment the Let-
 ter from *Sanfac* made not the least
 impressi^{on} on her mind; Monsieur
 of *Amboise*, who was employ'd con-
 trary to his Design, in examining
 the motions of her Face, did not
 perceive her to change colour;
Well, Sir, said she, *you have thoughts*
that I could not receive a Letter
from Sanfac, without entertaining
again such Sentiments as would be
displeasing to you; I wish it had
been given me, I had put it into
your hands, as I do at this present:
Ah! if this be true, *Madam*, said
 he with a Transport, which short-
 ned his days, *must I die? What?*
You can have forgotten Sanfac, said
 he, *with Eyes in which Love was*
not yet extinct: I am asham'd, said
 she, *that I must give you new assu-*
rances of it, but I shall be satisfied,
if they do but put you out of that
condition

condition you are in. No, Madam, said he to her, I die with as much satisfaction as regret: but when all is done, your first Sentiments have been for Sanfac, I am neither unjust nor tyrannical, it is much for me to have extinguish'd them one moment during my life, they will rekindle after my death; I murmur not at it, oppose not my memory to them, you knew that so long as I could, I have prefer'd your happiness to mine, and I see with some kind of Joy, that you will be perfectly happy, without making me unhappy. No sooner had he ended those words but he swooned; The Countess of Amboise was led out of the Chamber, notwithstanding her Tears and her Out-cryes. Madam of Roye, who was not much less afflicted at the condition the Count was in, did however endeavour to comfort her, as much as she could possible.

Monseigneur

Monfieur of *Amboife* came out of his Swoon, he order'd that his Wife fhould be defir'd not to come into his Chamber any more, that ſhe might ſpare her ſelf the trouble which the fight of him would cauſe her, and becauſe that the fight of her did make him leave this life with too much unwillingneſs; he dyed the next day.

Madam of *Roye* did lead the Counteſs of *Amboife* into a Monaftery, where ſhe ſtay'd a fortnight, and after that they went into the Country. That Widow's affliction did not grow moderate, ſhe thought that ſhe ſhould never conſolate her ſelf for the Death of her Husband; She knew the full value of that Affection which he had had for her, and how much his Heart and his Merits were above that of other men; She was even in an admiration of him, and ſhe was far from diſtruſting that ſhe
 ſhould

should ever have any Sentiments of Love for any Body ; She even thought that she had never had any so sensible as for him ; She did avoid thinking on *Sanfac's* Letter ; She thought she did it through indifferency , but she did incessantly think on the Generosity which her Husband had had of consenting at his Death , that she should marry him , though she had no design of taking any advantage of it.

Sanfac had taken up new Hopes by the Death of Monsieur of *Amboise*, but he understood that it would be long before he durst see the Widow, and he return'd to *Tours*, when she went into the Country, where she remain'd three months, without receiving any Visit ; mean time her busineses oblig'd her to return to *Paris*, and he return'd also at the same time so soon as he heard of it, though he durst not

not go to her House, he did seek after all solitary Walks with a design to find her there. He was not long without receiving that satisfaction, and without causing himself to be observ'd. The Countess of *Amboise* found her self disturb'd the first time that she saw him. She thought that the presence of a man that had offended her, might be the cause of that trouble, she being then with a Lady of her Relations to whom she would not give any notice of having observ'd *Sansac*, she was oblig'd to go on her way. *Sansac* did follow her still; and in fine, she went off so soon as she could possible.

When she was return'd home, she went into her Closet, where she could not forbear reading that Letter of the Marquess's, which Monsieur of *Amboise* had given her, and which she had kept; she found

found it full of Passion, and she read it over again, after which she was seiz'd with profound thoughts, in which she could not distinguish her own Conceptions.

Some days after, Monsieur of *Sansac* having gain'd some of her people, to discover in what place she would go walk, he was there before her, because she came but late; and when he met her, he saluted her after a manner that was full of Sorrow and of Respect, which gave her a greater disturbance than the first time had done, she was got out of the Coach to take the Air; but so soon as she had saluted the Marquess, she hastily got into it again; mean time she had not gone far, but her Coach broke; it was late, she was a pretty way from *Paris*, and she found her self in a great disorder.

Monsieur of *Sansac*, who saw at distance

distance the disorder which had happen'd to her Equipage, drew near ; and not daring to speak to Madam of *Amboise*, he intreated one of those Women that accompanied the Countess, to offer her, as from him, his Coach to carry her back. Madam of *Amboise* could not dispense her self from answering that Civility, she returned him thanks, and told him, that some of her people were going for some body to mend her Coach, and sent immediately about it : He told her, that he was very unhappy to be refus'd in such an occasion, where it was almost impossible not to accept of that which he propos'd ; That Madam of *Amboise's* Coach could not be in a condition to go before night were far advanced ; That he would wait the return of those which she sent, and that perhaps necessity would overcome that repugnancy which she

K

had

had of doing him that Favour. Madam of *Amboise* did endeavour to answer him without rudeness, but also without promising to make use of his assistance ; they insensibly got into a Conversation, Monsieur of *Sansac* found out the Art of making it last, in saying things to Madam of *Amboise* which caus'd her to give him some Answers. *Those persons that had been sent for to mend the Coach, came and said, it was impossible to bring it back to Paris that day.*

Madam of *Amboise* was in a strange confusion, night was began, *Sansac* offer'd to give her his Coach, and to stay there till it were return'd ; there had been some rudeness to leave him there alone : mean time she had a great task to resolve her self to go in the same Coach with a man that had lov'd her, and whom she fear'd was not yet quite indifferent to her.

her. At last necessity oblig'd her to intreat him to bring her to the first Houses, while she should send for a Coach to *Paris*. Those Houses being at a great distance, she could not with decency leave him in the fields, and he found too much pleasure in accompanying Madam of *Amboise*, to avoid it one moment, so that he carried her with two of her Women into the next Town. What Charms for him to find himself with her! He durst not tell her but indifferent things, but he spoke to her, did see her, and did hope that that Rencontre would not be without some Consequences; the very Air of Mystery which did happen accidentally in this Adventure, did afford him a great deal of delight.

The same Reasons that created that Lover's Joy, did alarm Mademoiselle *Amboise's* Severity, she was so agitated with different

thoughts, that she said nothing but in disorder. The Marquess, who perceiv'd it, did not draw any ill Omen from it, neither durst he ask her the permission of seeing her any longer, after he had set her where she desired to be, but he hover'd about that place, till she was gone from thence.

The next day he writ to her to ask an hours Audience before he went to *Chartres*, where the King was sending him with a Reinforcement of four thousand men, who were got into the City, which the Huguenots had besieg'd.

That Countess was puzzled about the Conduct that she should observe in that occasion; she had been busied all the night with the thoughts of the Rencontre which she had made, *Sanfac* had appear'd more amorous than ever, but she durst not find him as lovely; mean time he was almost justified in her mind

mind, in regard of Madam of *Tournon*, by his Letter, which she had read divers times over. Monsieur of *Amboise* far from fearing that she should marry him, had in some manner enjoyned her to it at his death, yet she thought that that was not sufficient to invite her to marry him; but that she might see him without scruple, she was to speak to him, and to learn who it was had sent to Monsieur of *Amboise* those Letters which had caus'd so much disorder. In fine, she was to inform *San-sac* of the resolution that she had taken of remaining a Widow; in those thoughts she let him know that he might see her.

With what Joy did he go to her House, and found himself at liberty to speak to her of his Passion; he thought that her Beauty was yet increas'd, her Mourning and the Emotion which appear'd on her Face, did add a thousand Charms. He cast himself at her Feet, without pronouncing one single word, and even without thinking what he did.

Madam of *Amboise* did oblige him to rise, with such a serious Look, as

did kill him with fear, he took a seat as she had ordered him to do, and he was a long time without daring to lift up his Eyes towards her; that Respect did move her more than the Transport of his Love had done.

I have had the boldness, Madam, said he scarce looking on her, to ask to see you, but I am sufficiently punish'd for it, and your Air denounces me those Evils, which I had avoided to prevent. Madam of Amboise made him no Answer. You say nothing to me, Madam? added he, speak, reduce me to despair, those harsh things that you will say to me, will be less cruel than your silence. I shall speak to you, answer'd she, I had not let you come, if I had not had a great deal to say, and I am only troubled where to begin. I believe that I ought not to rejoyce, Madam, said he, at what you have to say to me; it is easie for me to foresee, that it will not prove advantageous to me, and you take off much of the Favour you do me, which had been too great, had you had nothing to do but to hear me. I shall not make any difficulty to confess to you, said she, that I have seen that Letter you writ to me on the account of my Marriage, and
which

which was sent to Monsieur of Amboise, I must know of you to whom you had given it, and how so ill and unfortunate a business for me, through the death of Monsieur of Amboise, was carried.

Sansac related to her, that it being impossible for him to return to *Paris*, because there was some fear of an Attempt by the Huguenots upon *Tours*; he had trusted his Sister with the Letter, who promis'd to put it into her own hands; that *Mademoiselle* of *Sansac* being as ignorant as he was, that they were already married, thought that the best way was to prevent it, by sending those Letters to Monsieur of *Amboise*: But, *Madam*, added he, I find that their ill success is imputed to me, and that though my Letter had been seen but to your self, I ought not to have expected any thing but your anger from it. No doubt of that, said she, seeing that I was Monsieur of *Amboise*'s Wife; but I had reason to believe that *Madam* of *Tournon* would have comforted you of my Marriage, or at least that it had not afflicted you so much. *Madam* of *Tournon*, cryed he, Is it possible, *Madam*, that you can think she could console me

one moment for your loss ? Madam of Amboise could not forbear speaking to him of the deference which he had given to that Countess the Masquerading day ; but he did protest to her with so much integrity and ingenuity, that he thought he had danced with her, and of the Conversation which he also thought he had had with her, on the account of Sancerre, confounding them both for a while ; at last they unravell'd it, and found that Madam of Tournon had play'd them both. Truth did manifest it self to them, while they discours'd it ; they found that they were both innocent ; a pleasing Joy which they had not felt of a long time, took again possession of their Hearts.

When they had no more Complaints to make, they lookt on one another a while. But, Madam, reply'd the Marquess of Sansac, what avails it to me, that you have not lov'd Sancerre, if I am grown indifferent to you ? You ought, at least, to be so to me, reply'd Madam of Amboise ; I have married an Husband, the most worthy to be belov'd that ever was, 'his last words deserv'd that I should ever be prepossess'd by him.

I was

I was resolv'd to make it a Secret to you, but I find my self engag'd to tell it you, to mark to you the better the obligation I have to love him ever. She gave him an account of the Conversation that Monsieur of Amboise had had with her on that subject, softning a little those Terms which might flatter him too much, yet that Lover remain'd charm'd with that confidence that she had shew'd him. *Ab! Madam,* said he, casting himself once more at her feet, perform the last Will of Monsieur of Amboise; I have merited to succeed him, seeing that I am chosen by him so to do, your indifferency only can render me unworthy of it. But, added he, why should I be indifferent to you? I have not ceas'd one moment from being the most amorous of all men; I am authoris'd to tell you so much, and you ought to make no scruples, but of not loving me. I perceive that I have told you too much, said she blushing, and obliging him to rise with more mildness than the first time, it is no longer time to dissemble with you, added she, know that my inclination is not quite extinct. That had I but sooner learnt your innocence.

I had

I had not been Monsieur of Amboise's Prize, he had not died, and nothing had prevented me from being yours; but since I have married him, I owe him one Sacrifice for all those that he has made me, for this reason I have fram'd the design of remaining a Widow; and should I have so much weakness as not to perform it, I should not be happy in marrying you: What friendship soever I should have for you, my reflexions would prevent me from the enjoyment of yours, and peradventure would deprive me of mine also at last. X Ah! Madam, said he, with a Despair in his Soul, I find you have never lov'd me. I wish it were true, said she to him sighing. 'Las! Madam, answer'd he, if it is so, why tell you me such cruel things? and why would you have me to renounce you? I cannot do it, it is easier for me to die. What, said she, you cannot make an effort to leave me to my self, as Monsieur of Amboise has done to leave me to you. No, Madam, said he, propose to me no Examples, I have too much Love, only to think of losing you; and if you deprive me of hope, those dangers in which I am going to engage, and where I shall not manage my self, will deliver you from a Lover who is too
passionate

passionate to overcome his Sentiments, or to conceal them. Answer me once more, Madam, my life and death are in your hands. What do you tell me, said Madam of Amboise, with Eyes swell'd with Tears, Why will you have me to determinate? at least leave me unresolv'd, seeing you have already shaken my resolution. Sansac would have engag'd her to have given him her positive Word to marry him, but she fix'd to what she had said. He was oblig'd to take leave of her, and he went to Chartres with the four thousand men which he was to conduct there.

When he was gone, Madam of Amboise did perceive how far she had gone already; that the Suspicions which Sansac had dispers'd, were become in some manner meritorious towards her, and that she had found a great occasion of praising him, in having not had as great an occasion of complaining of him; she thought that she had gain-said her self too easily and too soon; and that when he should make any reflexions on that Conduct, he would have less esteem for her than Love; that thought did vex her, she told her
 sel

self, that such an Husband as she had had, did merit a Wife with high Sentiments, and Steadfastness ; that in fine, the pleasure of thinking on him, and of being contented with her self, ought for ever to possess her.

But soon after she made other guess Reflexions, Monsieur of *Sansao* was kill'd before *Charters*, in sallying forth on the Huguenots ; and she had so cruel a Sorrow for it, that she guess'd it had been impossible for her to have merited long his esteem at the cost of that tenderness which she had for him ; she return'd into the Country, where she pass'd the rest of her days, fill'd with those divers afflictions, and without daring ever to unravel them, for fear of knowing which was strongest.

6 AL 53

F I N I S.

THE
GREAT
SCANDERBERG:
A
NOVEL.

Done out of *French*.

L O N D O N,

Printed for R. Bentley, at the
Post-House, in Russel-Street in
Covent-Garden, 1690.

THE GREAT

SCANDINAVIAN



LONDON

Printed for R. Baskin, at the
7th House, in Pall Mall Street in
Covent Garden, 1800.

TO THE READER.

IF Love is a Weakness, one must confess there is none that ought sooner to be excused, or that is Authorised by so many Examples. It would be a hard matter to find a Man of any Note, who has never been in Love: The greatest Heroes could not defend themselves against its Power, and they valued their Crowns of Myrtle, no less than those of Laurel; the Pleasures which arose to their Ambitious Minds from their many Exploits, and Illustrious Conquests, did not seem to them so sweet, as those of Love. Alexander, and Cesar, who had under their Command almost half the World, thought it Glorious for themselves to obey that Sex, which has always been the fairest part of it. Hercules himself, that Prodigy of Strength and Valour, preferred the Fetters of a Woman, to the Honour of upholding Heaven, and the Gods themselves. One of Omphala's threatening looks could make this invincible Hero tremble,

A 2

To the Reader.

tremble, his Armour was no Proof against her Charms ; her Distaff easily took place of his Club, and his Lyons Skin surrender'd to a Woman's Attire. Mars himself the God of War, could not resist the Charms of the Goddess of Love, and he never thought himself so happy, as when he shar'd with Vulcan the Favours of Venus. Since then the greatest Heroes, and the Gods themselves, have been thus enamour'd ; how can any wonder, that the Victorious Scanderberg, should yield to the Charms of Arianissa ? This formidable Captain, who never fought without Victory, killed near two thousand Turks, with his own hand, without receiving the least wound ; but Love did what all his Enemies could not do, and wounded the Heart of this Invulnerable Conquerour. Arianissa, tho' but a Slave, loaded with Chains that Vanquisher of the most powerful Emperour in the World. But how passionate soever this King of Albania was, Love could never draw one word from him, or compel him to an Action, unworthy of himself. The person who inspires him with these Discourses, and these Designs, is used to make Heroes both Speak and Act. And I am confident that the Amours of Scanderberg, will be as pleasant to the Ladies, as the great Transactions of his Life have seem'd wonderful to those who have read them in his History.

THE

To the Honoured
Madam JEPHSON.

Could the exactness of this Performance but equal the greatness of my Subject, or that Goodness that put me upon it, I should then have done that out of Choice, which I do now out of Obedience.

Nothing less than your Commands could have engag'd me in the Attempt, and nothing less than your Character could have protected me in it.

Indeed my Hero is all Glory and Triumph, but yet he assures me this is his highest; and that he is more warmly affected with the Dedication, than with the Success of his Adventures. But, Madam, what e're his Satisfaction may be, mine must be allow'd to exceed them, on whom you have lain
so

The Dedication.

*so many Obligations, that I must own
them greater than all things, but the
Generosity that conferr'd them, or
the Humility that receiv'd them;
and which to acknowledge, shall be
as much the endeavours, as 'tis now
the desires of,*

M A D A M,

Your most Oblig'd,

most humble, and most

devoted Servant.

N. V.

The

The Great
Scanderberg.

A
NOVEL.

VAlour and Virtue, appeared never with more Splendour, than in the Person of the Invincible Scanderberg. This Prince was Bred up in the Seraglio of the Cruel *Amurat*, preserv'd there his Manners uncorrupt, and his Vertue may be propos'd for an Example to all the Monarchs in the World. After he had freed himself from a shameful Slavery, recovered his Father's Dominions, struck Terrour, by his Immortal Actions, into the heart of him who had Captivated his Youth, he

saw all his Lands Invaded by the Forces of the *Ottoman* Empire, which the angry *Sultan* led in Person to the sight of the Walls of *Croya*, a Famous City, and the ordinary abode of the Kings of *Albania*.

Scanderberg since his return, had led there a Life which might have been called happy, if Love had not mixed its sad Displeasures with the advantage of reigning over the hearts of all his Subjects; he had bore the dreadfullest brunts of War with unimaginable constancy; he had won Battels, conquered Provinces, vanquished every where, and given Matter enough to Posterity for celebrating his Praises, there were still remaining some formidable Enemies, powerful by their number, and dreadful for their fury, whose only intent was to oppress him; but the fear of their Arms was not the thing, that disturbed his rest: Some more tender concerns, cast him into a sorrowful Condition, and if the care of his Subjects, by whom he was extremely beloved, had not kept him at *Croya*, he had gone himself to the Camp of the Enemy, to seek out the absent and unfortunate *Arianissa*; all the

the moments which he gave to other Affairs, seem'd to him as so many Crimes against his Love; and *Croya*, which he could not leave with Honour, was a sorrowful abode for him, by reason of *Arianissa's* Absence.

Notwithstanding the care of those, that feared for his Liberty, he did seek sometimes Solitary Places, to sigh there with more Freedom, and would go a considerable way from *Croya*. One Morning going out with *Uranus* only, he steer'd his course towards a Vally that seem'd more agreeable with his Melancholy.

The *Turks* had made already many Incursions, and gain'd some small Advantages, which the Sorrow of *Scanderberg* seem'd to neglect. *Uranus* being solicitous for his Master's danger, who was come so near his powerful Enemy, and having given him a considerable while to think by himself, stopt him at last, and shewing him *Amurat's* Tents, spake thus to him; Do you intend, My Lord, to go to the *Sultan's* Camp, and do you seriously reflect upon that numerous Army, which bears such an ill will to your Person: That Life for which thou art so solicitous, answer'd

the King of *Albania*, is not dear enough to me, to take any care of it; and my Eyes, deprived of the sight of *Arianissa*, long to be deprived of that of the day: What, will you, My Lord, reply'd *Uranus*, expose to a dreadful Fate, a thing which is so dear to *Arianissa*? I know what your Valour can do; but in our present Condition — In our present Condition, said *Scanderberg*, do you think that the Army of *Amurat* can make me tremble? Was I but certain of seeing *Arianissa* again, I would venture to fight it my self alone: yes sure (added he, with one of those threatening looks, which had been often the Presages of his Victories) I would endeavour it. As he was going on, some groaning that he heard from behind the Trees interrupted him. The Prince was Naturally bountiful, and thinking that might be some oppressed Person who wanted help, he ran thither with haste, and found a Man wallowing in his Blood, this Man was a Turk, but *Scanderberg* whom no prejudice could hinder from being kind, drew nearer him, and knew presently (tho' in the Pangs of Death) *Abadin*, the first of the Eunuchs of *Amurat*, who had taken care of him in

in his Infancy, and by whom he was tenderly beloved; the unfortunate *Aradin*, tho' dying, knew also the Features of the King of *Albania*, and, fetching a deep sigh, he said, *Oh, Scanderberg! Amurat! Arianissa! Knave and perfidious Musselman, I dye.* And really he did so. This strange event was but a new increase of Grief for *Scanderberg*: The Names which *Aradin* had pronounced, pass'd to his very heart; he perceived the *Eunuch* had not spoke, but after he had known him, and that he was nearly concerned in all those things, which Death had forced him to suppress: *Just Heavens*, cry'd he, *what News do you intend to tell me? Is Arianissa Alive, or Dead? Alas! Uranus, my dear Uranus, what perplexity do I find my self now in? What can I do? What can I think? My Lord, reply'd Uranus, if I may conjecture any thing, Arianissa is not far from hence. Then she is in Amurat's Camp, reply'd the Amorous Prince of Albania, where she suffers the troublesome Solicitations of a Barbarous Emperour; or those of the unworthy Musselman. Suppose it was so, am I the happier for it? Yes certainly,* added he, *for I would go and take*

her away from the Ottomans.

Whilst Scanderberg was speaking, Uranus went to look whether Aradin did breathe still, he found him cold, and without motion ; but turning him, he perceived a Paper, like a Letter, just over his Heart, and delivering it to his Master, *My Lord*, said he, *this Note will tell you, may be, a part of that which the sudden Death of Aradin hinder'd him from uttering*; the Prince opened the Letter, and saw there a Sentence more cruel, than if it had been against his own Life.

To the Great Vazier Orcan.

MY Love hath been prevailed upon at last by my Wrath: Such a Man as I, ought not to hearken to pity; go then Orcan, and Sacrifice the ungrateful Arianissa, to the Shame of having made me sigh to no purpose; her Blood will quench the rest of my Flame. Fear some opposition from Musselman, and whilst I shall vanquish the Rebellious Scanderberg, begin my Revenge that way, which will prove so sorrowful to him. This is the Absolute Command of

Amurat.

No

No Man could express the sad effects the Reading of this Letter produced in the Soul of *Scanderberg*: In the first fit of his Rage, he was ready to run towards the *Ottoman Army*; but *Uranus*, after a long, but fruitless opposition, laying aside his wonted respect, told him at last: *Do you seek an Inglorious Death, My Lord, and will not this Triumph of the Turks, blot out all the Splendour of your past Life? Having lost Arianissa,* reply'd the Prince, *I am resolv'd to dye in her Revenge.* His Despair had likely prevailed over *Uranus's* Zeal, if *Thopia*, a young Prince, and much addicted to *Scanderberg*, who was looking for him, because he knew he was gone out of *Croya* without his Train, had not come in the same place. *Thopia*, said the King of *Albania* to him, *None is more worthy your pity than I: You, My Lord,* answered *Thopia* amazed, *you! the Love, the Terror, and the Admirati-* on of the whole World, in your first Youth, *what Mischiefs can cross so great Advantages? I perceive,* reply'd *Scander-* berg, *you judge of the Felicity of my Life, by those Actions which have made a great noise in the World; but do not decide it upon meer appearances.* My Lord, added *Thopia,*

Thopia, the Turks may surprize your Valour in this place: Let us go to *Croya*, where your Presence is wished for. And so jointly with *Uranns*, they obliged the Prince to go towards the City, but first they took care of the Corps of *Aradin*, some *Albanian* Troopers, who were riding about the City, to observe the Motion of the Turks, carry'd it away by the King's Command.

Thopia knew very well that *Scanderberg* was in Love, - but he was not acquainted with the Particulars of his Life, and shew'd a great Desire to know them. *Scanderberg* condescended easily to call again to mind, his most sorrowful Ideas, that he might satisfy *Thopia*, whom his Friendship distinguisht from all the other Princes of his Court.

Thopia, (said he, when they were come to the Palace of *Croya*) you will help me to bewail *Arianissa's* Fate, when you shall hear me, and you will confess, that if Fortune hath bestowed some Favours upon me, they have been Poysoned by many bitter displeasures. *Scanderberg* gave Order none should interrupt them, and began his Discourse after this Manner.

The

regard of the late of his Dominions
The History of Scanderberg blood
 old man eight years old

YO U know my Mother was Daugh-
 ter to the Prince of the *Triballians*,
 and that *John Castriot* my Father did
 Reign in *Epirus*, and *Albania*; he was
 envy'd for his Valour by *Amurat*, who
 rendered himself Formidable in *Greece*;
 after he had been the Terror in *Asia*,
Castriot forced to yield to the swift-
 ness of his prosperous Fortune, made
 Peace with him, and sent my three
 Brothers and me for Hostages, to *A-*
drinople. *Korsana* my Mother, keeping
 still by her self four Daughters, to
 wipe off her Tears: She expected much
 from my Birth, by reason of a Dream,
 which she had when she was Big of me;
 She Dreamed she was Delivered of a
 Serpent, so great, that he covered all
Epirus, his head did reach to *Turkey*,
 which he swallow'd up, and he did dip
 his Tail in the Sea towards *Venice*. *Ca-*
striot having heard the Relation of this
 Dream from *Korsana*, assured her she
 should bring forth a Man fatal to the
Turks, and useful to *Christians*. NE-
 vertheless I was delivered into the
 hands of the first, Nothing but the
 regard

regard of the safety of his Dominions, could ever have brought him to this Resolution, I being but eight years old, all my Brothers were Elder than I; this Age exposed me to the Ceremonies of the *Turks*, wherein they changed my Name, that was *George*, into that of *Scanderberg*, which is as much in the *Turkish* Tongue, as *Alexander* Lord, concerning my Brothers, their Riper Age free'd them from this Violence.

The *Sultan* who had a good Opinion of my youth, took all the imaginable care, to make me an Honest Gentleman: The unfortunate *Aradin* was made my Governour, and never man performed his Duty, with more Zeal and Diligence. But tho' his kind usage made me forget, that I was beholding for it to a Slave, yet my Condition, and the first Impressions of Religion, which I had received, could never be blotted out of my Memory.

I shall not relate to you what I did, from eight years, to sixteen. I learn'd all Exercises necessary, both for the Body and the Mind; and *Aradin* did all his Endeavours to inspire me with the love of Glory and Vertue. The Em-
perour

perour who took some delight in my Sight and Conversation, seem'd always pleas'd with me: I had the advantage of Signalizing my self in his presence, in the first War wherein I was allowed to fight; and kind Fortune waiting every where upon me, being yet but nineteen years old, I was made a *Sangiac* by *Amurat*, that is to say, a Leader, and I was trusted by him, with the Command of five thousand Horses; a little while after, I was nominat'd a *Bassa*, which was a Dignity that made the *Sangiacs* inferiour to me. I confess, my Advancement was very sudden, but the *Sultan*, who foresaw I should prove useful to him, had no regard to my Youth.

In this pass I acquired more Glory in *Natoly*. I was feared by the Enemies, loved by the *Turks*, and esteemed by the Emperour; and I can hardly remember, without Blushing, that after some important Victories, where certainly *Amurat* had had a great share, he would call me his Right Arm, his Heart, his Eye, and the Defender of his Estates. I enjoy'd all the sweet Pleasures of Liberty, because I was look'd upon as a *Turk*. My Brothers
Slavery

Slavery would sometimes vex me, but seeing that they did not suffer much by it, and being besides resolved to make my self famous for the future, that was not able to put a stop to my Ambition.

Heaven punished me for this hardness of Heart, and permitted that the Cares of Love, should have their share in my Heart, as well as those of War: Nay, should wholly possess it. I had not gone for a long while near the *Seraglio* of the Women, and my Age did deprive me of those Careless, I was wont to receive from the Loveliest *Sultaneſſes*: I felt in my heart, neither Aversion nor love for their Acquaintance. And in this quiet State of indifference, I spent in some Exercises very pleasant to the Emperour, that leasure we enjoy'd at *Adrianople*: Those that were then most in favour with him, were *Musselman*, *Bostangi Bassi*, or great Gardener, *Mustapha*, *Bassa* of the Sea, and *Orcan*, the now *Grand Vezier*. They possess'd infinite Riches, and stately Palaces, and their Families lived in great Splendour. *Musselman* prevailed over the others, because in all times and in all places, he had a free access to the

the *Sultan*, his Closet, his Counsel, and his Gardens were equally opened to him: Proud of these advantages, he entertain'd other Courtiers so coldly, that he seem'd to despise them, but because I was loved by *Amurat*, and he desired to keep in his Favour, I did not find the same reception as the rest. I had a Natural aversion against him, but I had learnt Dissimulation, in a Court, where that Art was so necessary.

About this time there came to *Adrianople* a *Tartar* Prince, whom Curiosity had brought thither, the like man had never been seen before, he was of a prodigious height; being a foot taller than any of the rest of the *Turks*. Tho' he was Proud, and Rude, yet he was received like a Prince, by *Amurat*; it was reported he was famous over all *Tartary* for his Exploits; and he had never fought without Victory; proud of his own Reputation, he little regarded others civility; unfortunately for him, he contradicted me in any thing that I said; we were used to talk about Warlike Matters, and one day he was so presumptuous, as to tell me that the Victory over twenty such Men as me, would

would be no difficult attempt for him ; being impatient, I defied him to fight me in a Duel, in the Emperour's sight. The *Tartar* was amazed at my boldness, and accepted of the Challenge : *Amurat*, who feared the loss of my Life, opposed it : But I craved his leave so instantly, that at last he consented to it.

The seeming inequality between my Adversary and me, affrighted all those who loved me, and I was likely the only man who was not alarmed : The Field for the Fight, was appointed in a spacious piece of ground, which lay over against the *Seraglio*. The Emperour gave leave to the *Sultaneſſes*, and Slaves, to get upon the Towers, to see this Spectacle ; and other Women, whose Houses look'd upon that place, had the same License.

At last the hour appointed for the Fight came, and we appeared before a numberless multitude of Spectators. The *Tartar* began to jeer me bitterly, for my Age and Weakness, but it was not long before I punished him for it, and my blows were so fortunate, that after an hours Resistance, he expired in the sight of all the Assembly. There were never heard so many Acclamations

tions of joy among the *Turks*, as after my Victory ; they esteem'd it a prodigy, and I was lookt upon with great Respect : I carry'd the *Giant's* Sword to the Emperour's Feet, who imbraced me, and tho' some Persons envy'd me for the Honour of that day, those that were the Wisest, followed easily *Amurat's* Example.

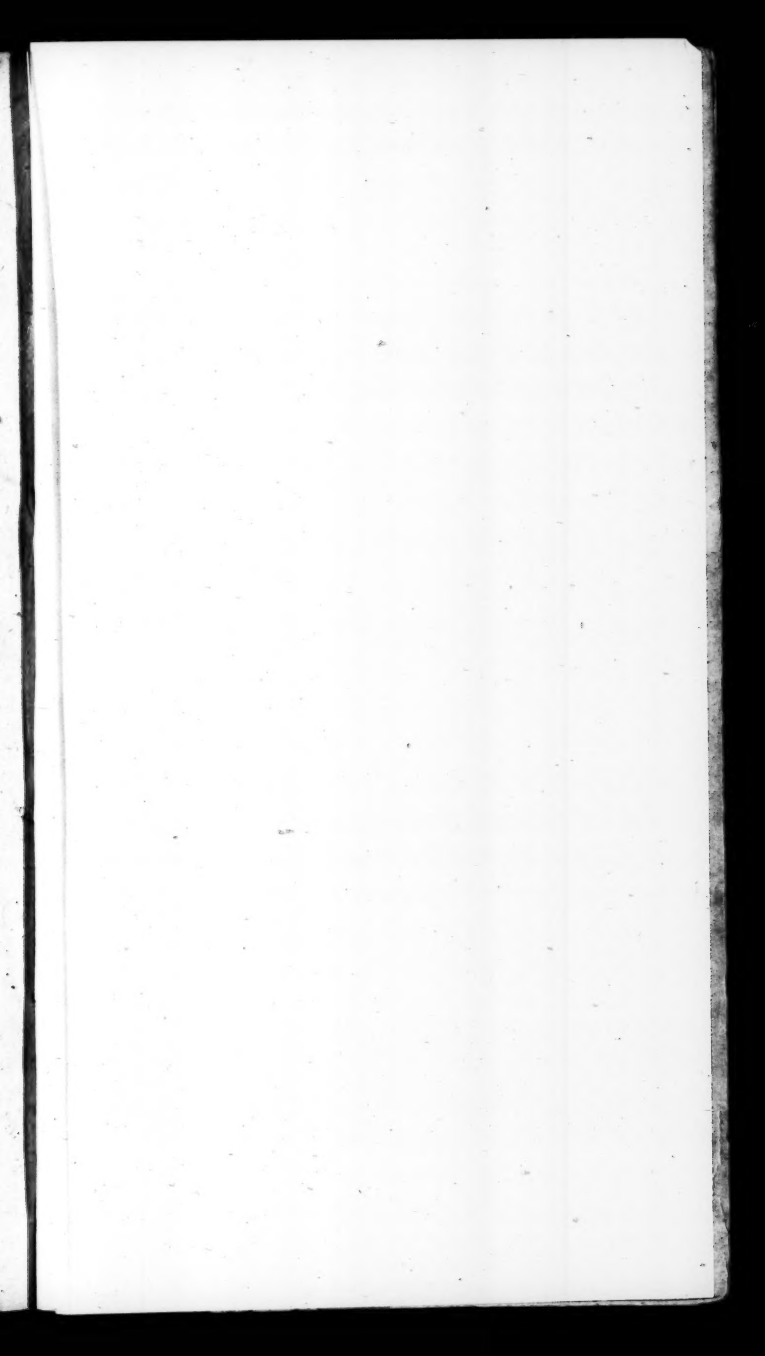
The *Tartars* took away their Master's Corps, of which they disposed as they pleased ; and for my part, I followed the *Sultan* to the *Seraglio* ; the Prince *Mahomet*, his eldest Son, had received from Heaven some eminent Parts, which had been cultivated to a great advantage ; we lived very freely between us, and tho' one could not see that store of sincere Friendship, which tyes closely two hearts together, yet we were not indifferent one to another ; he praised my Action, and civilly congratulated me for it.

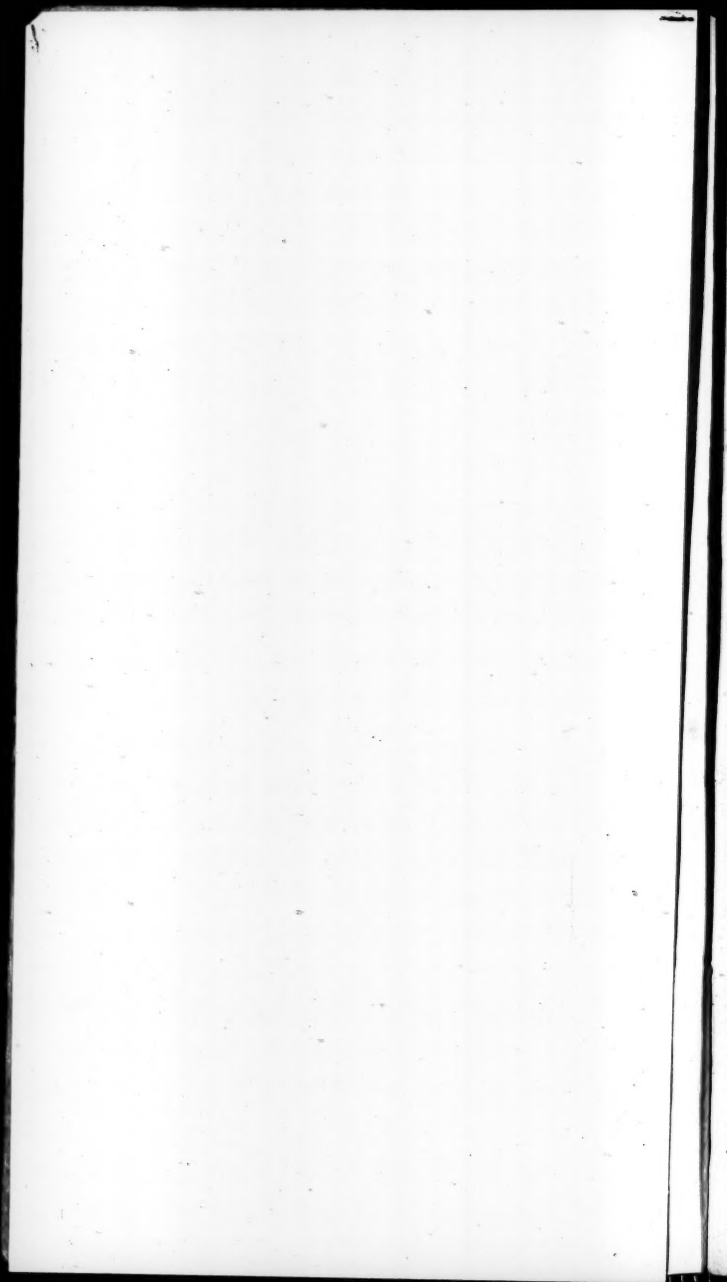
That same night to avoid the Crowd, of which I was already weary, we went together, at the Moon-Shine, upon the Sea Shore, just behind the *Seraglio* of the Women ; after we had walk'd a long while, in a very pleasant place, incompassed one way by the River, and
towards

towards the *Seraglio* with a Hedge so thick, that it rendred the Gardens more inaccessible, than any strong wall. We were ready to retire, when a Charming Voice, Sung distinctly these words in the Greek Tongue.

Since here a Captive, void of all relief,
I bend beneath the weight of deadly Grief;
Why, cruel Love, dost thou increase my
pains,
And add new Slavery to my former Chains?

The sound of this Voice pass'd through my Ears, to my very Heart. I had never felt before any tender motions, and my free and indifferent Soul was capable of any impressi^{on}. That Song was repeated many times: *Mahomet* hearkned to it with as much attention as my self, we knew well there were in the *Seraglio* many Fair *Sultaneſſes*, and Lovely Slaves, whom *Europe*, and *Asia*, had offered; but they were altogether unknown to us: One hath never the more Priviledge in the *Seraglio*, for being either the *Sultan's* Son, or his Favourite; for their jealousy is so careful, in hiding what they design for their Pleasures, that unless kind Fortune





tune favours a man, he can never come to know it.

The Prince, and I having heard this Charming Voice, we knew the person who had sung it, was not alone, because another began to speak in Greek, but with a Barbarous pronunciation, Does that Song concern you, said she to another, and have you lost your Heart in this place, where we see but unpleasant Objects ? Suppose what you said was true ; answered another, it would be a hard matter for my Heart to explain its thoughts in a Song ; you have desired me to Sing, and I have done it : How happy are you, Arianissa, to keep your Heart so free, and represent anothers Distemper, without fear of being infected with it ; how happy are you, but how unfortunate is Selimana ? You are the Object of the Sultan's most tender Affection, answered Arianissa, and that is the only thing that may well satisfy you, in this Everlasting Retirement. What can you desire more, Madam, since you are the Sovereign Mistress of him, who can dispose of all ? Tho' Ambition is well pleased with that advantage, continued Selimana, fighting, a Soul as nice as mine cannot be contented ; and if you had ever been in Love, you would

would quickly apprehend my meaning. Alas, Madam, I have had so many Misfortunes in my Life, that I willingly renounce to that Experiment, reply'd *Arianissa*, with a Charming Sweetness; well, interrupted *Selimana*, since you do not know the cause of my suffering, at least do not condemn it. A power which I cannot resist, forces me to utter this Secret without blushing. I love, I love, *Arianissa*, the Prince *Scanderberg*, and his Victory over the Tartar, is not the only one he has got to day; he has seem'd to my Eyes as Lovely, as he was formidable to his Enemy, and that short space of time, has assured to him the possession of my heart for ever.

I cannot relate to you *Selimana's* Kindness without blushing: But you must be acquainted with it, that you may the better understand how amazed the young *Sultan* and I were. I was loved without knowing by whom, and such a man as I might have been well pleased with the Idea of this Adventure; but besides that, *Selimana* seem'd too passionate to deserve my Heart; she was a Sacred Object for me, being the beloved *Sultaneß* of *Amurat*, I was more taken with *Arianissa's* Modesty, and tho' I did not wish her so passionate

as the other, I could have desired she had not been insensible.

Some noise made them retire; the Prince drew nearer me, when he heard them no longer, and clasping his Arm about my Neck, *whatever good Opinion you entertain of your self, said he, did you think, Scanderberg, that Mars, and Love, should intend to bestow their Favours upon you at the same time? My Lord, reply'd I smiling, if we had more Freedom at Adrianople, I would tell you that this adventure is but a sham. You see, added Mahomet, that there is nothing but what is Natural in it; the hour, the place, and the person who spoke, in a word, all things witness your good Fortune, and you have nothing to do, but to rejoice. Alas, My Lord, said I, though my Heart was susceptible enough, to fall so easily in Love, I should never forget what I owe to the Sultan. Selimana may be a charming Person, what she said may flatter me, but Amurat is Emperor, and worthy of my Loyalty. You think, reply'd Mahomet, that a great Zeal for his Passion, will make me betray yours. No, My Lord, interrupted I something hastily, I know you are generous, and discreet, and I speak what I think. We went then into*
the

the *Seraglio*, and we parted at the same time.

I did never go to Bed without seeing *Aradin*; that day pleased with the Honours I had received, he did not fail to be in my Chamber; as because I had no acquaintance in the *Seraglio* of the Women, and all things were changed there, since my Infancy, I asked him several questions, which surpris'd him, I inquired of him concerning *Selimana*; he answered me, that she was always the dearest Object of *Amurat's* Love, who had preferred her to all things, and he drew her Picture with great carefulness: After that, I asked him about *Arianissa*; and my Curiosity about a Slave, who probably was unknown to me, seem'd the more surpris'ing to him. I don't know, *Scanderberg*, said he to me, what is your Design, but I can assure you, that among all the Women in the World, I think there is none more Lovely, than *Arianissa*; with a perfect Beauty, she possesses a wonderful Wit and Vertue, and I cannot but wonder, that the Emperor has not yet cast his Eyes upon her. I hearken'd to *Aradin*, with a trouble which I had never felt before; whatever he said about *Arianissa*, were as many

many pleasant wounds to my heart, and I may say, I was in Love, before I had seen whom I loved; after a long Conversation, I thought I could not hide it from *Aradin*; he was afflicted at it, and knowing how dear *Selimana* was to the *Sultan*, and his jealous, and violent Temper, he used his utmost care to make me understand, how dangerous to me such a concurrence would prove. I assured him, I had no disposition to love *Selimana*, however I discover'd not my thoughts concerning *Arianissa*, but pass'd the whole night in fancying her to my self, as lovely, as the Eunuch had described her; I found not my self the following day, as I had been hitherto; is it possible that *Arianissa* should be prepossessed with some tender Inclination, *said I sighing*, and can my Heart, which she takes from me, hope any comfort from her? I had no sooner uttered those words, but I found them unworthy of a man, whose only Ambition was to be great. I knew that violent Passions were look'd upon as a weakness, and my Love for an unknown Object, seem'd to me strange and worthy; nevertheless, it was formidable,

midable, and I could not conquer it as I had done the *Tartar*.

I was forced to open my Heart to *Aradin*, who condemned me to think never upon her, since I could not hope to have any Conversation with her.

There happen'd then an extraordinary thing at *Adrianople*, and which is seldom seen among the *Turks*: The *Sultan* of *Egypt* had sent a magnificent Embassie; and some rich Presents to *Amurat*, who to shew his Grandure to Strangers, in the seat of his Empire, gave them a publick Audience, that day the Women went from their *Seraglio*, to that of the *Sultan's* adorned with the most precious things the *East* could afford, *Selimana*, the beloved, as I told you before, appeared shining with her Natural Beauty, and abundance of Ornaments; She was follow'd by a hundred, in the same Splendour, and by an infinite number of young Slaves, dressed with less Art, but certainly worthy of another Condition: To make this Spectacle seem the greater, they wore golden Chains, and they had been loaded with Essences, and Baskets full of Flowers, which they

they spread in a great Hall, at whose end, the *Sultaneſſes* ſat upon rich Cuſhions, theſe Slaves ſtood round about them, and the Emperour ſate upon a Splendid Throne, whoſe ſteps were occupy'd by his chiefſt Officers.

After this manner, *Thopia*, we ſaw the Secret Court of *Amurat*, when the Turks and *Egyptians* had a free access to the Hall. *Selimana* ſate in a higher place than the others, and her Beauty, as well as her Rank, diſtinguiſh'd her from the reſt : But among the Slaves who were round about her, the young *Arianiſſa* neglected, and bluſhing, for appearing before ſo many witneſſes, in a condition ſo unworthy of her, was remarkable, in ſpight of her ſelf, for her Charms. I could not know her as being *Arianiſſa* ; but my heart took notice of her, as of an Object which it was reſolved to adore. And according to what I had conceived of her, upon *Aradin's* Relation, I wiſhed *Araniffa*, and that Slave might be the ſame ; upon that account I abandoned my ſelf to the Paſſion that poſſeſſes me, and which will never end.

I ſhall not relate to you what was done there, having taken no notice of

the Ceremony; *Arianissa* only had all my looks and my attention, neither did I mind whether *Selimana* cast her eyes upon me, as caring little for her Favour.

I ran to *Aradin* as soon as the Sultaneses and the Slaves were retired. Love which first had engaged me by the adventure I had had with *Mahomet*, made me feel now all its power: The Eunuch was amazed at the violence of my Passion, and was almost angry. My dear *Scanderberg*, said he to me, you know me well enough, not to question the sincerity of my advices; what can you hope from an affection, whose consequences must needs be unfortunate? Fortune condemns *Arianissa* to be a Slave for ever; will you confine the Glory of your life in an hopeless Love? And don't you deserve to be blamed for the unreasonableness of the design? I confess, *Arianissa* is a Charming Person, and according to all probability her Birth is not mean: But what can you hope from her as long as she is in the Seraglio, where all things breathe only for *Amurat's* Pleasure? Can you fetch out *Arianissa* in spite of so many Persons, who watch always to satisfy the Emperor's jealousy? And will you not deserve his

his hatred, for breaking these Laws, the least violation of which deserves Death; reflect upon your self, Scanderberg, forget Arianissa, who can ruine you. Consider you are a Prince designed for extraordinary things, and covered already with a Glory which you ought to preserve.

This Discourse of Aradin, which his affection created, confounded my reason, but did not perswade my heart: My Love for *Arianissa* was too strong, and it could not be prevailed on by his Advices, no more than by my own Reflections; he perceived well my sad Condition, but seeing it was impossible to alter my mind, he exhorted me not to rule my Conduct according to my blind Passion, but to have a special regard to *Amurat's* Severity, and to take my measures accordingly.

I felt all the griefs of Love, as soon as I knew *Arianissa*; the impossibility of seeing her was to me a most cruel pain, despair often makes us slight those things we desire to obtain, but the difficulties I met with here, did but inflame me the more.

As if the Obstacles before mentioned, had not been enough, there arose against me three formidable Rivals. The Em-

perour, who had never before look'd upon *Arianissa*, found her so Beautiful the day of the Publick Audience of the *Egyptians*, that *Selimana* seem'd to him less Charming. Prince *Mahomet*, who had not till then entertain'd any other thought, but the fear of the common Fate of the Princes of his Blood, and who had carried himself so well, towards the *Sultan*, as not to give him any just cause of Anger or Jealousie, paid to *Arianissa's* Beauty, what was due to her from all tender Hearts. And *Musfelman*, who ought to have rested satisfy'd with the amorous intrigues, which either his Inclination or good Fortune had procured him, look'd upon her with the same eyes as we did.

I knew not for a long while their thoughts, and I was very careful to hide mine. *Mahomet* became melancholy; and for my part, I loved Solitude so much, that I could scarce cast my eyes upon those things which formerly had so much pleased me; we neglected our Warlike Exercises, we minded no more those Pleasures which we had been so desirous of before, and Solitude was the only thing we sought after: All admission in the *Seraglio* of the Women being forbidden

forbidden to us, we were continually in the passages to it; where ever my Love guided me, I did meet there *Mahomet*; *Musselman* was happier than we, his Employ, whose Authority is almost unlimited, did give him access where we could not go, and we may think he made use of his advantages.

As I was used to spend most part of the day and night about those places, which hide *Arianissa* from my sight, I did sometimes forget my self there. One night I tarried so long in the Emperour's Garden, which was next to that of the Women, that the Gates were shut up: All the *Bostangi's* had retired, no body was up any longer in the *Seraglio*, no light appeared there, and I was fain to stay there till day, after I had endeavoured to no purpose to get out towards the Sea.

As I was withdrawing in a retired place, to spend there the rest of the night, I saw a man crossing the great Flower Garden, and marching towards me with all possible haste: By avoiding him, I had confest my self guilty, therefore going towards him, I perceived it was the Emperour. *What do you do here*, *Scanderberg*, said he to me, *with a se-*

vere Countenance? being bred up in Our Palaces, and well instructed with our Customs, ought you to shew this Example of boldness to so many Persons, who can make an ill use of it, and have you some secret design against my Rest, my Life, or my Authority? I have nothing to say to thy Highness for my Justification, answered I, and I appear guilty enough, to deserve thy indignation; but I must say this, that a melancholy humour is the cause of the fault for which thou blamest me, and I swear I have tarried here minding not the place where I was. You are so dear to me, reply'd the Emperour, that I am concern'd with all your sorrows, and if you have any reason for any, not only I forgive you this fault, but shall do my endeavours to satisfy you. Thine Highness, said I, is too kind, and ought not to trouble it self about so small trifles; the want of Employment is the cause of my sorrow, and thy Highness, leaving nothing to do for us, makes my young Courage grumble at its being idle. You have done enough to desire Peace, and enjoy some Rest, reply'd the Sultan, but if your Valour wants exercise, I promise you some. Go home quietly, and expect from me such Employments, as are worthy of a Hero, who intends to surpass all the Ottomans.

I made a very humble bow to the Emperour, glad I had pacify'd him, and went away as he directed me; but that Night was to bring forth other adventures. Prince *Mahomet*, brought there by the same motives as I, had been also shut in, and we saw him coming towards us, thinking we were some *Bostangi's*, or *Eunuchs*: *Is this a fit time for you to be here*, said the angry Emperour to him, *and are you my Son, only to shew your self unworthy of being so?* The young Prince was struck with these words, he saw me, and thought concerning me the same thing I did concerning him. *I have sinned against my own will, My Lord*, answered he to the Sultan, *but I protest to thy Highness I shall come hither no more.* A third man who did steal behind the Hedge more slyly than we had done, hinder'd the Sultan's reply; he did go towards the Womens Lodgings, a place which had always seem'd suspicious to *Amurat*, but chiefly now in the beginning of his new Passion; but his fear and vexation increased when he heard *Arianissa's* fine voice, with which he was already acquainted, sing these words.

Go on, observe the Dictates of your Love,
 The Favours of the shady night improve.
 Suppress these sighs which from disorders
 flow,
 And let your noble Flame yet higher grow,
 Yield him your heart, his pleasing rules
 obey,
 Who is a God, and does direct your way.

The Sultan felt then all the powers of
 jealousy, esteeming that Song to be the
 signal: we were guilty all three, and
 never did an innocent Adventure afford
 greater cause of suspicion to a passionate
 Lover: He ran to the third Adventu-
 rer, and knew him presently to be
Musselman, whom *Ariamissa's* voice had
 stopt.

None of us was a contemptible per-
 son, and tho' *Mahomet* and I had some
 advantages above *Musselman*, by reason
 of our Youth, and natural parts, yet
 his Authority in the Gardens might be
 of a great use to a forward man. Tho'
 the *Bostangi Bassa* had some priviledges
 and few set hours, yet *Amurat* thought
 him more guilty than us. *Musselman*,
 said he to him, with that pride which
 is natural to all the Sultans, what brings
 you

you hither at an hour, when no duty requires your presence? Was it to introduce you to the Sultaneſſes, that a Slave ſung juſt now, and do you leave your houſe only to come and trouble me in mine?

Muſſelman was not amazed at this upbraiding, he is Naturally bold, and answering without any commotion, I thought, my Lord, reply'd he, I could not have too much Zeal for thine Highneſs, and that all the hours of the day and night, were free for my Loyalty; by thy Kindneſs I command in the Gardens, but I know how to ſtay in mine, as ſoon as I ſhall perceive that my Services are ſuſpected. I believe, ſaid the Emperor, I ſhall not be able to unriddle this Miſtery; I will moderate my own Temper, let us retire, and let us be more careful for the future: So we retired into the Seraglio: I don't queſtion but *Muſſelman* ſuſpected both the Prince's Love and mine. *Amurat* whom his reflect thoughts had brought to the Garden at that hour againſt his Cuſtome, doubled the Guards towards the Seraglio of the Women, and gave more ſevere orders to the Eunuks, which ſome faithfully obſerved.

Aradin upbraided me the next day for my wandring: We concluded Ma-

homet

homot and *Musselman* were my Rivals, and hoping to cure me, he assured me the Emperour was deeply in Love with *Arianissa*: That Passion could not destroy mine, tho' it ruined all my hopes, I feared neither the Prince nor *Musselman*, whose condition was not better than mine: But I ought to fear all things from the *Sultan*, whose inclinations were violent, and whose will nothing was able to resist. I sighed for this with *Aradin*, I became more circumspect before the Prince; and avoiding the Gardens, contented my self with the Entertainment my Melancholy Thoughts enjoy'd upon the Sea Shoar.

I understood one day, that the Emperour was going to bathe with some *Sultaneſſes*, in a little Island, from *Adrianople* about an hours journey; he was used to take secretly such Pastimes, and then he would put off for a while all sorts of Gravity; his Galley was so shut, that the *Sultaneſſes* could neither see nor be seen; it was led by some *Boſtangi's*, and *Musselman* by vertue of his place was at the head of them, but that honour procured him no advantage, since he could see nothing but his *Boſtangi's*.

Bur

But my Jealousie was so strong, that I went all along the Sea a very great way from *Adrianople*, and casting my looks as far as they could reach, I saw something over the water, carried away by the stream: I thought I perceived a Vail, and believing it might be a Woman ready to be drowned, I threw my self presently into the water, and using my little Skill, I swam with all possible diligence, and took really into my Arms a woman, who was almost choak'd.

I doubled my efforts to get to the Shore, and as soon as I was there, I perceived it was *Arianissa*: You may judge, Dear *Thopia*, what was my grief when I saw the only thing that was dear to me, in such a lamentable condition, *Merciless Fate*, cry'd I, *ought you to have offered her to me in such a condition?* O fair, but unwise *Arianissa*, why did you seek your death, in so little important a Pleasure? This transport of mine did not hinder me from assisting her. I lifted her head, and bending a little the rest of her body, abundance of water rushed out of it, and within a short while, she recovered her Breath; this relief called again the natural

natural heat which seem'd to have forsaken her, and drove away part of my Allarms, after a deep sigh, she open'd her Eyes, and seeing her self alone with a man, having but a thin gown on, she was willing to change her posture. Knowing her Design, and desirous to please her, I let her set down upon the Grass, and seeing she was able to understand me; *Fair Arianissa*, said I, *that Fate which hath exposed your Life, hath been favourable to my Affection, but let not this adventure trouble you, since Scanderberg would sooner lose his Life, than his respect towards your Person.*

Arianissa sigh'd twice or thrice, and was some while without answering me, but at last she reply'd: *Tho' my Life be not dear to me, My Lord, I am not the less beholding to you; if you had not been so generous, you had freed me from many Misfortunes; but you could not have guess'd my condition. I was as much moved with Arianissa's words, as with her languishing Charms. I know not what Fate Heaven-designs for you, but I shall think my self happy for ever, since I have been serviceable to you; in another time, and under another Government, I should take other measures, and should not let you*
know

know my Love, till my Services and Respect had sufficiently demonstrated it ; and deserved your consent ; but as things stand now, how is it possible to see you in a Palace, where we can have no admission ? and how can one speak with you, since it is in vain to hope to come near you ? I Love you, I am forced to acquaint you with it, and if this free Confession renders me guilty, I shall never repine at my Punishment, I was the same before I had seen you, and I adored your Vertue, without knowing your Person. What Discourse is this, My Lord, interrupted Arianissa, with a charming Sweetness ? Is this to try me ? Do you consider that I am a Slave, subject to the Emperour of the Turks, loaded with Chains by Selimana, and who likely shall not see you any more in all her life time ? as for your present condition, said I, it is an injury of Fortune, which may easily be repaired, and if you desire to put an end to your Captivity, do but trust me, and follow me. What can you do, Scanderberg, cry'd that fair Captive ? You have Valour enough to overcome Amurat's Enemies, but you are not strong enough to deliver me from his Tyranny.

I had done, may be, more than Arianissa-

nissa could hope for, if on one side *Ma-homet*, who had followed my steps, had not arrived near us, and on the other, we had not seen the Emperour's Galley, returning to *Constantinople* grievously afflicted, to have seen *Arianissa* carried away by the Stream wherein she had fallen, advancing too far in the Bath: Too happy *Scanderberg*, said the jealous Prince to me, why don't you content your self with *Selimana's* Favours? I was vexed at this Discourse, and *Arianissa* Blushed: I saw the young *Sultan* had no mind to oblige me, but I had not time to let him know my anger. *Amurat*, in a kind of Despair, whose eyes sought *Arianissa* every where, perceived us upon the Shore, and came to deprive me of what I had acquired, with the hazard of my own life: He told me confusedly, I had done him a good piece of Service; and *Arianissa*, passing into the Galley, assured me by a kind look, she was not insensible of what I had done for her. I cannot express what my amorous heart suffered at this parting. Tho' I had feared it, yet I thought it would not be so sudden, and I could hardly hide my sorrow.

Scanderberg,

Scanderberg, said *Mahomet* to me, we are both in Love with *Arianissa*, but tho' the Laws render our Fortunes equal, by forbidding us from seeing her, yet you have some advantages that may comfort you for that Misfortune. *I* could deny to you, what are my Sentiments, concerning *Arianissa*, answered *I*, since any generous man ought to have done what *I* did, and that *I* knew not it was she, when *I* went about to serve her, but *I* cannot dissemble, and *I* must confess that *I* love her. *I* perceived, My Lord, you were my Rival, and a jealous Rival too, who cared not to oblige me, when you spoke to me concerning *Selimana*. Can you wonder, *I* should promote my own heart's interest, reply'd the young Sultan? *Arianissa* is not beloved by the Emperour, and were you not my Rival, may be *I* should have none. You are mistaken, *Mahomet*, added *I*; the Emperour has changed his Love: What is he in Love with *Arianissa*, reply'd he? Yes, said *I*. Alas! continued he sighing, what hope can flatter us? and suppose we should follow the advices of the most violent jealousy, what advantage will that afford us? Then we

we entered into *Adrianople*, where the Emperour was already returned, and we put an end to our Discourse.

I met *Aradin* who was looking for me, knowing what had past. Having done so much for my person, said I to him, embracing him, will you attempt nothing for my rest? will you abandon me to those sorrows, that Love threatens me with? and will all your acquaintance in the *Seraglio* prove fruitless? *I* ought to employ them only for the *Sultan's* Service, reply'd *Aradin*, and my Zeal can afford you but a weak assistance; tho' you are infinitely dear to me, *I* am forced to see you suffer, without attempting any thing in your behalf. *I* see *Amurat* is mad because you have seen *Arianissa*, he fears without knowing why, and we shall become Slaves to his jealousy. Is that your way of comforting me, dear *Aradin*, cry'd *I*? But what will you have, reply'd the Eunuch, and what can one do under a Master so powerful, and so formidable as *Amurat*? Do you think *Arianissa* will be able to resist him? and suppose she had no real Love for him, she must still fear and obey him.

him. *Aradin's* discourse, filled my mind with so dreadful Ideas, that *I* was like to dye for Grief, and he saw me so much afflicted, that he could not deny me the Favour of carrying a Letter from me to *Arianissa*. 'Tis likely *I* shall pay dear enough, said he, for what *I* am going to do for you; but *I* shall easily comfort my self, if you are fully perswaded of my sincere Friendship. *I* embraced *Aradin*, and having wrote what Love dictated to me, *I* delivered the Billet to his care: There are but these few words in it.

The Prince *Scanderberg* to
Arianissa,

I Could wish, fair *Arianissa*, for my heart's rest, that you were less amiable, or less beloved; pity me for having so many misfortunes to suffer, and so many Enemies to overcome: You cannot but be sorry for my condition, since for the reward of my Passionate and Faithful Heart, which *I* present you with, the only thing *I* ask, is the leave of telling you, *I* shall adore you for ever.

The

The officious *Aradin* took all the imaginable care to come near *Arianissa*, but he could not that day, she was so wearied by her last Misfortune, that she was forced to keep her Bed. The Emperour took no longer any care to hide his new Passion, but owned it publicly. *Arianissa* had a private Apartment for her self; and *Selimana*, tormented with other cares, was not sensible at first of the shame of being forsaken.

But *Arianissa* was insensible of the marks of the Sultan's Love, so much wished for by the other Women of the Seraglio. *Amurat* sighed like other Lovers at the first growth of his Passion; after that he would fain go farther: But *Arianissa* was equally displeased with his Sighs and Haughtiness, and shewed a repugnancy which he little expected, and which was look'd upon by him as a Prodigy in a Girl of her Age and condition; the more because his violent desires had never met before with such a resistance.

Aradin, a zealous and diligent Friend, perform'd his errand as soon as he could; he found *Arianissa* alone, melancholy, and thinking doubtless upon what

what she was to suffer from the *Sultan*. Fair *Arianissa*, said he to her, all moments are here precious, and I ought not to neglect them. *Scanderberg*, famous for his Valour, and remarkable for his rare and great Qualities, (forgive me, *Thopia*, if I use *Aradin's* words, to avoid all digressions) *Scanderberg*, say I, kept far from you by a barbarous Law, desires you might know his Zeal and Constancy; and to that purpose he is forced to make use of this innocent means. Then the Eunuch offered her the Billet: But she who knew not our intimate friendship thought he was come to try her. These Intreagues are not allowed in the *Scraglio*, answered she; we might pay both dear enough for them; and your Master is not so kind a Prince as to permit them. Leave off therefore this Playing, which cannot but displease me, and may prove fatal to your self: And believe, that I care neither to love nor to be loved. You may suspect me of Perfideousness, replied *Aradin*, seeing it is so common among the *Turks*, and because I am altogether unknown to you. But, *Arianissa*, do not entertain such a thought concerning me; and do not wrong so far

far the Prince *Scanderberg* ; he loves you, and you cannot, but with a Cruelty-blame-worthy, deny him the favour to read what he writes to you. *Arianissa*, after a long resistance, took at last the Paper, and kept her eyes fix'd upon it a considerable while ; so that likely she read it more than once. *Aradin* observed her, and told me afterwards, that he had perceiv'd in her looks a trouble which favoured me, that she had sigh'd, and seem'd to feel some tender motions in her heart ; and considering her and my own condition, she had said, alas, *Aradin*, what can the Prince *Scanderberg* expect from me, who can dispose of nothing, and find my self bound in that unfortunate place where my ill Fortune detains me ? All his desire, reply'd *Aradin*, is, you would permit him to love you, and that your kindness might be concerned in all his misfortunes. Suppose I should do what he desires, added *Arianissa*, would his condition be the happier ? Bid him, sooner forget me, and if he finds in me any thing that deserves his affection, let him consider, that all sorts of Conversation is forbidden us ; let him take care not to attempt any hazardous

zardous enterprize that may either undo him or endanger my self; let him be careful chiefly of his own life. *Arianissa*, interrupted *Aradin*, is your heart so much concerned for his life as to desire its preservation? Ask me no such questions, replied the fair Slave blushing, and do only what I bid you. *Arianissa*, said the officious *Aradin*, one word from your hand would do more with him than any thing I can tell him. You ask for too much, replied *Arianissa*, and you know your self, I ought not to do what you desire; that all things are dangerous here, and that very often the most secret Actions become publick. I tremble even now for reason of this conversation; be gone, *Aradin*, and leave me to my dreadful sorrow. I leave you to the *Sultan's* love, replied *Aradin*. Cruel misfortune of my Life, and cause of all my Miseries, cryed *Arianissa*; how dearly have I paid for that love which I abhor? and what sorrows I am like to suffer upon its account? Some body coming, obliged them to part. *Arianissa* kept my Letter, and *Aradin* came to me to acquaint me with what had pass'd.

The

The Emperour's love was too violent not to be followed by an extraordinary jealousy; his suspicions increased excessively; and considering *Arianissa's* coldness, he thought that either her heart was not free when she came to the Seraglio, or that since she had fallen in love. His meeting me in the Gardens, my good fortune upon the Sea-shoar, and my deep melancholy, which I was no more able to hide, rais'd great suspicions in his mind. And though my condition was but little different from *Musselman's*, or the Prince's, yet I seem'd to him more formidable than they, by reason of my good Fortune: He observ'd carefully all my steps, took notice of my Eyes, which were always turned towards the Seraglio, explained to himself the meaning of my troubles, and of my Sighs; and in a word, did not question but I was in love. You may easily conjecture whether it was an easie matter for me to attempt any thing, being watch'd by such an *Argus*. *Aradin*, who perceived his jealousy, was continually advising me how I ought to steer my Conduct, and in this uneasie condition I spent many sad and useless days.

But

But, *Thopia*, I was not the only Man who was troubled. *Musulman* loved exceedingly *Arianissa*: The same Passion wholly possess'd *Mahomet*; and *Selimana* being forsaken by the Emperor, began to be sensible of the injury done her Beauty, and thought the only way to be revenged, was to get a new Lover.

There is always a prodigious number of Eunuuchs in the *Seraglio*, whose duty is to observe the Sultaneſſes, and to serve them, and those are pickt out from among the ugliest. *Selimana's* favour had gained her the zeal of the most considerable of them: *Amaldan* had always stuck to her interest; and since *Amurat's* new Passion gave her time to mind her own, she manag'd so well the Eunuuch's Zeal, that he was willing to do her any Service.

Amaldan was about forty years old, he was black and ugly, but witty and bold, and in a word, a fit Confident to serve *Selimana*: It had look'd a little odd, if he had acquainted me without any more ado with *Selimana's* tender affection. She knew not what the Prince and I had heard, and therefore she could make no use of that Adventure; had she directly written to me, it was
C likely

likely my Heart had not been pleased with that freedom ; she therefore wholly relyed upon *Amaldan's* wit: Having been bred up a Schollar, he understood Greek perfectly well, and was well enough acquainted with the niceties of Poetry ; he thought therefore his best way at first, was to shew me some witty Verses ; and having made some fit for his purpose, he accosted me upon a Terrass in the great *Seraglio's* Gardens, where, in a melancholly Humour, I was looking upon the Stream that water'd the foot of the Walls. Who could believe, my Lord, said he to me, that a Prince of your Age and Parts would seek solitary places without being in love ? Was your Heart free, you would not shun with so much care other Men's Conversation. I beg your pardon, my Lord, for my boldness ; but your natural bounty will excuse this freedom, which is not ordinarily used towards Persons of your rank, but in whatever condition you are, either free, or not, those that honour you as much as I do, ought to do always their endeavours to divert you. I blushed, hearing *Amaldan* speak thus, fearing lest he should suspect something. My Lord, said he then, one
does

does not blush except he hath some reason for it, and this commotion proceeds likely from your Heart. But without piercing too far into a Secret which I ought to reverence, give me leave to consult you upon a nice point. And then he offered me some Verses, which I could not deny to read, and which I remember yet, they were those:

Love, like a dangerous Tyrant still appears,

His fancy'd Laws sound harsh to tender Ears.

Women, if fair, we must avoid, they say,

Like fatal Rocks at Sea, which oft destroy.

Such feign'd Advice puts out the glowing Fire,

And turns the edge of ev'ry brisk Desire.

The Fears of Shipwreck thro' the fancy rove,

And fright the Youth from off the Seas of Love.

But when he sees the way before him's clear,

When he is chose and loved, what needs he fear?

If he would then enjoy a happy State,
He must give up his yielding Heart to
Fate :

When he is Conqueror own'd, then Arms
are vain ;

To use the Conquest is the sweetest gain.

The greater then his Zeal does prove,

The more's the glory of his Love.

I lik'd them well enough, and I read
them more than once ; but I never sus-
pected the meaning of them. *Amaldan*
was glad I was pleased with them, and
thought it was now time for him to trust
me with his Secret. Is it not true, my
Lord, that Love is commonly drawn af-
ter a strange manner ? and that, if we
will hearken to the Wits, it is a dread-
ful Monster, which ought carefully to
be avoided ? I confess, it appears un-
pleasant to those that have nothing that
renders them worthy to be beloved ; but
I imagine thousands of Charms in the
sincere and tender love of two Hearts.
I must confess, said I to *Amaldan*, that
your Verses and your Opinion seem to
me to be in the right ; but I am so little
versed in Love Matters, that I am no
competent Judge of its Effects. My
Lord, reply'd the Eunuch, when you
please

please you may be a great proficient therein, and I know a certain way for that purpose. I cannot dissemble with a Prince, as discreet as you are. I'll tell you therefore, you are loved by *Selimana*, *Amurat's* beloved Sultaneſs; ſhe acquaints you, what way it is beſt for you to follow, by her order I ſpeak to you, and you ought not to be diſcouraged at the *Seraglio's* Maximes, ſince I can overcome the greateſt Difficulties. I did not expect ſuch a Complement from *Amaldan*, which did not answer my Inclinations, and I was a little while without answering him. You bring your ſelf into no danger by your freedom, ſaid I at laſt to him. I take it for a token of your Eſteem and Friendſhip, nor am I willing to make an ill uſe of it. *Selimana* may be fair and kind, but *Amurat* is a formidable Prince, and my Loyalty obliges me to all ſorts of reſpects. You don't ſpeak, reply'd the Eunuch ſmiling, like a young Prince favour'd by Love, but like a fearful Politician, or a moroſe Philoſopher. This modeſty which ought to be praiſed in a Dervife, ſeems to me in you the ſtrangeſt things in the world; what can all *Amurat's* power do, ſince your beloved *Scanderberg's* Pleaſures

easily obtained, lose much of their sweetness? Besides, was I not certain to serve you, I am not so much out of love with my own life, as to expose myself to an unavoidable Death: Let me then be your Guide, and trust me with the carrying on of your Intregue. All *Amaldan's* fair words could not persuade me to it. I was not willing to expose myself to so many Dangers for *Selimana's* sake, and I alledged still in my Defence, Custom, and my Loyalty to the Emperor.

Amaldan did not acquaint the Sultaneſs with the unhappy issue of his first Negotiation, lest he should drive her into Despair; her hatred against *Amurat* increased, as his love for *Arianissa*; she was capable of any violent Action, had not *Amaldan* allay'd her Rage.

Prince *Mahomet*, who seem'd to act nothing, and *Musfulman*, whose proceedings were very secret, had nevertheless some private Intelligences, and gain'd some Friends in the *Seraglio*. Covetousness is so natural to the *Turks*, that Interest often makes void the severity of their Laws. *Bostangi Bassi* being a rich Man, gained by his liberality almost all the Eunuchs; and except *Aradin* whose

Honesty

Honesty was proof against all temptation, the rest yielded easily to his Gold; having a free occasion in the Gardens, he could freely converse with them; he intrusted the cunning *Amaldan* with his Passion for *Arianissa*. Another had been started at this Proposition. But *Amaldan* harken'd to it without the least Commotion, and his exaggerating to the grand Gardner, the difficulties they should meet with, was only to set an higher value upon his Services.

You may judge, *Thopia*, thereby, how Pernicious is idleness; had the *Eunuchs* a different Employment from that of observing the Women in the *Seraglio*, they should never apply themselves to barter their Favours.

Amaldan, who knew *Arianissa* well enough, to perceive her good Nature, feared not in the least to be punished by her for his boldness. He did *Muselman's* Errant, as *Aradin* had done mine, and represented the *Bostangi Bassi's* Passion to her, as the only way to free her from her slavery; she did not entertain him as she had done *Aradin*, but with a Noble Pride, she let him understand that it was in vain for the grand Gardner to hope any thing from

her. The covetous *Amaldan* was little troubled at this, and was not such a Fool as to discourage any body, as long as he could obtain his Ends. He resolved in spight of my self, to bring me one Night into *Selimana's* company; and little solicitous of her Honour or Fortune, so he might satisfy himself. He trusted *Musulman* with this Secret. He told him that if he could bring me into the private Gardens, for himself, he would get *Selimana* and *Arianissa* to take a walk, which might be favourable to us, making the grand Gardener believe, that I was in love with the *Sultaneſs*, and that fear only hindered me from courting her. *Musulman*, who had suspected I loved *Arianissa*, was glad to understand this Mystery, and promised to do whatever *Amaldan* desired.

The grand Gardner was well enough acquainted with the Maxims of the Country; the effects of which he ought to fear, but his Love prevailed over his Reason. He found me out, as he had promised to *Amaldan*, and asked me whether I was willing to walk. I could not guess his intentions, and tho' I looked upon him as my Rival, yet, at last I followed him. We

We took many turns in the *Seraglio's* Garden, and the *Bostangi Bassi*, who was well acquainted with all the by-ways, brought me into that of the Women, through a door which we found open'd; I was not sensible at first of my wandring, but coming near a labyrinth, which I had not seen since my Infancy. I was surpris'd to see my self in that place. You are mistaken, or you have a mind to ruine me, said I to *Musulman*, and these places are not free for such persons as we. Do you think I am capable of betraying you? Answered *Musulman*, and do you believe I shall not share here the same Fortune with you? Your presence is desired by *Selimana*, and her kindness will protect you. As I was going to answer, displeased with his proceedings, we saw Prince *Mahomet* coming, who had no more priviledge than we, and who was not there without some Design. He was as much surpris'd as we. We could not think but we were guilty all three; yet prudence would have us hide our Resentments, and had we had a mind to fall out, we had been hindered by *Abaci* the Eunuch, who had introduced the young *Sultan*, and who knew nothing

of our being there. My Lord, said he to him, loud enough to be heard by us, *Arianissa* is coming, make use of such a favourable moment. *Abaci* went his way, and *Arianissa*, who had parted from *Selimana*, came. Tho' Night deprived us of the sight of her Charms, yet by reason of its favourable silence, we could the better hear her sighs. *Musfulman* curbed by *Mahomet's* presence, did not enjoy the happiness he hoped for. And the Prince in a maze by reason of *Abaci's* discourse, tarried in the same place. For my part, I was also put to a stand. *Arianissa* sat her self down upon the grass, and thinking she was heard by no body, she let go these sad Complaints. Unfortunate *Arianissa*, said she, Princess expos'd to everlasting Sufferings, what canst thou expect from *Amurat*? What canst thou do for *Scanderberg*? Did Cruel Fate take thee from *Albania*, to offer him here too Charming for thy Rest? *Castriot*, why don't you ask all the Princes of the World some Succour, to deliver such an Illustrious Son from those Hands, who likely, for a Reward of his Glorious Exploits, will one day sacrifice him.

These

These *Arianissa's* words made a deep impression upon both our Hearts. But, *Thopia*, those two Rivals were not the only I ought to fear, a third more formidable heard them. *Amurat* acquainted by some Traytor, that *Soliman* and *Arianissa* were in the Garden, was surpris'd at it, because they were not us'd to go there, running therefore with all possible haste, he heard what I have already told you. Perfidious *Arianissa*, cryed he in a jealous rage, thou tellest every moment I see thee, and tho' thou hast my most tender Affections, yet wishest thou my Ruine. Thy imprudent Heart hath condemned *Scanderberg* to dye, and I will punish him for having pleased thee, as I ought to do. I am not afraid of thy Anger, replied the courageous *Arianissa*, and I am so far from pacifying it, that I confirm to thee what thou hast already heard by chance. A Power above thine will defend that Prince thou intendest to Oppress, and for my part, I shall be pleased better with Death than with thy Love.

About that time, *Thopia*, did the Emperor perceive us. I cannot express his Rage to you. His Son, and
Musulman

Musulman suffered but little by it. It fell heavy only upon me. Take away that Slave, said he, to a great many *Eunuchs*, and be responsible of the least of her Actions: and for thee, said he, turning towards me, Knave, and perfidious *Scanderberg*, unworthy Object of *Amurat's* Favours, and the fatal cause of all his present grief, go, and expect such a death as thou deservest. If thine Injuries proceeds from thy jealousy, answered I, I forgive them upon that account, because that Passion is used to blind our Reason. Think of my moderation what thou pleasest, but know, that had any other Man spoke to me after this manner, besides thee, he should not escape unpunished.

The proud Emperor harkned no longer to me. He commanded I should be shut up in the dreadfullest Prison, thinking by what he had heard, I entertain'd some secret Correspondence with *Arianissa*. As for *Mahomet* and *Musulman*, he shew'd them only an angry Countenance, without Arresting them.

Selimana ran away hearing this noise, and *Amaldan* was not such a Fool as to come and shew his Face. As soon as we were out of the Gardens, *Amu-*
rai

rat threatned the *Eunuchs*, and struck Terror every where. He sent the ugliest of his *Seraglio* to observe the Women, and such a vast number of them was placed in *Arianissa's* Apartment, that all admission there became impossible.

I was shut up in a Dungeon, without seeing *Aradin*, whom my misfortune was like to cast into a despair. He understood the Adventure I have related to you, by *Amaldan's* means, whose imprudence and disloyalty he much blamed. *Aradin* did not question the heaviness of my grief, in such a sorrowful place, where I had so many reasons of being afflicted. *Amurat* upbraided him with my pretended treachery, and accused him to have bred me up in those ill dispositions, being well acquainted with his Temper, he yielded to the first transports of his rage, pretended to condemn me, and by these means prevented his own disgrace. Having still his wonted freedom, he made use of it, he saw *Arianissa* in spight of all her Observers, comforted her, and obliged her to write to me, acquainting her with my deplorable condition. She did not question in the least,
but

but I had heard her in the Garden, and therefore was the easier resolved to it. Aradin sent me this Note by one of my Guardians.

Arianissa to the Prince Scanderberg.

I Am fain to let you know, I pity your misfortune, and no consideration can dissuade me from it; those Powers that Tyrannize over you do not spare me. But, my Lord, I protest your Pains are my greatest Evils; if this assurance may comfort you, you may intirely enjoy the pleasure of it. I am concerned for your Rest, I am grieved, and even weep for your misfortunes. Tho' I dare not tell you any thing as concerning my heart, you may nevertheless think thereupon what you suppose will the best satisfy you. This favour Arianissa begs from you, Arianissa, Daughter to Aranit Conino, a Prince beloved by the King your Father.

Having read this Letter, I was no longer sensible of the heaviness of my Chains. I enjoyed my hearts desire. I was beloved of Arianissa, born of one of the most Illustrious Families in Albania. I knew Aranit's name, and tho'

I had but a feeble Idea of my Father's Court, yet I could remember him. It was quite impossible for me to answer *Ariantssa's* Note. And all that I could do was to read it over a thousand times a day.

But, *Thopia*, Fortune, which intended to cross me, afflicted me still with new misfortunes. I learnt from that man whom *Aradin* had disposed to favour me, that my Father was dead, that *Amurat* was incensed against me, and to possess himself of *Castrier's* Dominions, had poisoned my three Brothers, designing me for another Sacrifice; but altho' he was violent to excess; he durst not destroy me, in the Presence of the Turkish Souldiers, by whom I was loved, and who began to grumble at my Captivity.

Amurat's Cruelty produced in my heart that effect which could be reasonably expected; yet I must tell you, to justifie my resentments, that I never projected any Design against him, unworthy of a Man of Courage; all that I desired, was to see my self free, and to declare an open War against the proud *Sultan*, who regarded so little the Blood I had lost in his Service.

Whilst

Whilst I was thus griev'd and perplexed, both by Nature and Love, the *Turks*, who had seen me venture my life for their Emperour's Glory, pity-ed my Fate, and demanded my Liberty. *Amurat* desired my death, but feared the consequences thereof, and therefore was obliged by reason of the Grumbling of the Nation, to put an end to my Captivity.

Going out of Prison, I retired to *Acomat*, a young *Bassa*, and the only Man amongst the *Turks*, upon whose Friendship I did most rely. I met there with a generous reception; he approved my *Résentment*, and advised me to go my self, and upbraid the *Sultan* for his ungratefulness. But I could not abide his sight, I could not think without horror on my Brothers death. My Mother's sad condition, and the miserable Life the young Princesses my Sisters lead in some retired place of *Albania*. I heard before it was long, the violent proceedings of the Emperour's Tyranny; I had a true Relation thereof from *Aradin*, whom I saw by *Acomat's* means; he assured me also of *Arianissa's* kindness towards me, and added, that tho' the

the *Sultan's* Rage had not fall'n so heavy upon *Mahomet* or *Musulman* as upon me, yet they had smarted for his Jealousie.

Tho' I was fully at liberty, I did not know what to resolve. *Amurat* had possess'd himself of all my Dominions, and the only thing I could own, was my Sword; after a long Consultation with *Acomat* and *Aradin*, at last I intended to depart, tho' I felt a great reluctancy in leaving *Arianissa*.

Tho' I had conceived a mortal hatred against *Amurat*, yet I resolved to speak to him. I met him one day, as he was going out of the *Divan*. He had been vexed at some important deliberation there, and displeased with *Arianissa's* continual rigour, so that one could easily read his Rage in his Eyes. I thought, said he, you should make a better use of the Liberty I granted you at *Adrianople*, than to offer your self to my presence, and that your remorse should free me from the sight of such an odious Object. This Discourse, like the *Ottoman* Pride, was too outrageous to me, to be born patiently. If thine ungrateful Eyes had never seen me, answered I, it is likely you had paid dear enough

enough for it. You are no longer an Hostage, interrupted the unjust *Amurat*, but a Captive, of whom the Janissaries are, to be responsible. If thou hadst considered Hostages as sacred, replied I, thou hadst never poison'd my Brothers, and nothing can hide the Horror of this Barbarous action from Posterity. I pity thy young age, replied the Sultan, with a scornful smile, and the trouble thou takest of describing my Actions, deserves a fit Reward; get far from me and *Arianissa*, and repent of having offended me. I swear to thee by our most Holy Laws, I shall never call thee back again.

So he left me spightfully. I saw presently, that it was now time for me to depart, and to perform for my own Family, and that of *Arianissa* what Honour required from me; it was impossible for me to see that Charming Beauty, whom I recommended a thousand times to the care of the Affectionate *Aradin*.

Amurat, to cloak his injustice, and not to disoblige the Janissaries, who had declared themselves my Protectors, offered me by *Orcan*, his Favourite, and already Grand *Visier*, in the room of the deceased *Hersecoli*, the Command
of

of some Forces, which he kept in the entrance of *Asia*, and sent me word, to tarry there for his Orders, thinking I should never attempt any thing against him, since all the Garrisons in *Epirus*, and *Albania* were filled up with *Turks*. *Aradin* did not question but *Amurat's* design was to shut me up in some remote Fortrefs. *Croya* it self seemed well affected for him, notwithstanding all the Efforts of the Princes Loyal to our Interest.

But, *Thopia*, as I was ready to depart, seeming to accept of *Amurat's* proffer, Fortune procured me the happiness of seeing *Arianissa* once more.

There happenned one night a fire in the *Seraglio*, *Musulman* was suspected to be the Author of it. It increased so much, that it cast all *Adrianople* into a great Consternation. The Apartment of the Women began to burn, and the like Confusion was never seen; they laboured but in vain to put it out in the Emperor's presence, who encouraged those that laboured; all the Water of the Sea, Channels, and Rivers, had never been able to save *Arianissa*, had I not shewed my self more eager, and more Courageous than the rest.

You

You may judge how much I was affrighted at this Accident, and with what haste I ran to assist her. All the *Fanissaries*, *Spahis*, and other Souldiers, and all the Officers of the *Seraglio* were busied in quenching the Flame, but durst not venture any farther to save the Women threatned with a cruel Death. *Amurat's* fair Promises were in vain, fear rendred them all deaf to his words, and I was the only Man whom Love emboldened; I ran upon high Piles of burning Cinders to the Gallery, where the Women with the *Eunuchs* expected their last hour. And most part of them did cry after a strange rate, for fear of Death. *Selimana* her self looked very pale and fearful. But *Arianissa* preserved still her magestick and serene Countenance, and look'd upon death without the least Commotion. As soon as *Selimana* perceived me, she came to trust her self into my arms, but she found them not opened. *Aradin*, said I to the *Eunuch* who had followed me, save the beloved *Sultaness*, whilst I shall endeavour to do the same to some more exposed Person; he took her away, and I ran to *Arianissa*, who had observed my behaviour, and I carried her away easily;

easily; reproaching the *Eunuchs* with their weakness, and exhorting them to do the same to the rest.

Mahomet and *Musulman*, who had seen me going into the *Seraglio*, were ashamed to stay idle, and not follow my Example, but I was more diligent than they, and brought *Arianissa* into a safe place. I pass'd sily towards the Gardens to converse with her in Secret, whil'st the faithful *Aradin* carried *Solimana* into another place.

Arianissa was almost choaked with the smoak, and tho' she had the advantage of a purer Air, yet she could not suddenly recover her lost Speech; I had also suffered much by it, and all my Cloths were spoiled; but the pleasure of being with *Arianissa* did not permit me to reflect on such an inconsiderable loss. I think, my Lord, said she to me, when she was a little recovered, that Heaven had design'd you for the preservation of my Life; for as often as it is threatned with a danger, you hazard your own to secure it. How fortunate should I esteem my self, *Scanderberg*, if I could acquit my self of those great Obligations. Tho' you prolong but an unfortunate Life, yet that

that do's not lessen the dangers, to which you expose your self. Madam, interrupted I, had I done a thousand times more, you should not be beholding in the least to me, your dangers are mine own, and acting for your Security, I promote my own rest. Alas! *Arianissa*, let not your kindness busie it self in taking notice of such small Services; but consider rather, how grievous your absence will prove to me, you know *Amurat's* barbarous proceedings towards our Family; my Mother stript of all her Estate and Dignity, leads an uncomfortable life, in some corner of *Albania*, with her Daughters, and the illustrious *Aranit*, that Prince your worthy Progenitor, is forced to submit to a Foreign Power.

Arianissa was sensibly moved at my Discourse, and her Tears testified it. Go, my Lord, into *Albania*, answered she sadly to me, revenge your Royal Blood, deliver those great Princesses, whose only comfort you are, possess your self of *Castriot's* Throne, protect *Aranit*, and never forget *Arianissa*. If you were willing, Madam, replied I, I should not fly alone. Alas! my Lord, answered she, I could follow you with-
out

out repugnancy, was it possible for you to take me from hence; but such an attempt can never succeed well here at *Andrinople*. To prevent those Griefs and Alarms which absence might produce in you, I pass my word to you, I shall resist the Emperour; let him pray or threaten, 'tis all one. I embraced then *Arianissa's* Knees, and could not refrain Tears. I swore an inviolable Constancy to her, and I bade her Adieu for the last time, I went away according to her Command, for fear of being surprized with her.

I went to *Aradin*, and to *Bassa Acomat*, and I acquainted them with what had pass'd: The fire was put out, the *Sultaneses* shut up again, and *Arianissa* more closely than the rest: At last I departed from *Andrinople*, recommending my Amorous concerns to *Aradin*; and instead of going to the place appointed to me by *Amurat*, I entered *Albania* with three hundred men, who came over to my party: There I performed those happy Atchievements which have amazed the whole world; I turned the *Ottoman* Power out of *Croya*, and other places of *Albania*, where I was proclaimed King:
the

the Valiant *Aradin*, Loyal to Our Blood, and concerned for his dear *Arianissa*, did for me all that I could expect from an affectionate Father. *Vranus*, Illustrious both for his Birth and Merit, stuck very close to me, I did not enjoy the pleasure of seeing my Mother again, who was dead for grief, she had given three Illustrious Husbands to three of my Sisters, and *Amiffa* only was not marry'd.

Amurat fell into a rage, as soon as he heard my advantages, and saw himself deprived in few days of a great number of fine Provinces. He sent a prodigious Army to regain them. But first I defeated *Sebasia*, and afterwards *Alibeg*, who commanded forty thousand Men. After this, I won an immortal Fame in *Varna's* Battel: *Amurat* wrote to me like a Master, and I answer'd him like a King, who despised him. In one word; without mentioning all other passages, *Amurat* came in person, followed by a numberless Army, after I had defeated *Mustapha* his *Bassa*.

I could never learn since *Arianissa's* condition, tho' I have done all my endeavours to be instructed by those *Turks*, who are fallen into our hands, because they

they know but little what *Amurat* does. I have been told only, that she is loved still, that *Musulman* is disgraced, and absent, and that *Mahomet* does not well agree with his Father. You know, *Thopia*, what has past since we saw *Amurat* about *Croya*, and by my last cruel adventure you may judge of my grief.

Here the King of *Albania* made an end of his Discourse, and sighed after such a manner, that *Thopia*, who really loved him, could not but pity him. *Scanderberg* was not concerned alone for *Arianissa's* misfortunes. *Aranit*, her loving Father, had been extreamly sensible of her Captivity, and coming to see *Scanderberg*, he heard the cause of his extraordinary sadness. We must all die, my Lord, said he to *Arianissa's* Father; but before we die, let us render our Arms formidable to *Amurat*, let us return on him that terrour he strikes into our hearts, and let whole Torrents of Turkish blood wash off the Crime committed against the innocent *Arianissa*.

Scanderberg was not able to go on. *Thopia* informed Prince *Aranit*, what was the reason of his cruel rage, he was amazed at it, but could not believe what he feared was true. My Lord,

D

said

said he to the King, *Amurat's* Note is a sign of his rage; but it is likely, his Command hath not been executed: And I cannot imagine, Heavens Justice could permit such a Sacrifice. If *Arianissa* is dead, we shall have time enough to bewail her loss; in the mean time, let us inform our selves about her Destiny. *Aranit's* Constancy, who could not be accused of loving coldly the most amiable Daughrer in the World, pacified a little *Scanderberg*. Well, said he, let us get some instructions about that, but let it be with our Arms, and all our Forces. If our Subjects desire to see a glorious Battel, let them come to this. Go, *Thopia*, said he to the young Prince, encourage the Army to do its duty, carry there mine Orders, and the News of my Displeasure: do not lessen to them the height of my grief: Animate the Captains and Souldiers, and help me to go in a Conquest.

Thopia obey'd the King's Orders, and within a short time *Scanderberg's* Apartment was filled with Persons of Quality, who were ready to signalize their Valour, seeing him resolved to attack the *Turks* in their Retrenchments in what time and posture soever. *Thopia's* Commo-

Commotion did not differ much from that of Scanderberg. And *Aranit* in spite of Age shew'd all the vigour desired in a man of younger years. The famous *Ducagins*, the renowned *Spani*, *Dusmani*, *Zacharia*, *Cernoniqui*, and many others appeared at the head of their *Albanian Forces*: The orders having been given every where, the invincible *Scanderberg* appeared at the head of his Army wearing black Feathers; there was to be seen such a mixture of grief and pride in his Eyes, that his sight would move some to pity, and strike terror into Others. Having cast his looks upon his Forces, and having observed the constancy, which appeared in the least of his Soldiers, *Arianissa*, said he, sighing, your precious blood will be expiated by that of your barbarous murders. After that he spake thus to them.

Generous Princes, Valliant Captains, brave Souldiers, Loyal Subjects of Epirus, and Albania; he that speaks to you, is going to lead you against an Enemy, who might affright another Nation, and trusts your noble Courage with his Glory and Revenge. Arianissa was born amongst you, you know her illustrious Family; and Ara-

nit's actions have made him famous all the World over : you are to fight to day for the innocent blood of that illustrious, but unfortunate Princess ; let the Daughters Condition, the Fathers Sorrow, and the Lover's Dispair, inspire you with an extraordinary Bravery. You want no examples, but had you need of any, Scanderberg may shew you some, worthy to be follow'd, come, Friends, let us vanquish or dye for Arianissa. When he had said these words, he let his Horse go, and the rest of that mighty Body followed his motions.

The Scouts of the Sultan's Camp soon discovered Scanderberg's March, and brought word to Amurat. He was well experienced in Warlike Matters, and knew well what he ought to do. Orcan brought his orders to the rest of his Officers. Every one went where his presence was required, and Sultan Mahomet, hating Scanderberg, and desiring to keep in his Fathers favour, appeared the readiest, and the willingest to fight. Aconor, the King of Albania's generous Friend, did not go there to fight against him. There was as many Souldiers left in the Camp, as were necessary to secure it, and all the other
Forces

Forces, which were to encounter *Scanderberg* went out.

As soon as he perceived their Standard, he sent forth a Cry, which was answered by all his Men; and with a threatening Look, and naked Sword, he went to meet the Enemy.

The *Turks*, who had seen him vanquish so often, trembled at his first sight. *Amurat* himself, notwithstanding all his Pride and Cruelty, was much concerned. *Mahomet*, jealous of *Scanderberg's* Glory, and of the other advantages he had above him, aspired to an immortal Fame by killing him. And *Orcan*, desiring to keep to himself the Sultan's favour, wished nothing so much as to sacrifice that Illustrious Victim to his Master's resentment.

Scanderberg spared no body in his first transport; even *Amurat*, whose Dignity he had respected till then, had felt himself the strength of his Arm, had he not been encompass'd by a crowd of *Turks*. How formidable is a valiant Man, when Love and Revenge encourage him to fight! What abundance of Blood was spilt in few moments! What vast number of *Turks* did the King of *Albania* kill? And how many

fine Exploits were that day performed by his Friends? *Aranit* was not at all sensible of his old Age; and the young *Thopia* let the *Ottomans* know there was more than one Hero in *Albania*.

They had already defeated *Amurat's* Van-guard, took his Standards, made Prisoners many of his Captains, and Victory did already begin to incline on *Scanderberg's* side, when Night put an end to their Fighting, tho' the Quarrel was not fully decided. *Scanderberg* would have pursued the *Turks*, but the Darkness became so thick he was fain to stay till to Morrow.

After the Lights had been kindled, as *Scanderberg* was going to enjoy a little rest, there was a kind of Prodigy seen; his Semitar had cleaved so fast to his hand in the heat of the Fight, that it could not be pluck'd off but with extraordinary pains: This was taken for an assured sign of his Strength and Valour.

His first care was to enquire about *Aranit*, who was no more to be seen, he was sought for to no purpose; and *Scanderberg* feared either he was dead or taken: He was thinking upon this when he perceived *Acomat* coming, who

who to see him, had revolted in the dead of the Night to his Party.

Scanderberg embraced him with all demonstrations of joy ; and the generous *Turk* received his Caresles with all sorts of respect. My dear *Acomat*, said the amorous *Scanderberg* to him, do you come to confirm *Arianissa's* death, or to reproach me with my weakness. No, my Lord, replied *Acomat*, I do not bring you so sad news. *Arianissa* is still alive in the Sultan's Camp. You have a mind, said the King of *Albania*, to deceive my grief. I have seen *Amurat's* Command, replied *Acomat* ; and then he shew'd him the Paper found upon *Aradin*, whose unfortunate Fate he acquainted him with. I took that faithful Eunuch to be with you, my Lord, and he left *Amurat's* Camp, only to pass into yours. But without doubt, *Musselman*, who hides himself not far from hence, had kill'd him. As for *Arianissa*, she is alive, and you may rely upon my word for that.

One cannot express how much then was *Scanderberg's* joy. *Aranit* was fought after ; but some Souldiers said, they thought he had been made Prisoner,

having seen him venture too far among the Turks.

They took that night the most convenient measures for their safety, tho' it was not likely that *Amurat*, half vanquished, would come again to a Battel; there were Sentinels plac'd every where, and the news of *Arianissa's* Life were brought to *Croya*. *Scanderberg* enjoy'd more rest that night than usually; at break of Day they visited all the Corps, but could never find *Aranit's*.

Scanderberg was resolv'd to fulfill his Victory, and to free *Arianissa* and her Father from his Enemies. *Acomat* assured him *Amurat* expected a considerable succour. *Scanderberg* was but little alarm'd with this; and the hope of delivering *Arianissa* prevail'd more upon his mind than any other consideration.

Aranit's Captivity was soon confirmed; and there were news brought to *Scanderberg's* Camp that *Amurat* had more rejoiced at it than at the gaining of several Battels, having now in his power what to affright *Arianissa* with: That fair Princess had suffered a thousand sorrows since *Scanderberg's* departure; and the Emperour's violent desires could not have been resisted but by an extraordinary

ordinary Virtue, such as hers: But all her pass'd sufferings were but slight, compar'd with her affliction for her Father's Captivity. *Amurat* sent for him; and *Aranit*, who had not seen *Acomat*, and was not acquainted with *Arianissa*'s condition, look'd extreamly sad. Thou art vanquish'd and subdu'd to our Power, said the Sultan to him, and notwithstanding all the pride of thy Family, thou must stoop before us. Thou needs not thank Fortune, reply'd *Aranit*, which hath delivered into thy hands an unfortunate Victim, and which longs to be sacrificed: So many great Men as still remain in our Party, under *Scanderberg*'s Conduct will find thee work enough. Tho' they have surpris'd us, replied *Amurat*, yet thou may'st judge by thy present condition of the inconsiderableness of their advantages; and that I have no great reason to fear them. But that is not the thing now: I will propose unto thee a safe way to free thy self. Thou canst not propose any, said *Aranit*, but what is shameful; and he that had murdered *Arianissa*——hold, interrupted *Amurat*, and do not accuse me of a crime I was never guilt

ty of *Arianissa* lives, but still so cruel, that I want thy assistance to change her mind; thou shalt see her, but thou must use this liberty for my service: I love her, I adore her, but the Ungrateful despises my flame with a cruel obstinacy. Reflect, *Aranit*, how shameful it is for such a Man as I to fight, and suffer to no purpose, nor any take care of my resentments.

Aranit was no fit confident for *Amurat*: *Scanderberg*, his King and his Friend was in love with *Arianissa*, and was belov'd by her: These being thus, he was not capable of a base compliance: Thou knowest, said he, Christians are seldom fearful, and that they seldom act against their Parole or Duty; how dear soever *Arianissa* may be to me, I would sooner see her dead than to bring her to grant thee thy request. Hearing this discourse, which could be so easily understood, *Amurat* grew mad against *Aranit*: Tarry my Prisoner, since thou despisest my Proffers, said he to him; all *Scanderberg's* Power shall not be able to deliver thee, and thou shalt quickly feel what destiny I prepare for thee. Then he sent him back into a private Tent, and commanded

manded he should be kept closely.

Having found the Father so resolute, he went to try whether the Daughter would prove also inflexible : Therefore he went to *Arianissa*, who knew not what had pass'd ; Cruel *Arianissa*, said he to her, I prostrate my self to your feet, for the last time of my life, to desire some small favour from you, which I promise to retaliate, by releasing *Aranit* your Father, who is now my Prisoner. Heavens ! cry'd *Arianissa*, is this the last Affliction you prepared against me ? And do you forsake the just party, to cast me still into new Troubles ? Alas ! dear Father, Why did not my Death prevent your Misfortune ? You may dispose of his Destiny, reply'd *Ammurat*, and it depends wholly upon your Behaviour. Reflect earnestly upon this, do not despise mine Anger ; and tho you need not fear the loss of your Death, yet fear that of *Auranit*'s. Tyrant, reply'd the Princess full of sorrow and indignation, what hath my Father done against thee ? Is this the use thou oughtest to make of what Power the chance of War hath given thee over him ? Alas ! he is falln into this danger only to deliver me : Endeavour then

on your side his Deliverance, reply'd *Amurat*, since I am resolv'd to be cruel except you favour me; either you must love, or see *Aranit* dye. Is this thy way of gaining love, reply'd the fair *Arianissa*? is Cruelty such a pleasing Charm, and must we offend the Person by whom we desire to be loved? Give some occasion to my Heart to be grateful, boast sooner of thy Services than thy Rage, to the end thou may'st upbraid me with some reason. You have taken so little notice of my Sufferings, reply'd the Sultan, that I intend to follow no more that course. If you are still the same, I will not warrant you of my Fury; but if you change, you may expect any thing from me, and dispose at your pleasure, of my Soul and Empire: Well, answered *Arianissa*, let me see my Father. Tho' I ought to refuse this Favour, to a person who never granted me any; yet interrupted *Amurat*, I give you leave to see him, but do not forget when you embrace him, that his Life depends upon this interview: Take together such Resolutions as may be agreeable with my Designs. The Sultan went away without speaking any more, and ordered *Arianissa* should be

be brought to *Aranit's* Tent, not far from her's.

Four Years absence had made but an advantageous alteration in the Princess: And *Aranit* who knew well her Suffering, wondred to find her so fair. Presently she embraced her Fathers Knees, and weeped there abundantly: He embraced her a thousand times, and took her up very lovingly. After he had satisfied the first motions of Nature, I see you again at last, said he, dear *Arianissa*, after I have so long bewailed your loss, and lived in a sorrow proportioned to the cause thereof. If I have taken any care of my days, it was only to the end they might be serviceable to you. I have seen the Emperour of the *Turks*; I have heard, but I find not my self dispos'd to do what he desir'd. — Forgive me, my Lord, if I interrupt you to praise your Constancy, it is worthy of your self; but shall I see you dye, rather than give my self to *Amurat*? And ought I not to sacrifice the Peace of my Life to the safety of yours? What *Arianissa*, reply'd *Aranit*, could you resolve your self to be the Mistress of a *Turkish* Prince? How sorrowful would this sign of your love prove to me, and by preserving my
life,

life, how intollerable would you render it? I can lose it a thousand ways without glory; and you ought not to preserve it by so base means, since should I consent to it, I cannot but lose my good Fame amongst all honest Men. In a word, *Arianissa*, forsake sooner both my Life and yours, if there is any need. I tremble giving you this advice, but I should blush should I do otherwise. Remember what you owe to the King of *Albania*, to that Prince who before he knew you, had served you with so much respect. Alas! My Lord, I have forgotten neither his Valour, nor his Services. Consider to what dreadful pass I am brought: Shall my love upbraid for ever my severe Vertue, by reason I have not saved your life when I could do it? And if I grant *Amurat's* desire, will not the whole World look upon me as upon a Princess perfidious, both to Heaven and *Scanderberg*? Alas! my Lord, what shall I do? That which I have advised to, answered the constant *Aranit*: But then I shall see you dye, said the Princess; no matter for that, reply'd *Aranit*, I shall dye without shame: Then both began to weep in a sad manner. The Eunuch's Witnesses of this sorrowful

Conver-

Conversation, put an end to it, and *Arianissa* was like to dye, taking her last leave from her Father : Did I see you only, my Lord, to bid you an eternal farewell, cry'd the desolate Princess. Cruel *Amurat*, let me dye with *Aranit* : Moderate your Grief, reply'd the Prince, softly : We are not so far from *Scanderberg*, you know what his Valour can do ; go away my dear *Arianissa*, and never despair as long as he lives.

'Tis impossible to express *Amurat's* Rage, when he heard in what manner the Father and Daughter had spoke one to another : Am I Sovereign only, said he, to be hector'd by my Enemies ? And shall I always see my Power insulted over ? Let them dye sooner ; and tho' I cannot quench a Flame which I abhor, let my Reason at least condemn to an everlasting Grief the person that causes it ; let the World see what Revenge I will take of a Captive, who does but increase *Arianissa's* hatred against me : Let him dye, I don't question but *Scanderberg*, whom my Arms shall punish as a Fugitive Rebel, will resent this loss. Let *Arianissa* have a just reason to complain of me ; heretofore she had only been the witness of my weakness, but now
 she

she shall see me spill her own Blood.

As soon as he had resolved this, he thought upon the means of bringing it to execution: He chose his Camp to be the Stage where that Tragedy was to be acted. The most usual kind of Death among the *Turks* is Strangling; but such Executions are frequently very private: That would not serve the Sultan's turn, who intended to shew publicly his Cruelty, that *Arianissa* might be the witness thereof.

The next day all things were prepared for *Aranit's* death; a Scaffold was erected in the middle of the Camp, which was encompassed by the *Janissary's*, and other Souldiers of the Guard; *Amurat* took a convenient place to see his Orders executed, and the desolate *Arianissa* was brought near him. The Sultan kept always his dreadful looks upon her, but she turned hers towards Heaven to implore its Assistance.

A strange Spectacle was offer'd to their sight. *Aranit* appeared in such a miserable condition, that it could not but shake his Daughter's Constancy: He was loaded with huge Chains, had his hands tyed, and his head uncovered, but he seemed neither cast down nor affrighted

frighted at this barbarous usage: He walk't with a sedate countenance, as despising his Enemies; but when he saw *Arianissa* so frightened, almost drowned in her Tears, and almost dead for Grief, he grew pale, and pityed the deplorable condition of that lovely Princess, who had always been the dearest Object of his Hopes and Love; he wept, but his great courage could not allow of such Tears, and presently he wiped them off. He was no more discountenanced then, than if he had been at the head of his Army; and recovering his former Tranquillity, he lifted up his Voice that he might be heard by the Sultan, the Princess, and the rest of the Assistance. *Arianissa*, said he to her, do not think this seems either cruel or shameful to me; I find therein both glory and pleasure, since you see there an Example of which you can make some use: Hide those Tears from me, which argue your weakness: You are my Daughter, but remember also that you are a Princess, that rank where Heaven has set you, requires both constancy and a great resolution; you will see me no more, 'tis true, but let this consideration comfort you, That no base Action will blemish the Glory
of

of my Life ; come to your self, dear *Arianissa*, live for *Scanderberg's* sake ; nay, dye for him, if there is need, as I am confident he would do for you. As for the Emperour of the *Turks*, said he, turning himself towards *Amurat*, a Prince born from so many Heroe's, from whom thou degenerates so much, and whose Cruelty thou only imitatest ; learn from my Death to despise Life. Yesterday I was with the valiant *Scanderberg*, whose very presence dissipates Fear and Terror, and behold now I am submitted to a Tyrant who trembles at the least thing.

Let him dye and perish, cry'd out the Emperour, and let him be punished for his pride. Then the Executioners went about to obey his Orders, and the fair *Arianissa* falling into a Swoond, was carryed to the Tent where she had always been.

But whilst they were preparing to execute *Aranit*, many repeated out-cry's of the farthest Sentinels, signify'd *Scanderberg's* coming, who had enjoyed no rest since *Aranit's* Captivity : His Forces brought again to fight, did march with a warlike Constancy, which struck terror into the first that saw them. *Amurat's*
Camp

Camp was soon in a great fright ; he was resolved to hasten *Aranit's* Execution ; but *Orcan*, who could prevail the best upon his mind, got it to be suspended, judging it would be convenient to keep him alive : He was therefore brought back again, and *Amurat* put on his Arms, having still considerable Forces left, which were soon in a posture of Defence.

Scanderberg broke like Thunder through whole Squadrons ; *Amurat* was mightily afraid of his rencounter, and therefore went another way, leaving *Orcan* to deal with *Scanderberg* : The valiant *Thopia* attacked the Sultan, and let him know the King of *Albania* was well seconded. The *Turks* turned back every where, confusion and horror had seized them ; *Amurat* seeing there was no hope of the Victory left him, ran to *Arianissa's* Tent with a barbarous intent, but could not find her there ; and was strangely amazed when he heard, that *Musselman* whom he took to be far from thence, had stoln her away : Besides this Grief, he was put to a shameful flight ; *Scanderberg* remained the only Master of the Field and Bagage ; he saw *Aranit*, but could not find *Arianissa*. Who
can

can express his Sorrow, when he saw all his Attempts fruitless, and so much Blood spilt to no purpose, and when he heard in whose hands she had fallen? He took this at first for a trick of the Sultan, who being defeated, hid *Arianissa's* condition: Considering this, he was resolved to root out his Souldiers before they had time to breath, but some *Turkish* Prisoners told him for certain, that *Musselman* had gotten her away.

Scanderberg could not but think, that *Musselman* had no design to bring her into *Amurat's* Territories, or tarry in *Albania*; he feared all things; and the knowledge he had of *Musselman's* temper, did but increase his dreadful trouble: To comfort himself, he embraced *Aranit*, who acquainted him with his past Dangers. After he had settled his Camp, and left the distribution of the Pillage to the greedy Souldiers, every one endeavoured to divert his Sorrow. *Thopia* was more busie in it than any: You were never acquainted with Love, said the Prince of *Albania* to *Thopia*, and therefore you cannot imagine my Sorrow; *Thopia* blushed at this reproach, which he was so far from deserving, since
no

no heart was more addicted to that Passion than his. I am more acquainted with Love than you think, my Lord, reply'd he; and because I know its effects, I pity you more than any. My Lord, reply'd *Uranus*, whose only desire was to divert the King from those sad thoughts, to convince the King of the truth of what you say; pray let him hear your love Adventures. I shall hear them, said the King to *Thopia* with pleasure and attention, howsoever prepossessed I may be; and if you are not a fortunate Lover, my own Experience will teach me to commiserate you. My Lord, answered *Thopia*, both my Love and Fortune wholly depend upon your pleasure, and the account which I am to give you by your Command, will make you more sensible of that Truth.

The History of T H O P I A.

WAS Love a voluntary Passion, my Lord, and could we rule the motions of our Hearts according to the advices of Reason, we should never pick upon any choice without first consulting her. First of all, I must needs tell you, my Lord, that I love the Princess *Arianissa*,

fa, and that all my respect could never stop my passion. I beg humbly your Pardon. — I do forgive you with all my heart, reply'd the King, and I cannot but admire my Sister's Happiness, to possess such a Noble Heart. *Thopia* then fell upon his Knees, but being taken up by *Scanderberg*, he went on after this manner.

I hell'd a considerable rank in King *Castriot's* Court, upon my Fathers account; and after you had been sent to *Amurat*, I was look't upon as the chiefest of the Princes of *Albania*. I was surnamed *Carlomus*, which signifies in the *Slavonian* Tongue *happy*, either because I was very aimable in mine Infancy, or because I was sprung from the Noble Blood of *Charlemayne*.

The King who could see you no more, never look't upon me without sighing, and without complaining of that cruel Law, which deprived him of your presence. The Princesses *Angelina*, *Zella*, and *Ulacia*, your Sisters, comforted the Queen *Vorsana*, being already come to years of reason, since they were soon after marry'd to three illustrious Husbands: But the young *Amiffa* was still in her first Infancy, so fair and charming,
that

that one could not look upon her without loving and admiring her. I fell in love with her as soon as I was sensible of any Reason, and our free Conversation did but increase my Passion.

The Prince *Musachins* my Father, who had had me in his old Age, when he had no hopes of any Son, was so overjoyed with the advantage of having a Son, that all the care he took, was about mine Education.

All *Amiffa's* Actions seemed charming to me, and I wish't mine had not displeas'd her : I was a long while before I could acquaint her with my Passion, and whatsoever my complaisance towards her might be, she was too young to guess the meaning of it.

As for me, a little more Age and Experience had taught me to distinguish Love from Friendship ; and Time acquainted the Princess, that one doe's not sigh without Love : In my younger Age I had shewn but a quiet joy at her sight, but as soon as I came to my sixteenth year, she observed I was melancholly and perplexed.

She was used to go very often with her Governants, to divert her self a fishing in the great Pond, which was in
the

the middle of the Palace of *Croya*; I follow'd her there one day, and whilst her waiting Women were talking at some distance from us, I saw her longer than an hour apply only her self to that Exercise: She was so fair, that I look'd upon her with an extraordinary attention, and in that pleasing occupation, I sigh'd so loud, that *Amiffa* who could catch nothing, and was vexed at it, turned angrily her head towards me; *Thopia*, said she to me, I think you affright the Fishes, and the noise of your Sighs spoils all my sport. Alas! Madam, reply'd I, how can they hear what you do not hearken to. 'Tis possible enough, reply'd she, that I hear you without hearkning to you: If you hear my Sighs, Madam, said I, I am certain you do not understand the meaning of them, and I should be too happy were you acquainted with that Secret. The Princess left her Fishing to look upon me more earnestly; and casting one obliging look upon me, I esteem you so far as to pity you for your misfortunes, said she, and to rejoyce at your advantages: And I am willing to know that Secret, if you think I may serve you therein. Madam, reply'd I, I will
then

then impart it to your kindness, and tell you, that you are the cause of my sufferings. I the cause of your sufferings, cry'd the young Princess, with a kind of amazement, mixed with fear, Alas! Thopia, how can that be, since I bear you so good a will? I do not tell you, Madam, added I, that they are caused by your will. I suffer, tho' you do not intend to make me suffer. You puzzle me strangely, replied Amissa, and I must confess my Wit is not piercing enough, to apprehend that Mystery. I perceive, Madam, added I, trembling, that my mouth must be my heart's interpreter. I love you, and those sighs which trouble your innocent sport, proceeds only from that extraordinary love you have inspir'd me with; this passion is almost as old as I, and I was sensible of it, before I did know my self. Alas! Thopia, replied the Princess with a charming innocence, do not talk to me about Love, it has been represented always to me, after such a manner, that I will shun it like a Monster, and if you desire I should see you, you must rid your self of it. 'Tis impossible, Madam, reply'd I, I should part with it, and I perceive, I am its slave for the rest of my life. But, Madam,

E

do

do you think, a Passion, which you inspire me with, can be any thing frightful? that Love which hath been drawn to you, was no such Love as mine, nor the effect of divine *Amiffa's* Charms. If there is any horror to be found therein, it concerns me alone, and it proceeds from the fear of displeasing you. But, *Thopia*, replied the Princess, what do you desire from me? Your pity, Madam, added I, and a Confession from your mouth, that you accept of my Services with some joy. I profess to you, answered the Princess, that I do not apprehend half of what you say, and that I want many Lessons to understand this matter; did your heart tutor you so well, added I, as mine does me, you would be soon as great a Scholar in it as I. I promise you replied she smiling, to impart to you all that it shall teach me, in the mean time suppress your sighs, and help me to conquer the ill luck I have to day.

I was well pleased with this conversation, and I did what ever I could to satisfy *Amiffa*. At last the enchantment ended, and we caught fishes a pace, so that we entered into the Palace very well contented.

Since

Since that day, the Princess made some Reflections, which opened her eyes. She had always looked upon me, as upon a young Prince, with whom she was allowed to live familiar, but after that my discourse, my actions, and her own reason had acquainted her, that I was in love with her, and when she considered the consequences which would follow the Courtship of a declared Lover, she took a severe Countenance, and tho^o she never shew'd any hatred against me, yet I could not perceive in her that innocent kindness, which till then had flatter'd my hopes.

I was soon sensible of this Change, which is imputed to indifferency; some time pass'd before I could complain, but my grief prevailing upon my patience, at last I spoke thus to the Princess. *Madam, said I to her,* you have taught me to love, but I am afraid, I have taught you to hate, and except your kindness take my part, I fear lest your rigour deprives me of the Liberty of seeing you. Are these the lessons you have learnt from your heart, and did you consult it only to render it mine Enemy? You will never be able to teach me to hate; but, My Lord, *replyed she,* I

don't care you should teach me to love; but suppose I am now a little more reserved, ought you to wonder at it? 'Tis enough, *Tbopia*, said she, casting an obliging look upon me, that there is no other difference between what I was, and what I am. I know not whether this Kindness is a Lesson from my heart, but as long as it shall not inspire me with any thing inconsistent with my Duty, you need not fear I should take any resolutions contrary to your interest. I found so much reason in this discourse, that it increased both my Love and Respect. It would be both ungrateful and rude in me, said I, to ask any more, since only my services, and modesty ought to speak for me.

Amiffa seemed pleased with this answer, but whilst I was abandoning entirely my self to that passion, and she look'd upon me, as a man who was worthy to serve her, Fate prepared it self to cross us.

Castriot, who had married the Princesses his daughters with some *Albanian* Princes, could hardly have found a Family more worthy of his Alliance than ours. The Queen, who loved more tenderly *Amiffa* than the others, fearing
left

lest some Reason of State should remove her into a Forreign Country, liked my passion well enough ; but the King, who had some different designs, took measures quite opposite to hers.

Among those that were of some note at *Croya*, *Balsé*, a Prince as well as I, had become *Castriot's* Favourite, he was no man of great Vices, nor of an extraordinary Virtue, and the only thing that got him in favour, was his affected compliance. He was ten years older than I, and was not handsome to please the Eyes of a nice Princess. Yet *Castriot* had chosen him for *Amiffa's* Husband, and had thought that his Sons being absent, *Epirus* and *Albania* could not have a better Protector.

Some Broils then call'd us to the War, I was none of the unwillingest to go, sacrificing my Passion to Glory, and to the desire of deserving *Amiffa*. I did not part from her without Sorrow, and I believe she was also sensible of my departure. *Balsé* commanded our Army, and because there were but few Frontiere-places revolted, it was not very Numerous. I did not then look upon him as my Rival, yet I had no love for him; he had, may be, no greater

share in the Victories we got, than I, and the others that served, but he was rewarded a great deal better. Arriving to *Croya*, I found the Princess *Amiffa* afflicted, for *Arianiffa*'s loss, whom a *Caravanne* of *Turks* had stolln away in a Voyage, which her Father had imposed upon her without any necessity.

About that time, My Lord, the whole world spake of you with admiration, and your Conquests, both in *Asia* and *Africa*, amazed the most experienced Souldiers. *Castriot* had then good reason to sigh, seeing that what Services you did for an Infidel, might have proved so useful for *Christendom*. The Princess wished your return, and when I would commend you in her presence, Pity that Illustrious Brother, *would she say*, that his valour should be engaged to serve a man of a barbarous extraction, and who knows little what belongs to gratitude, and friendship. Pity me at the same time for loving him as much as I do, and for having no hopes to see him again.

But, My Lord, 'tis time to relate to you my Sorrows; the King your Father, who thought he was mightily beholding to *Balsé*, prepared to do any thing for him.

This

This formidable Rival for reason of *Castriot's* protection, began to court the Princess in such a manner, that I was deprived of the liberty I had before. As soon as I saw he had declared himself, I was sensible of my misfortune, and tho' he was a King's Favourite, yet I desired my Father to do something for my love. He loved me too tenderly to deny me any thing I asked, and without objecting to me all that I ought to fear, he did partly what I desired.

I went to expect with the Princess the event of my Father's design. I found her sorrowful, and melancholy. You are afflicted, Madam, *said I to her*, and that trouble which appears in your eyes signifies as much. Yes, Prince, *replied she, with a sad Countenance*, I am cruelly perplexed. Can I without offending you, ask you the Cause thereof, *replied I*? You will know it too soon, and if you are a little concerned for me, what will you say, when you hear I am near to marry *Balsé*? This discourse, like a thunder, struck me almost dead, and I was so little prepared for it, that this surprise stopt my blood, and one could see upon my Face, the signs of a real despair. The Princess

was moved at it. Alas! *Thopia*, said she, looking sadly upon me, how dear am I like to pay for my Obedience to my Fathers Commands? Madam, said I, are you then resolved to marry *Balsé*, and by a Scruple of Virtue will you sooner renounce your own happiness, than resist *Castriot's* will? Would you have me, replied she, incur his indignation by a rebellious resistance? Tho' you might love me the better for it, yet I am sure you would esteem me the less, and you know your self well enough, that a Daughter of my rank, cannot dispose of her own Fate. I know, I adore you, Madam, said I, and I shall dye for grief, if *Balsé* enjoy a Fortune he has never deserved. What great advantages above me can that Fortunate Rival boast of? I am certain, I give him none, interrupted *Amiffa*, and were you only to strive with my inclination, you would soon be a Conqueror. But, *Thopia*, you know *Castriot* is my Father, and what power he has over me. What shall I do, replied I, if you marry *Balsé*, you shall see me no more, or at most? You shall see me only in publick places, replied the Princess. And if I live, I shall live the most unfortunate

fortunate person in the World. Can you, Madam, give your self to him, *replied I, somewhat angry?* Yes, without doubt, *interrupted Amissa,* and I see nothing can dispense me from that Duty, if *Castriot* requires it of me. Cruel Princess, *said I,* you know well enough I cannot live after that; must I also adore your Fortunate Husband, as I do every thing that belongs to you? Did you know my hearts Condition, *replied she,* you would not be so passionate, and you would sooner endeavour to comfort it. My trouble does not proceed from any affectation. However you are more fortunate than I, since you are not forced to give your self to one you hate, and since you may sigh without crime. In my present confusion, I know not, *said I,* what to say, nor what to think. All things seem guilty to me, and I cannot but accuse my self, believing heaven would never punish me undeservedly. After that I asked the Princess, how she came to know *Balsé's* good Fortune? And she told me, that after he had often spoke to her about his love, but in vain, the King at last had declared himself for him, notwithstanding the Queen's aversion to it,

and that he had commanded the Princess to look upon *Balsé* as upon a Prince whom he designed for her future Husband.

I perceived then that all my Father's endeavours would prove fruitless, and I was grievously afflicted at this. *Amisfa* seemed also very sensible of my sorrow, and her kindness did but give me a greater sense of my loss.

Against my custom I was glad to leave her, intending to go to the Queen, who had always been kind to me, to implore her assistance. I was told she was in the Gardens, therefore going that way, I met my Father, whose melancholy Countenance did but increase my trouble: He confirm'd unto me the King's resolution in *Balsé's* behalf, and exhorted me to take patiently a misfortune which could not be helpt. In the same minute I saw my Rival appear, follow'd by many Courtiers, drawn there by his fair hopes; my colour chang'd, and my Father sensible of my violent commotion, forbade me to enter into any conversation with *Balsé*: what could I have promised him, since I was mastered by a Passion I could no longer bridle? It was well I did not attack
my

my Rival in his presence ; but as soon as he disappear'd I abandoned my self to Wrath and Jealousie. I found *Balsé* in the Garden where *I* was looking for the Queen. Could *I* speak one word with you, *said I* ? Yes, replied he, without any apparent amazement. I know, *said I*, that you are design'd to possess the only thing that may render you the most glorious Man in the World : But you don't know, it may be, that I sigh for the Princess *Amiffa* these many years ago, and that you must deprive me of my life sooner than obtain her. I did not think, replied *Balsé*, in a scornful manner, which vexed me to the very heart, that the designs of a great King were to be cross'd thus. For my part, *I*, who know how *I* am to obey, ought to take the greatest care to perform my duty. Do not conclude from hence, that *I* don't care to fight with you ; you shall have that satisfaction : But, *Thopia*, you will not take it ill if *I* defer it till Marriage hath given me a full possession of *Amiffa*.

Having thus spoke to me, he left me scornfully ; and *I* was so much cast down at those words, that *I* could not attack him at present. The Place was

a Sacred Place, and I was fain to curb my Passions. As they were acting within me with the greatest violence, the Queen came, and I went to her in a trouble which she easily took notice of. That generous Princess cast a sad look upon me; and leaving her Gentleman-Usher to give me her hand, she did not ask the reason of my sorrow, which she easily guessed, but let me know how afflicted she was at the King's prepossession in *Balsé's* behalf, assuring me, that if she had had the disposal of my good Fortune, she had not deferred it a moment. I wish, said she, I could procure your satisfaction with the loss of my own Blood; but we have a Master obstinate in his resolutions, and who will be obeyed. I have strove against them as much as I could, but all to no purpose, and I cannot but condole with you. The paleness and the despair that appeared upon my face at the hearing of these words cast the Queen into a great fright. Madam, said I to her, my misfortunes are so great that 'tis like they will also prove fatal to *Balsé*, and all the respect I owe to the King's order can never prevent my resentment. *Castriot* came afterwards, follow'd by the

the Princess, and I retir'd in that sad condition.

Amiffa, who saw me retire, easily perceiv'd my trouble, since I seemed to shun her presence. I spent that night in the greatest trouble imaginable. I had a thousand several Projects in my Head; at last I resolv'd to render *Amiffa's* possession impossible for *Balsé*. I had seen him in several occasions, but I never had the least fear his arms should triumph over me as his favour did: In fine, I rose up at the break of day, and went to tarry for him near the Palace where he was used to go every Morning. *Balsé*, said I, as soon as I saw him, we must fight for *Amiffa*, and you will never be happy before you have killed me. Then I drew my Sword, my Rival was forced to do the same, and we fought with equal courage and advantage; we wounded one another in several places; and tho' they endeavour'd to part us, yet our fight lasted so long, that it exhausted the greatest part of our strength: *Balsé* at last fell at my feet; and tho' I stood up still, yet I was in a sad condition; a crowd of people coming then carried us both away.

The

The King shewed such a great resentment to my Father, who endeavour'd to justifie me, that his great grief cast him into a Fever, which brought him to the Grave. *I* durst not appear, and this increas'd my despair. The Queen and Princess sent me word how much concerned they were for me: But nothing could satisfie *Castriot* but my death, should *Balsé* live no longer; his wounds were more considerable than mine; *I* was curld in a short time, notwithstanding my grief, but all the care they took of him could not prevent his death.

Then, my Lord, *I* could no longer tarry in *Croya*, or in any other place of *Albania*; *Castriot* had no regard for my Love, nor Services, nor Birth, and granting some tears to *Balsé's* death, he fully resolved my own. The Princess, whom he suspected to favour me, felt his severity; even the Queen her self underwent his reproaches.

I thought it very hard to hide my self for a glorious action, and *I* had fallen into a despair, if the Princess, who could obtain any thing from me, and who knew well *I* was not out of *Croya*, where *I* was carefully sought after, and who feared *Castriot's* resentment, had
not

not prescrib'd a Law which I could not resist. I receiv'd her orders in a Letter written with her own hand, which was delivered to me with a great deal of circumspection.

The Princess Amissa to Thopia.

AS one cannot reasonably expect any rest from violent actions, so we might have been happier had you not been so passionate. If I have any power over you, and if you put any trust in me, avoid for a while the King's displeasure: The Queen wishes it, and I beg it of you. Absent your self, Thopia; I fear the loss of your life; this Lesson proceeds from my heart: Remember our former conversations, and believe for your own comfort, that now it is you may be as good a Scholar as yours.

Tho' absence seemed to me a more cruel pain than any that Castriot's wrath could prepare, yet I resolv'd to obey the Princess, and to acquaint her with it, I sent her this answer.

Thopia

Thopia to the Princess Amiffa.

THe greatest demonstration both of Love and Respect that I can give you, is, to go out of Croya and Albania, where I leave you likely for ever. I do not repine at my sufferings, since your pleasure will have it so. I shall depart, Madam; but let me beg that protection from your heart, without which I should never be able to endure the pains of absence. Adieu, I may dye without seeing you, but never without adoring your charms.

I wished I could have taken my leave of Amiffa, but the then present Juncture of Affairs would not allow of a private interview. I parted from Croya with a sound body, but a heart full of grief. I took with me some of my faithful Servants, abandoning whatever my Father had left me. There was then no War in any place of Europe, and having no certain Design, I was led at last by my profound Melancholy into a part of Greece; as I was thinking upon a larger Journey, I heard of Cassiot's death. How unjust soever he had

had been against me, I was afflicted at the News; I had returned to *Croya*, if *Amurat's* Tyranny, who had possess'd himself of all *Albania*, had not put an invincible stop to my Designs. The Queen and *Amissa* were made Captives, and having no Forces to defend, I went every where to make some interest for them, and made at last that Party, which I brought to you after the Queen's Death, which oppressed me almost with grief, entirely honouring her, and knowing how sensible *Amissa* would be of this Misfortune.

In fine, my Lord, I was Witness of your immortal Actions; I saw *Amissa* again, whom I found the same, and who told me, that my happiness wholly depended upon your pleasure. This is that History, my Lord, you desired to know, you are both my King and Master, but besides you are the Sovereign Umpire of my Felicity.

Scanderberg embraced *Thopia* as soon as he had made an end of his Relation, and assured him, that he might possess *Amissa* when he pleased, and that nothing would be so acceptable to him as his Union.

But

But tho' *Scanderberg's* violent passion had been diverted for a while by *Thopia's* Relation, yet it soon recovered its former strength, the sorrowful *Aranit* was much concerned, and they were but little pleased at the gain of the Battel, since their hopes were frustrated.

Acomat wondred that *Musselman*, who had so many reasons to fear the *Sultan's* wrath, should be so rash as to enter his Camp, and carry away *Arianissa*, being not acquainted with all the particulars of his Life, he could give no comfort to the King of *Albania*.

In the mean time this Prince could see the *Turks* had departed, that his Army was not much weakned, and that *Groya* had nothing to fear; being thus free to act as he pleased, he could not resolve himself to tarry, till he had heard some News concerning *Arianissa*, and resolved to venture any thing to find her out. My Lord, says he to *Aranit*, our common interest requires mine absence; as things stand now, there is no danger *Amurat* should attempt any thing, but we ought to fear all things from the treacherous *Musselman*. We must deliver *Arianissa* from his Tyranny,

ny, and I am weary of my life, when I think she is in his power. *Aranit* was far from opposing this resolution, and *Scanderberg* prepared himself to depart with the fortunate *Thopia*, who would never forsake him. *Uranus* followed them also, and *Acomat*, who could not with Honour follow his Master's Enemies, tarried with *Aranit* as a Prisoner of War.

The King of *Albania* would not take many Souldiers along with him, for fear of being known, his Equipage was not very great; but he found himself in an exceeding trouble, concerning the way he ought to take; he was sensible that *Musselman* had fled from *Amurat*, and that it was to no purpose to seek him among the defeated Army; it was not likely neither, that this Ravisher should retire into the Emperour's Territories, or tarry in *Albania*. In this uncertainty he wholly trusted himself to Chance: not certain of the success of his Enterprize, and going he knew not where, he found in several places many Companies of the *Turks* scattered, and returning to *Amurat*. He was three days without taking any rest, and all his inquiries being to no purpose, he began to despair. But

But he was not the only man that fought *Arianissa*. Prince *Mahomet* seeing her out of his Father's hands, desired to get her for himself, and look'd upon *Musselman* as upon a light obstacle, could he but meet with him. *Amurat*, tho' sorely afflicted at his losses, sent several Parties after him; but the young *Sultan*, led by his own heart's interest, took that licence followed only by twenty men.

At first he was not more fortunate than *Scanderberg*, and travelled over a spacious Country to no purpose; at last being arrived in a savage place, which properly may be called a Wilderness, he heard some noise over his head, and saw *Musselman* retrenched in a steep Rock hurrying *Arianissa* with violence, and striving to get her, notwithstanding all her resistance, into a Den, where the Sun had never shone.

Mahomet had an *Ottoman Soul* (that is, haughty and cruel) as the rest of his Life witnessed. The injury done to a fair Princess, whom he loved dearly, inspired him with the utmost Fury, and crying very loud, he would fain have gone to *Musselman*, but he saw every where inaccessible Precipices. *Arianissa*

nissa and *Musselman* hearing that noise, look'd upon him. The Princess hated all the Turks, but she had a lesser aversion against *Mahomet* than against the *Bostangi-Bachi* ; the Prince who saw her desolate, and oppressed with grief, made many attempts, which did not affright *Musselman* ; but Heaven, who had design'd that day for the punishment of the greatest Rogue in the World, brought *Scanderberg* and his Men in the place where the Prince *Mahomet* was, it vexed them to see one another there, but the King of *Albania* soon perceived *Arianissa*. Who could express his commotion at this sight ? or *Musselman's* rage ? The Precipices that were round him, seem'd to secure his Cruelty ; but such as they were, he did not think they were inaccessible for the passionate *Scanderberg*. Just Heavens, cry'd he, favour my Passion, and since you grant me to see *Arianissa*, grant me also that I may deliver her from that cruel Tyrant. Then he cast his eyes all round about, and seeing a by-way difficult, but less dangerous than the rest, followed it hastily. *Thopia*, *Uranus*, and the rest followed his steps, and *Mahomet*, who would not be an
 useless

useless Spectator, went after them, tho' it was a long circuit, and tho' *Musselman* affrighted, threatned to carry away *Arianissa*, the couragious Princess hindered his design. *Scanderberg* saw many of his Men fall, and bruise themselves upon the Rocks; but this did not abate his Courage, and at last he found a way easier and broader, which led him to *Arianissa*.

But alas! those were not all the obstacles he was to met with, and *Musselman's* Fury was more to be feared than those Precipices he had overcome already. That barbarous man, tho' he had a far greater number of men, than those that had followed the two Princes, yet could not trust on his own strength: a hellish rage possess'd his Soul, and seeing he was undone, he resolv'd to undo all. With this resolution, he seized *Arianissa's* arm, and drawing a Cymeter, *Scanderberg*, said he to her, with his scared looks, shall never see thee alive, or enjoy those favours thou designest for him. Thou cannot affright me, in threatning me with death, repli'd *Arianissa*, with a serene countenance, but tremble for thine own. I look upon it as certain, repli'd the

the Turk; but *Scanderberg's* hand shall never sacrifice me.

The King of *Albania* was still drawing nearer, and could already hear them. *Musselman* perceiving him, bad him stop if he desired *Arianissa's* life. The Prince, who saw his Cymeter, and who was well enough acquainted with the Turks temper, to expect all sorts of cruelties from them, was strangely surpris'd, and durst go no farther. *Arianissa* seeing him stop, and fearing lest too much love should make him easily leave her, exhorted him to advance. Come, my Lord, cryed she to him, *Musselman* is too faint hearted to attempt any thing upon my life, but suppose he was not, I would sooner die than submit to him. *Mahomet*, who had also drawn near, and who was not so much concerned for the loss of her life, tho' he was mightily in love, would have advanced farther; but *Scanderberg*. bad him imperiously not to advance rashly, lest he should consider him as *Arianissa's* Murderer. The Prince advanced no more, and *Musselman* seeing the well grounded fear of his Rivals grew the more insolent. King of *Albania*, said he, if thou lovest *Arianissa's* life, thou must allow

low me to retire freely with her, since I swear to thee by all that may render an Oath inviolable, that I shall not spare her, if thou goest a step farther. O barbarous! cry'd the Prince, is this your way of loving and deserving her? How cunningly thou knowest how to make use of my Love and thy Cowardise! Depart Monster, go far from hence, since *Arianissa's* safety requires it; but at least respect her Virtue and Rank. Can you forsake me so, cryed out *Aranit's* fair Daughter, and do you think, *Scanderberg*, that I am so much in love with my life as to chuse to live with this Monster? How blameworthy is your faint-heartedness! Must my own example encourage you? If you do not come to me, I will go meet either Death or you; then she attempted to get loose out of *Musselman's* hands, but her strength was not sufficient: *Musselman* foresaw then his certain ruine: Love, said he, without any more ado, guide mine Arm: Then he lifted it up to stab *Aranissa* in the breast; and he had certainly done it, if the affectionate *Thopia*, whose mind was more sedate than *Scanderberg's*, foreseeing the effects of *Musselman's* rage, had

had not taken secretly a by-way, and got in that critical minute so near him that he struck him, and sent both his Arm and Dagger to *Arianissa's* Feet ; another blow divided *Musselman's* Face in two, so that he gave up his unclean Soul with his cruel Blood.

Those that were there present were so amazed at this wonderful Action that they took *Thopia* for a Man sent down from Heaven : But *Scanderberg*, whose terrour was converted into a sudden joy, ran to embrace *Arianissa's* Deliverer before he went to her self. 'Tis impossible for us to relate all the obliging things they told one another. *Scanderberg*, to shew his great passion, prostrated himself at *Arianissa's* Feet, and uttered the most passionate expressions that his heart could invent. She embraced him obligingly, at which favour *Mahomet* was sorely vexed. *Thopia* received from *Arianissa* such Praises and Elogiums as his Action well deserved ; and *Scanderberg* shewed him all the imaginable demonstrations of joy and friendship. The Turks who had follow'd *Musselman* fled away, but they were not pursued. *Mahomet* did sigh, having no hope left him ; and seeing

F

there

there was now no likelihood to part *Arianissa* from *Scanderberg* : Cruel Fortune, cryed he, why must I be the witness of their Felicity ? Must I forsake for ever a Beauty whom I have so long ador'd ? Having made this sorrowful reflection, he came near *Scanderberg* with as much freedom as he might have done at *Andrianople* : Tho' we are both Enemies and Rivals, said he to him, I fear nothing from thee which might be unworthy of a Prince whom all the World admires ; and without any base submission I must tell thee, I esteem thee, tho' without love. Compare my condition to thine own, and grant that I am an unfortunate Man, since neither in my Father's Dominions, nor in this place I have any hopes left me. Could I reasonably expect to fight for her with success, and gain her favour, the *Ottoman* Blood which runs in my veins should never be alarmed at thy valour. I see you must remain Conquerour, and since thou hast triumphed over *Amurat*, you can never be vanquished, and I cannot but be unfortunate for ever.

These words which could not proceed but from a noble heart, made a deep

deep impression upon *Scanderberg*; he had always been sensible of *Mahomet's* excellent Virtues, which answered well his Illustrious Birth; and seeing that he could not in reason upbraid him of his Pride; My Lord, said he to him, *I shall never hate you, tho' you can never love me; and I would willingly part with any thing besides *Arianissa* for your satisfaction.* Time, interrupted *Mahomet*, will without doubt afford us some occasions to see one another again. In the mean time, enjoy your *Arianissa*, whom *I* cannot take away from you. Having spoke these words, away he rode, and was soon out of sight with his Men.

Scanderberg resolved to tarry no longer in a place where *Arianissa* had been so sadly alarmed, and which was like to have proved fatal to her. They told one another a thousand obliging things; and they chose the fairest Horse for the beautiful Princess, who rode towards *Croya*, with her illustrious Lover, leaving *Musselman's* Corps to be devoured by wild Beasts, wherewith those Desarts were full.

Tho' *Arianissa* was not used to any hard exercise, yet she rode a long way

within a short time ; and she could hardly be perswaded to take any rest at night ; the strong desire she had to see *Aranit*, *Amiffa*, and her other dear Relations, made her long to arrive at *Croya*. During that Journey, which lasted two days and a night, *Scanderberg* had now the opportunity of knowing his own good fortune, and *Arianiffa's* tender love. *Thopia* was as well pleased as he ; and never did a greater tranquillity succeed troubles which were thought endless.

In fine, *Scanderberg* brought into *Croya* without meeting with any opposition, his fair Princess : All the People of the City went in great crowds to see her, and to congratulate him upon his return. *Aranit* then the most fortunate of Fathers, told *Scanderberg*, That since he had deserved so well his Daughter, she belonged by right to him. *Amiffa* and *Arianiffa* kissed and embraced one another for a long while ; and *Thopia*, who had been so glorious an Instrument in procuring *Scanderberg's* Happiness, receiv'd from *Amiffa* such protestations of Love as he deserved.

Croya, where Sorrow had reigned during the War, and *Scanderberg's* Grief, then

then quite alter'd, Pleasures and Sports had now their time, and all possible endeavours were made to divert *Arianissa*, who had led before such a sorrowful life. Among all these pleasing Diversions, *Scanderberg* neglected nothing concerning his important Affairs; and whilst *Amurat* was hearing what had pass'd, and was taking new resolutions, both against the Life and Fortune of the King of *Albania*, this Prince who now enjoy'd his dear *Arianissa*, kept his Army in a capacity of resisting all the *Ottoman* Forces.

He knew not what had pass'd at *Andrinople* since his departure thence: *Arianissa* who had seen *Acomat*, and bewailed the Death of the Loyal *Aradin*, was willing to satisfy *Scanderberg's* Curiosity; one Evening being with *Amissa* and *Thopia*, who had heard her former Adventures, she thus related the last to the King of *Albania*.

The History of ARIANISSA.

AS I had passionately wished for your departure from *Andrinople*, so was I overjoy'd at the News of it, since you ought not to expect there any fa-

F 3

vour;

your ; and tho' I could not absolutely flatter my self with the Idea of a future Liberty, yet *I* had some glimmering hope still left me. *Aradin* and *I* congratulated one another upon this occasion ; but the fearful *Sultan* fell into an exceeding Rage, when he heard you had been proclaimed King by the *Albanians*.

As his wrath increased, so did his troublesome and imperious Sollicitations : He did not question, but *I* had some secret Intelligence with you ; and he suspected *Aradin* of having favour'd our Designs ; he threatned him with Death, and me with the utmost Severity, and so cast me often into dreadful Fears.

Selimana seeing she had lost you for ever, endeavoured to regain the Sultan's Love ; *I* did what *I* could to facilitate that Conquest unto her, yet she hated me as a dangerous Rival, who deprived her of the Sultan's Affection, and who likely had hindred you from loving her : She conjectured from the words which you heard me sing, and which truly proceeded from my heart, that since the day you fought the *Tartar*, *I* had not look'd upon you with indifference.

Prince

Prince *Mahomet*, who was no longer observed by you, and who feared only his Father's Jealousie, resolved to venture any thing to see me; and the cunning *Musselman* got also into the *Seraglio*, after the way I shall relate to you.

Amurat thought, that having no hope left of your return, I should never be able to resist him; but seeing all his moderation was to no purpose, after he had sighed, he began to threaten, and shew'd me all that cruel Pride natural to the *Ottoman* Blood. You try my patience too far, cruel and ungrateful *Arianissa*, said he one day to me, and you do not regard at all my kindness for you. Do you think I spare you by reason of my own weakness? No sure, but my Heart protects you against my Reason; you ought therefore to own your self obliged to me; otherwise I swear by all the Powers above, that I shall make use of all mine Authority, if your unkindness forces me to it.

This Discourse had been proceeded by so many of the like nature, that I did not look upon it as a new thing, but *Amurat's* countenance was quite changed. Thou knowest well, that I never

abused thy Highness, reply'd I, and that I never promised thee any thing ; I am sensible both of thy Power and Dignity : But, my Lord, thou oughtest to know, That thou canst not require from me, but the respect due to thy Rank ; I am no person of a mean Birth, and the Chains I am loaded with cannot depress my Courage ; those Countries which are subject to thy Power, afford thee Beauty's enough, whose only desire is to please thee ; thy Religion allows them that liberty, and their Inclinations are agreeable with the condition ; as for me, Fortune only had made me thy Slave ; I am not thy Subject, if thou art just, and there are Laws above thine, which forbid me to favour a *Mahometan*. If *Scanderberg* did sit upon the *Ottoman* Throne, reply'd the angry Sultan, you would not be likely so nice ; and all your Reasons about Independance and Constancy, would not prove so strong as you pretend them. Well, *Arianissa*, said he proudly, persist in your resolution ; but expect no longer from me any moderation, since I will have no more regard to your Sex, your Religion, or your Birth.

Being

Being in such a humour, he left me; *Selimana* exasperated him by her Reproaches, and both the *Seraglio's* were witnesses of his violent Rage.

Since the Conversation I had had with the Sultaneſs in the Garden, and which you heard : Our Friendship had not been great, becauſe *Amurat's* love changed ſoon after, and for reaſon of the new rank which he forced me to take ; ſhe judged by what had happen'd in the Garden, where ſhe had deſir'd me to walk with her, when the Emperour met us, that you were no indifferent Perſon to me ; ſhe had look'd upon the Sultaneſs love, as upon a thing which authorized in ſome manner her freedom with me, and her in conſtancy : But when ſhe knew that you lov'd me, and that I had ſome gratitude for you, ſhe fell in a Rage againſt me, and call'd me perfidious and treacherous, becauſe ſhe had truſted me with the Secret of her own Heart.

Jealouſie had ſoon inspir'd her with an immortal hatred againſt me, and I was like to feel its cruel Effects : You have deprived me of all my comfort, dangerous *Arianiſſa*, ſaid ſhe one day to me, and you have rewarded the ſincere confidence of my Heart with Perfidiousneſs ;

but believe what I say, this place inspires no moderation; and whatever kindness I am forced to shew you, may be soon changed into hatred. Fear mine, since you have so basely served me. I am so far from deserving these Reproaches, reply'd I, with a sedate mind, that I feel neither remorse of Conscience, nor terrour at the hearing of them. My Behaviour had been always innocent; I never endeavoured to please the Sultan; and as for your confidence, Heaven knows whether I have abused it: But you loved *Scanderberg*, reply'd she, and when I acquainted you with my passion, you hid your Sentiments from me with a criminal Dissimulation: Suppose what you say was true, answer'd I, you have yet no reason to accuse me, did not your Jealousie blind you. Was I obliged to open my heart to you, by reason of your confidence, which I so little desired? And instead of complaining of me, ought you not to commend my prudence for not declaring my self your Rival? But *Selimana*, let us not trouble our selves any longer about what is past, or what is to come: Let us consider, that *Scanderberg* is like to be King of *Albania*, that we are Slaves,
and

and that I would willingly give most of my Blood to regain you the Sultan's love; if you are acquainted with my endeavour, you may know how I deal with him. Alas! reply'd she, your only desire is to see *Scanderberg* again, and that Crown you talk of, renders him more lovely to your Eyes: But tho' Fortune confines me here, you are also like to share the same Fate.

The Emperour who went by, interrupted us; he was that day in a rage that cannot be expressed, having heard of the new progress of your Valour; he upbraided me for it, without considering the pleasure he gave me, by telling me of these News.

But, my Lord, 'tis time to acquaint you with a more remarkable passage: I was one night upon a little Terrass, which rendred mine Apartment very pleasant; the Emperour kept his Bed by reason of a violent Feaver, which proceeded from his Anger. I was thinking upon your Advantages, and I had spent part of the night in that pleasing Occupation, had I not been interrupted. I heard at the foot of the Terrass, a Voice, which I knew presently to be *Amaldan's*, because there

was none sweeter than his in the *Seraglio*, and by reason we had sung often together to divert *Selimana*,— he sung but these four Verses, likely of his own making.

Awake, prepare for gentle Love's Alarm:

*No, prying Argus now can do you harm.
And whilst all things are 'here by sleep
possess'd,*

*May you in sweet Delights of Love be
blest.*

I hearkned to *Amaldan*, thinking he had no design; but turning my head at a little noise, I saw a Slave, whom I took to be one of those Women that waited upon me; but it proved the bold *Musselman* in that Disguise.

I cannot express my amazement and my wrath; this way going to break out against the *Bostangi Bachi*, when another Woman (as I thought) drew near me, as rash as the first, and in the same Disguise; this was Prince *Mahomet*.

Had I followed my first passion, I had ruined them both, and drawn likely upon my self the suspicion of favouring

ing one or the other ; they were as much amazed as I at the Conformity of their Adventures. After I had look'd upon them a long while, to be the better assured, that I was not mistaken ; at last I told them, that they hazarded more than I, and that their Enterprizes which rendred them so guilty towards the Emperour, could not prove pernicious to me. There is no need, said I, I should instruct you about the Laws, which you know well enough, and which you cannot violate, without Crime or Danger. But, my Lord, said I, turning my self towards *Mahomet*, I must needs tell you, that tho' my civility may hide your Actions from the Sultan, yet you ought to make a good use of it : And as for thee, O *Muselman*, the perfidious Subject of an Emperour, who had honoured thee with the first Dignities of his House, if thou escapest free ; thank my Indulgence and *Mahomet*.

The *Rostangi Bacbi* felt a secret Rage at these words ; he believed that your absence had chang'd mine Inclinations, and that I was in love with the young Sultan.

I have interrupted your Designs, reply'd he, with a boldness like himself: You wish *Mahomet* should come again; but I am not so little concerned in *Amurat's* Interest, as to hide from him what has pass'd. You Rogue, interrupted the Prince, do not offend *Arianissa*, and acknowledge your fault as I do mine. Since our passionate Love hath brought us hither, against all common prudence, let us confess our selves guilty: Tho' you ought to question me about what I do, yet tho' I am your Prince, I'll give you what satisfaction you can desire from me: Come therefore to another place. These words did but confirm him in the Opinion he had, that I loved *Mahomet*; they were both forced to retire; and after I had seen them go out, I went into my Chamber, resolved to tarry there for fear of the like Surprisal, seeing that all the Eunuchs in the *Seraglio* were debauched in their Duty. *Amaldan*, who design'd nothing else by favouring the *Bostangi Bachi*, than to make use of his Liberality, cared little whether he was pleased or no; those that served *Mahomet*, were not more zealous for him.

Some

Some of my waiting Women had their Share in this Intreague, but for fear of communicating these things to those that were innocent, I thought it fitter to be silent; I got all the Passages to my Appartment closely shut up. *Aradin* did assuage my displeasure, by telling me he had received News from you, and that nothing being able to resist you, you would soon be Master of *Croya*.

Your happiness made me look less melancholly than I was used to be, *Amurat*, who was sick but a little while, soon perceived it, and upbraided me for my sedate mind, as if it had been a great Crime.

In fine, My Lord, we heard at *Adrianople* your arrival to *Croya*, and I cannot express to you, what was *Amurat's* rage, when he heard of the defeat of his *Basha's*; he resolved to go in person to fight you. But he was not willing to leave me behind him. I was not afflicted at this news, reckoning it a happiness to come near the place, where you and my Father were, *Selimana* mad at this Resolution, designed to have killed me, and to make her self certain that way, that I should never belong to you, or to the *Sultan*. I

I have told you already that we had no great correspondance. She knew what preparations were made for my departure, and seeing she had quite lost the Emperours love, she resolved to punish me for it; by her liberality she endeavoured to induce some *Eunuchs* to poison me, some were perfidious enough to attempt against my Life, but all to no purpose, tho' I used but a little circumspection. These slow enterprises, did not agree with the violence of her hatred; therefore one night, being mad at *Amurat's* Scorn, she entered into my Chamber, with a dagger in her hand, which she had used without any mercy, had not my good Fate brought there *Aradin*, who, full of Zeal and Terror, threw himself upon her, and hindred her design. The proud *Sultaneſs* turned her head, and perceived her own weakness, she told us all that a violent hatred can inspire. She cursed the Emperour; reviled me basely, protested against me, named you many times, and at last stabbing her self with two strokes, she fell dead at my feet.

I ran away at this cruel sight. The Emperour coming in was little concerned for her Death, tho' he had loved her

her passionately, because he could no longer abide her apbraiding humour.

At last, my Lord, we departed from the *Seraglio* at *Andrinople*; I was put in a covered Cart with two old Women, it was imposible for any man to see me, and no body was ever observed with greater care, notwithstanding all this, the rash *Musselman* endeavoured to steal me away; he was discovered the first time, and forced to fly from the presence of the angry *Sultan*, who was resolved to have punished him; he suspected *Mahomet* also, and that poor Prince was like to undergo the Fate, which hath ruined so many of his Predecessors.

We arrived in sight of *Croya*, with the *Ottoman* Army. I felt some tender motions, when I saw these Towers, and *Amurat* redoubled then his Efforts to soften my heart but never found me Kinder, than I had been at *Andrinople*. Vexed at this, he would always threaten me with your or *Arianit's* death. I was often alarmed at his: But the trust I had in the Valour of you both, dissipated my Terrors, and kept up my Courage.

One day after he had extraordinarily

rily tormented me, he resolved to sacrifice me to that rage my unkindness had caused in him, he thought he should forget me, when he should see me no more; and being loath to use any other Executioner, than his loyal *Orcan*, a favourite, worthy such a Master, he wrote the Note to him, which you found upon *Aradin*, and trusted it to an *Eunuch*. *Aradin*, who knew the exceeding and violent wrath of *Sultan*, observed all his Actions, and meeting the *Eunuch*, who carried his orders to *Orcan*; he likely brought him out of the Camp, and fought him, having no other way to get his Note of him; I do not question but he went towards *Croya*, to acquaint you with my miserable condition, but he was assassinated in the way by *Musselman*, who had never loved him, according to what he told me, after he had stolen me away, that he had already sacrificed that passion to himself.

I expected nothing good from *Amurat's* Anger, and seeing *Aradin* no longer, I thought he had been arrested by his Orders, as being too much affected for your Service and mine.

As Passions are not always equally violent

violent he had no sooner ordered my death, but he thought with himself, how cruel this was like to prove to him; he sent for the *Emmuck*, but he was no longer to be found.

Amurat at last saw *Orcan*, who had not received his orders, and who had never approved it. Considering what advantage it would be to them to keep me alive, in a Country where the chance of War might not favour them always. *Amurat*, who had harkened to his own reasons, more than to those of *Orcan*, gave me leave to live, but swore he should have no longer any respect for me.

You know, my Lord, all the rest that had past, my Father's captivity, your own Victories, and *Musselman's* stealing me away; he broke open the Tent where I was carefully kept, killed many men, and carryed me away without any resistance, assuring me, that to make amends for what he had done, his only desire was to deliver me into your hands; I could not trust him, but that discourse flattered my hopes; that Traytor brought me away with all the immaginable swiftness, whilst all the Camp was full of confusion, and I lost soon

soon after the sight of the Walls of *Croya*, and that of *Amurat's* Tents.

You may judge, my Lord, of my grief, to fall from *Amurat's* hands, into that Traytor's, whom no consideration had been able to divert from such a dangerous attempt. I weeped, but all to no purpose, my Prayers were but in vain, he made me wander a long while, without letting me enjoy any rest, and hurried me in that place, whether Heaven moved by my tears brought you in such a Critical Minute.

The Princess made an end of her Discourse, *Scanderberg* shew'd how much moved he was at her several sufferings; in the mean time, *Aranit* came to acquaint the King, that the Turks fortify'd themselves, and did intend to attack them within few days; but *Scanderberg* was no less formidable in his joy than in his sorrow, and was not much frightened at *Amurat's* designs.

All the moments he spent with the Charming *Arianissa*, were attended with happiness, and joy. *Thopia* also, who feared no longer any Rival, nor the King's opposition against his Love, enjoy'd a perfect Tranquility, which *Amissa's* Protestations assured him of.

Amurat

Amurat grievously vexed to know his Enemy's perfect happiness, offered him the Battle again, and made a new attempt to oppress him. *Arianissa*, who was well acquainted with Fortune's inconstancy, was afflicted at it; but the invincible *Scanderberg* assuring her so confidently of the Victory, render'd her less concerned at his departure.

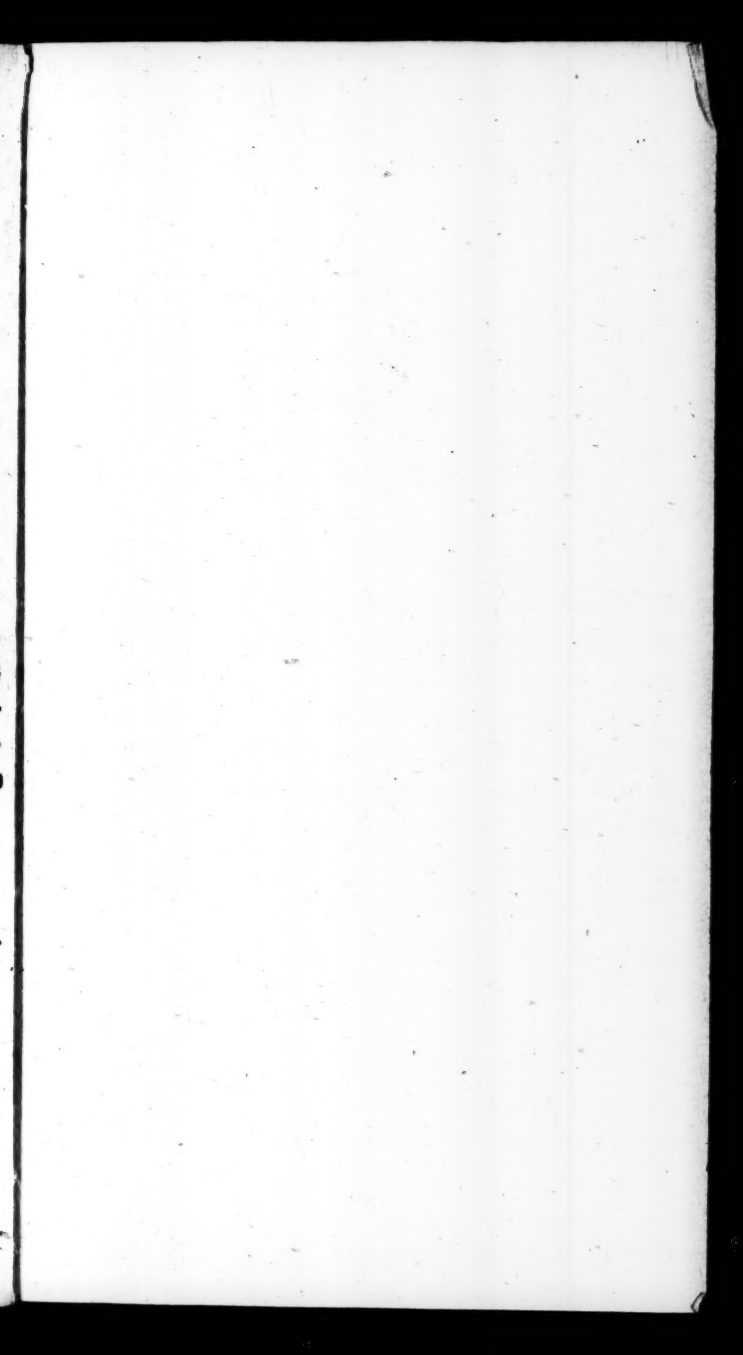
And really he triumphed again, but after such a glorious and advantageous a manner, that the *Sultan* being vanquish'd, and weakned, dyed some days after for shame and despair, after his last defeat; *Mahomet*, who was not then in a capacity to make War any longer, seeing the *Ottoman* Army exhausted, left *Arianissa*, and *Albania* in the Victorious *Scanderberg*'s hands, and went to *Andrinople* to be proclaim'd Emperor there. *Acomat* being at liberty to do what he pleased, followed him and parted from *Scanderberg*, after he had promised him an everlasting Friendship, which he religiously observed, being neuter in all the Wars, between *Mahomet*, and the King of *Albania*.

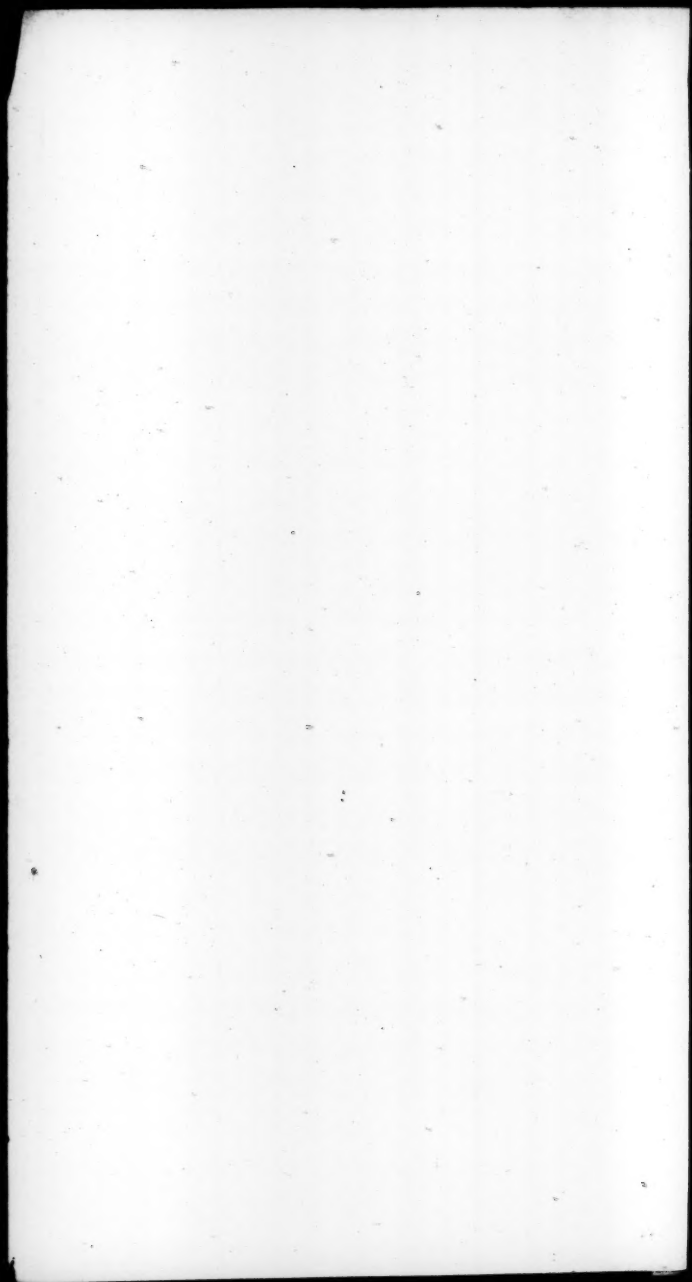
Scanderberg, at the highest degree of his glory, feared by his Enemies, adored

dored by all his Subjects, and dearly beloved by the fairest Princess in the World, married her publicly in *Croya*, with all possible demonstrations of joy; the same day was chosen for *Thopia's* marriage with *Amiffa*. *Aranit* full of Satisfaction and Glory, took upon himself the management of State Affairs, to give more time to *Scanderberg*, to enjoy Loves delights. All those that had been Loyal to *Castriot's* Family were fully rewarded, chiefly *Uranus*. Never a King lived with more content, or performed such famous Exploits as *Scanderberg* did. But 'tis enough for us to have tyed him here for ever with his Charming *Arianiffa*. The great Achievements of his Reign, are so commonly known, that it would be to no purpose to relate them here.

6. AU 55

F I N I S.





BOUND
1944.